

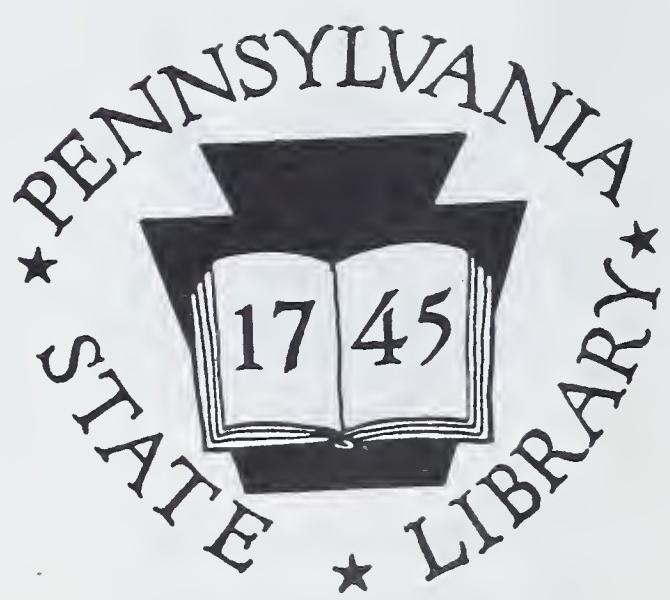
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Vol. XXV.

JANUARY, 1874.

No. 1.

“LIFE, LIGHT, LOVE.”

THE

# GUARDIAN:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

DEVOTED TO THE

SOCIAL, LITERARY, AND RELIGIOUS INTERESTS

OF

YOUNG MEN AND LADIES.

Rev. B. Bausman, D.D., Editor.

PHILADELPHIA:  
REFORMED CHURCH PUBLICATION BOARD,  
No. 907 Arch Street.

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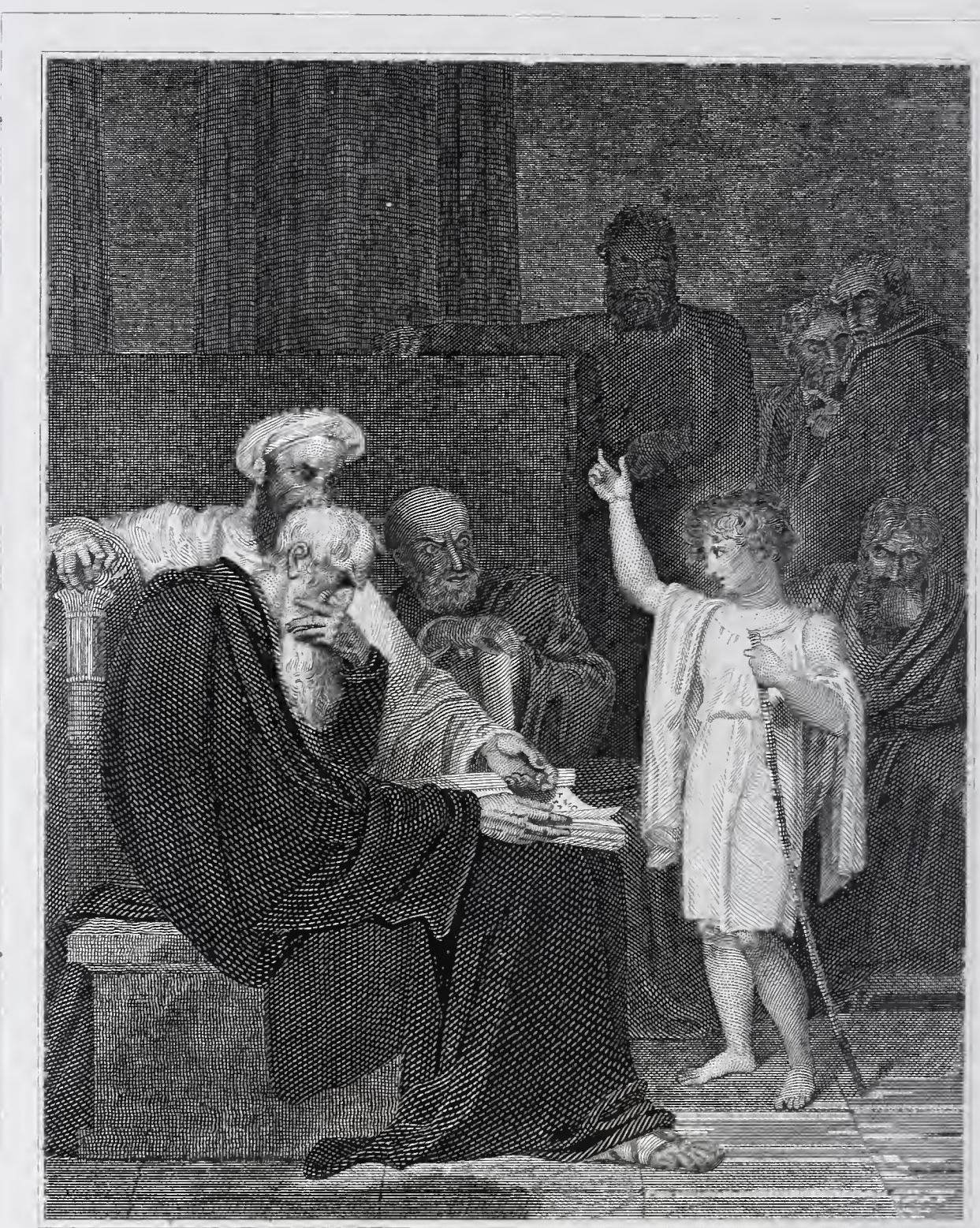
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## CHRIST REASONING WITH THE DOCTORS

S.Luke Chap. 2 Ver.47

THE

# GUARDIAN:

A

## MONTHLY MAGAZINE

FOR

### YOUNG MEN AND LADIES.

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REV. B. BAUSMAN, D. D., Editor.

VOL. XXV. 1874.

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PHILADELPHIA :

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1874.



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# THE GUARDIAN.

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VOL. XXV.

JANUARY, 1874.

NO. 1.

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## CHRIST REASONING WITH THE DOCTORS.

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BY THE EDITOR.

(See *Frontispiece.*)

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That is a very good picture. The boy, standing before that old man, is our Saviour. He is only twelve years old. At this age every Jewish boy was permitted to take part in the great festivals at Jerusalem. At thirteen he was admitted to the full privileges of the Jewish Religion, and was therefore called "a Son of the Law." Up to this time the parents taught him the Scriptures. Many Scripture passages he had to commit to memory; many out of the Law, and whole psalms. And he was carefully taught their meaning.

Three times a year the Jews had to appear before God at the great feasts at Jerusalem. This time Joseph and Mary take Jesus along with them. The distance from Nazareth to Jerusalem is about seventy miles. This was a long way to travel in order to meet and worship with God's people. The journey would take them about three days. Perhaps Mary rode on an ass, but Joseph and Jesus must have travelled a-foot. Boy as he was, our Saviour had picked up a stick somewhere, which he uses as a walking-cane. On such a long journey this will relieve his travelling somewhat.

They do not travel alone. A long string of their acquaintances in Nazareth, and Jewish people from neighboring villages, join their travelling party. They must have hundreds of people in their company; some walking, others riding on asses and camels. This makes a long company or caravan. At night they all lodge near together on the ground, under the open heavens. They sing and pray together, as they journey onward. In the morning they very likely sing the fifth psalm. In such a crowd a smart and good boy of twelve years old, would find much to interest and amuse him.

When they reach Jerusalem, they find a great multitude of people. The streets are packed with strangers, from all parts of the world. In and around the temple there is scarcely standing-room for all. How the active mind and imagination of a youth would be excited at the sight of such a city full of people; and that city Jerusalem, the city of the great King, "whither the tribes go up, the tribes of the Lord unto the testimony of Israel."

But there is nothing that so solemnly and sadly impresses Jesus as the services and sacrifices of the temple. He presses through the crowd; at first timidly, perhaps, holding fast to the hand of Joseph. On his ear falls the lowing of oxen, and the bleating of sheep, in the neighboring sheep market. Then he watches them dragging the poor sheep out to slaughter and sacrifice. Not a sound of complaint do they then utter. How can the youth help but think of another One led to the sacrifice, who "is brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so he opened not his mouth." Isaiah 53: 7. For all this chapter he had long since learned by heart. He sees the red blood shed and flowing, sprinkled on the altar. Does this boy know that this sacrificing of oxen and sheep means that his is to be thus "bruised?" And thus to shed His blood for the remission of sin? No one among those thousands of Israel, not even Mary, understood the sadness of this divine lad, looking at the sacrificial bruising and blood. Very likely the Scriptures which he but dimly understood heretofore, now seem much plainer and truthfuler. But how strange that they should somehow point to him for their fulfillment.

For eight days Joseph and Mary had tarried at Jerusalem. Part of this time Jesus mingled with their kinsfolk, or relatives and acquaintances. And when they started for home they missed him, but took it for granted that he was with their friends, who were a little in advance of them. When they encamped the first evening on their homeward way, he could not be found. The next day they returned to Jerusalem in great trouble, seeking him. The third day "they found him in the temple, sitting in the midst of the doctors, both hearing them and asking them questions." For by this time the most of the people have left for home. The crowd was not so great, so that there is a chance to learn something from these old men, who are learned in the Law. For there must be something weighing on the boy's mind. He has seen things here that he can perhaps not fully understand yet. O, the sorrowful import of these streams of blood! Of these many sacrifices, to this Messianic lad. He knows much, is wise beyond his years, wiser than his teachers, but he must know more. See him standing, with staff in hand, before the old scribe or teacher. Some things he cannot understand yet. He pleads for light. Like all pious

Jewish youths, he stands up before the hoary head. See how intensely the three men of learning listen to him. The old doctor, with a long gray beard, and the book or scroll of the Scriptures lying open upon his lap. Evidently the lad is asking a question that he finds hard to answer, for he is engaged in deep and solemn thought. And the turbaned scribe at his side, points him to a certain passage in the book; and the third one, with his bald head and piercing eye, see with what wrapt attention he tries to catch every word the boy-prophet utters. And the four men back of him—seven in all—wonder-struck with the wisdom of a boy who spake as never boy spake.

How very boy-like he looks. Dressed as good boys in the East still dress. His hair hanging loosely in neat and unkempt locks over his large head. He seems to forget that he is speaking to old and learned men, so entirely is he taken up with the questions he asks and answers. His bare arm and neat hand pointing heavenward, with a graceful and unstudied gesture. "All that heard him were astonished at his understanding and answers."

Right amid this group of doctors, as we see him in the picture, Joseph and Mary, after three days of fruitless searching, find our Saviour. Mary must gently chide him, for this tarrying in the temple had caused her great anxiety and pain. He was in the path of duty. He must learn more of the truth, as all young people should be willing to do. God so loved the world that He sent His only begotten Son to redeem it. And now he must attend to the work assigned him. "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" Yet he goes home with them to Nazareth, and is subject unto them, even though he is wiser than they.

O, that the young would more generally learn to imitate the pious example of the youthful Jesus; would by faith, obedience and love, become partakers of Him and His benefits forever!

"Jesus, let me seek for naught,  
But that Thou shouldst dwell in me;  
Let this only fill my thought,  
How I may grow like to Thee,  
Through this earthly care and strife,  
Through the calm eternal life."

---

What a scene does this world exhibit to any spiritual being, who from his own elevation sees the globe go once around. It should quicken our efforts to secure for ourselves a refuge there, where sorrow and sighing and guilt and pain shall flee away, and the reign of love be complete and eternal!

## THE ORPHAN'S CHRISTMAS TREE.

*From the German by Bayard Taylor.*

An orphan boy, with weary feet,  
On Christmas Eve, alone, benighted,  
Went through the town from street to street,  
To see the clustering candles lighted  
In homes where happy children met.

Before each house he stood, to mark  
The pleasant rooms that shone so fairly ;  
The tapers lighted spark by spark,  
Till all the trees were blazing rarely ;  
And sad his heart was in the dark.

He wept ; he clasped his hands and cried :  
“ Ah, every child to-night rejoices ;  
Their Christmas presents all divide,  
Around their trees with merry voices ;  
But Christmas is to me denied.

“ Once with my sister, hand in hand,  
At home, how did my tree delight me !  
No other tapers shone so grand ;  
But all forgot me, none invite me,  
Here lonely in the stranger's land.

“ Will no one let me in, to share  
The light, to take some corner nigh it ?  
In all those houses can't they spare  
A spot where I may sit in quiet,—  
A little seat among them there ?

“ Will no one let me in to-night ?  
I will not beg for gift or token ;  
I only ask to see the sight  
And hear the thanks of others spoken,  
And that will be my own delight.”

He knocked at every door and gate ;  
He rapped at window-pane and shutter ;  
But no one heard and bade him wait,  
Or came the “ welcome in ” to utter ;  
Their ears were dull to outer fate.

Each father looked with eyes that smiled,  
Upon his happy children only ;  
Their gifts their mother's heart beguiled  
To think of them ; none saw the lonely  
Forgotten boy, the orphan child.

"O Christ-child, holy, kind and dear !  
 I have no father and no mother,  
 Nor friend save Thee to give me cheer.  
 Be Thou mine help, there is none other,  
 Since all forget me wandering here !"

The poor boy rubbed his hands so blue,  
 His little hands, the frost made chilly ;  
 His tattered clothes he closer drew,  
 And crouched within a corner stilly,  
 And prayed, and knew not what to do.

Then suddenly there shone a light,  
 Along the street approaching nearer.  
 Another child, in garments white,  
 Spake as he came—and clearer, dearer  
 His voice made music in the night :

"I am the Christ ! have thou no fear !  
 I was a child in my probation ;  
 And children unto me are near ;  
 I hear and heed thy supplication,  
 Though all the rest forget thee here.

"My saving word to all I bear,  
 And equally to each is given ;  
 I bring the promise of my care  
 Here, in the street beneath the heaven,  
 As well as in the chambers there.

"And here, poor boy, thy Christmas tree  
 Will I adorn, and so make glimmer  
 Through all this open space, for thee,  
 That those within shall twinkle dimmer,  
 For bright as thine they cannot be !"

The Christ-child with his shining hand  
 Then pointed up, and lo ! the lustres  
 That sparkle there ! He saw it stand,  
 A tree, o'erhung with starry clusters  
 On all its branches, wide and grand.

So far and yet so near ! the night  
 Was blazing with the tapers' splendor ;  
 What was the orphan boy's delight,  
 How beat his bosom warm and tender,  
 To see his Christmas tree so bright.

{ It seemed to him a happy dream.  
 Then, from the starry branches bending,  
 The angels stooped and through the gleam  
 They lifted him to peace unending,  
 They folded him in love supreme.

The orphan child is now at rest ;  
 No father's care he needs, nor mother's  
 Upon the Christ child's holy breast.  
 All that is here bestowed on others  
 He there forgets, where all is best.

*Selected from "Folk Songs."*

## REMINISCENCES OF THE CIVIL WAR.

BY THE EDITOR.

" Why have they dar'd to march  
So many miles upon her peaceful bosom ;  
Frighting her pale-faced villagers with war,  
And ostentation of despiteful arms ? "

Twelve years have elapsed since the "cruel war" began. Different people in various places were variously affected by it. I then lived in Chambersburg, Pa., and continued there till near its close. This town, on account of its nearness to Maryland, became somewhat conspicuous during the war. It is only twelve miles from Mason and Dixon's line, and twenty-five miles from Antietam and Gettysburg, where two bloody and decisive battles were fought. Thrice it was taken and held by the Southern army—the last time the main part of the town was destroyed. The conduct and experience of such a place, and its surroundings during such an ordeal, as seen by one of its citizens, may not be without interest to the reader.

First, Posowattamie Brown's army made our town its headquarters for a few days. A number of heavy boxes were stored in a certain warehouse, near the depot. A tall, gaunt old man of mighty muscular build, with a long iron-gray beard and stern mien, tarried in our place for a few days. He harmlessly walked our streets, and on the Lord's day devoutly sat among the flock to whom I ministered. No one knew who he was, whence he came, or whither he was going. A few younger men were now and then seen in his company, though seldom were they seen in groups. On a certain day the old man, his followers, and the heavy boxes in the warehouse disappeared. Not long after, the nation was startled by the sudden attack of Harper's Ferry. Only then the unsuspecting people of Chambersburg learned that they had entertained an invading army unawares, and that one of their warehouses had been used as a depot for its munitions of war; for the boxes contained rifles and other deadly weapons. This unconscious hospitality extended to the offending hero, incurred the bitter displeasure of the Southern people. Five years later it was even assigned as a pretext for the burning of Chambersburg by Gen. McCausland.

Ours was a staid old inland town, comfortable and conservative.

For half a century it had quietly gone on the even tenor of its way. It was never afflicted with periodical fits of progress. Its growth was gradual, and almost imperceptible. It had not seen a regiment of warriors, much less an army, since Gen. Washington passed through here in 1794, on his way to quell the "Whiskey Insurrection" in Western Pennsylvania. A few very aged people were living, who had a dim recollection of that memorable event. Many an attentive group did they beguile with the story of that distant half-forgotten day. If the identical house in which Washington had his head-quarters was no longer there, at least, the place where it stood could be pointed out. His appearance, dress, manners, horse, attendants, were all graphically described. Beyond these favored few, no one had ever seen any military display in our streets above the militia parades on battalion days.

During the winter of 1860-1861 the country showed symptoms of a coming war. In the spring matters came to a crisis. President Lincoln called for 75,000 men. Many of these from time to time encamped around our town, and marched through our streets. We had a peevish, blustering April. Despite cold showers and snow, it brought birds and budding trees. For several days rumor heralded the coming of soldiers. On a certain evening two regiments, with 1600 men arrived. It was 9 o'clock. The side-walks were crowded with excited spectators, men, women and children. They marched four abreast and halted in front of the Court House. Here and there a soldier bore a torch, which threw a red glare over their faces. Each had a tin cup hung to his knapsack. As they marched through the dark every step of the regiment would give a tap from 800 tin cups. They halted in the street, till after midnight, and we people kept them company. Some leaned on their rifles; many found seats on the pavements and curbstones, munching crackers and bread, the meagre rations stored away in their knapsacks. Their long column, with a forest of bristling bayonets, seen in moonlight, defiling through our streets, presented a novel sight. And a moving sight too. Not a few people in that crowd wept; some from gratitude, others from sympathy. For was it not kind in these men to leave their families and homes, and risk their lives in defence of their country? And how hard their lot! They have never been soldiers before. Their transition from the family to the field of war is sudden and trying. Many of these young fellows look greatly depressed. Perhaps they are thinking of home, kind parents, a comfortable bed and plenty to eat, whereas they are making their supper on a few crackers. Here they have not where to lay their head; may not have all this night. The sight of the first soldiers on their way to battle, on that moonlight night, was full of poetry and pain. How it set

one's imagination to work. For so many people—they are very quiet. No wild disorderly conduct; what little they converse is in a suppressed tone of voice. How we pitied the poor fellows, and wished for a great cozy place with sumptuous tables to make them comfortable. Alas, the worst is to come yet. Will they not be cut to pieces in battle? How few will return as they go. In sooth this is a cruel business. Not until that night did the most of us have a clear idea of what the war meant. Towards morning they were quartered in the court-house, town-hall, and elsewhere as best they could be.

The arrival of the first soldiers in our place, on their way to battle, produced quite a commotion in our quiet town. Ere long others followed, until they were numbered by thousands. It was a late spring. On the 4th of May a snow fell, from three to four inches in depth. Great was the commiseration felt for the "poor soldiers," encamped in the fields around town. For then we had not yet been inured to the hardships of war. It never had occurred to our unsophisticated minds that it was the business of a soldier, on proper occasions, to sleep on or under the snow, to use it for a mattress or for a blanket wherewith to cover himself. In a few hours the genial May sun cleared the earth of its cold covering.

The trains continued to bring our brave defenders. Ere long we had an army of from 15,000 to 20,000 men encamped around the town. Our streets were thronged with the "boys in blue." In all directions the busy drill sergeants were heard and seen, training their men for the duties and dangers of the battle-field. For none of these thousands, save here and there an officer, knew anything about practical military work. The large camps along the edge of town were all astir with military manœuvrings. All over the field companies and smaller squads were scattered, intently engaged at "shoulder arms," the first rudiments of their calling. In every direction one was reminded that no time was to be lost; that no one knew what day they might be hurried off to the bloody conflict. In the course of a few weeks Chambersburg was transformed into a busy, bustling garrison, with four times its usual population. The hotels were literally crammed from cellar to garret. Many officers were obliged to seek quarters in private families. Men of feathers and epaulettes, on gay war horses, galloped through the streets, some on duty, and some to show off. The said feathers and epaulettes possessing great fascination for sundry addle brained ladies. In our churches, too, the army was felt and seen. For many soldiers were Christian men, who were regular and faithful members of the Church. At home they were in the habit of attending public worship. Away from home, on the war path, and perhaps soon to be maimed or mortally wounded,

their minds naturally turned to the Strong Refuge. Many of them flocked to our places of worship, and engaged in them with devout reverence. Many a noble youth, thought of his parents and comfortable home; fathers thought tenderly of their wives and little ones, and of the probability of their being bereft of his protection and support, and thus thinking in the house of God, and praying for the loved ones at home, brought tears to their eyes and grief to their hearts. Cheerfully we improved every opportunity to counsel and comfort such.

On a certain Lord's Day Dr. James Kennedy preached in the First Reformed Church, which at the time was without a pastor. It fell to my lot to assist him in the services. During the sermon a certain dignified officer, in the rear of the church, having been fatigued by his duties the previous night, was overcome with sleep. While leading the congregation in prayer I heard a singular noise. I could not tell whence it came, not even tell for certain whether it was a human voice. Naturally I felt greatly embarrassed, and many in the congregation not a little frightened. As I tried to proceed with the duty assigned me, the mysterious sounds again startled the congregation. This time, however, more articulate and clearly expressed. "*Attention*"—"dress men"—"*attention*" sounded from the rear of the church, as I miserably strove to pray. For a moment I was left to go on, when the full commanding voice of the officer again shouted "*Attention men,*" and I concluded the prayer, perhaps with irreverent haste, for it was utterly impossible to get along further. Meanwhile one of the deacons started out in quest of the offender. Seizing him vigorously by the arm, the stout field-officer, began to rub his eyes, and mutter a "what is the matter?"

"Why, sir, you are disturbing the congregation."

"What have I done?"

"Shouted in your dreams."

Then the horrid truth flashed on the poor man's mind. In his sleep he continued his drill formulas of the previous day. The voice of a person asleep has an unearthly sound, as this one had. This helped to add terror to minds which the scenes of the past few weeks had made susceptible of the most exciting impressions. The poor officer felt deeply chagrined at his involuntary breach of order, and declared that he would never again enter a church in Chambersburg.

Now and then the town was entertained by a special parade through the streets, to the great amusement of the citizens. Occasionally a flag presentation to a Regiment would crowd the public square with military, and an excited multitude of towns-people. Thus "the ladies of Chambersburg" present a flag to the Seventh

Pennsylvania Regiment. W. Stenger, Esq., spoke eloquently in their behalf, and Major Rippen in behalf of the receivers of the flag. Loud were the shouts, and boisterous the bravery of the occasion. A lofty pole was erected in the square, and this again roused the whole community. The place was kept in a feverish excitement, which unfitted many people for their ordinary daily duties.

It was not long till we discovered that our heroic defenders were not all angels. "War knows no Sabbath," and many heeded it not at this time. Hitherto our place had been strict and exemplary in its observance of the Lord's day. A sad change came over our quiet and orderly community. The rattling of hacks and army wagons disturbed the services of the sanctuary. Thousands of soldiers were marched through the town on Sunday, in welcoming the arrival of some distinguished officer, who made it a point to come just on that day, and on no other. Even our patriotic Governor consented to have a grand review of the army on this day. Such exciting scenes tempted multitudes of the weaker people away from church. And our Sunday-school children we had to see borne away on the exciting current of the amusements and manœuvrings of Sunday in the army. As Robert Hall says: "War is a temporary repeal of the Ten Commandments." It seemed so in our case. One should think the perils and privations of war would make the people more serious and attentive to their religious duties. But the effect is the opposite. Such exhibitions of drunkenness and profanity, indeed of general immorality, Chambersburg had never before witnessed, and I pray it may never witness again.

People who have never actually passed through such scenes, can form no adequate conception of them. When armies are concentrated in large cities, the increase of life, good and bad, is less noticeable than in a quiet country town. And the bad, alas, usually preponderates. For whilst many of the best men enlist in defence of their country from a sense of duty, the lowest dregs of society are commonly drained into the army. There were whole Regiments, where almost every man seemed to be a gentleman and a Christian; and other Regiments, from the mining districts, or composed of the rowdy element of the large cities, which were almost entirely made up of drunken and profane men.

Let us stroll through one of the camps, as they were found in the middle of June, 1861. Here is a large field of rank clover, just coming into blossom, a half a mile from town. The strong fence, and the respectability and influence of the owner cannot save it from the destructive tramp of war. Within four and twenty hours, a tented village, with two thousand inhabitants, has been founded in this clover field. Horses and men up to their knees in

clover. Sergeants, with their squads of pupils, drilling back and forward through the tall grass. It reminds one of a Bedouin encampment in Arabia, which has just entered upon a new pastoral district; only that the Arab tents are "black as the tents of Kedar," whilst these are white; those are irregularly put up, these in regular lines, in the form of streets. But as in theirs, here the horses are tethered to wooden or iron pegs, driven into the ground; the cooking in many respects is alike. Here as there, idle groups are seated or reclining on the ground, hearing or telling stories, or speculating about the adventures of to-morrow. At one time officers and privates are leisurely unbending around their tents. The whole Brigade carelessly scattered over the field, each soldier doing as he listeth, lying and lounging about at will. A few taps of the drum bring whole Regiments to their feet. In ten minutes the field presents an exciting scene, where every company is on drill, marching and counter-marching, running, walking, standing, crawling on all fours, lying flat on the ground, in Zouave style—performing all manner of evolutions, to prepare them for the battle.

This over, they disperse to their tents. Here a mess make or drink coffee, there another quaff their flagons of whiskey. Some are eating, some lying on the grass sleeping, to make up for what they lost the night before while on picket duty. Some perhaps under the influence of strong drink, indulge in profane oaths. Here and there one is sitting in the shadow of a tent, reading out of a small pocket Testament. Tenderly our hearts sympathize with those who could read God's holy word amid such surroundings.

Down yonder comes a group of officers on horseback. The soldiers lift their caps and shout hurrah with a will. The central person is Gen. Patterson, the highest officer of this Division. An old gentleman, gray-headed and venerable, who even in old age knows how to ride a gay horse. As he and his staff pass, a few of us civilians lift our hats; he gracefully returns the salute by touching his cap. On an elevation a Regiment is drawn up in line, which he reviews. Again the field rings with the manly shouts of the soldiers as he rides away.

Two months after the fall of Fort Sumter, from 15,000 to 20,000 soldiers had been added to the population of Chambersburg. They paused a few weeks here on their way to the field of war, to be hastened through a brief schooling of military drill. And as one Brigade left another came. An impromptu army, raised as this had been, at a week's notice, and under the spur of a great and exciting peril, naturally brought with it many elements of weakness. Many pasteboard officers, from the Generals down, who were ignorant of the first rudiments of the military art.

Here and there one would shock the good sense of the community by his wicked habits. Men, young and old, who had been swept into the army by the romance of the thing, soon got a bitter taste of its sober, prosy trials. Hosts of fast young men were constantly getting into trouble. Only a fixed number of each Regiment was allowed to come to town at any one time. But many of these could not resist the temptation to get drunk. Fights and drunken broils abounded. Often the pavements were strewn with helplessly intoxicated soldiers, stretched at full length, or crouching on door sills. Many a good housewife, as she opened her front door, found a drunken soldier leaning against it, and falling, unbidden, with its opening, into the hall. Here and there one would be picked up by his sober comrades, and smuggled back to camp, without the knowledge of his officer, so as to evade punishment.

Frequently one would be appealed to by "a boy in blue," for a little spending-money. And indeed just then and there few could turn a deaf ear to such appeals, even though one knew that the poor fellows would spend the gift for tobacco or whiskey. For everybody felt a tender sympathy for them, despite the irregular habits of some. They were without the comforts of home, and would shortly risk, perhaps give their lives in our defence, whilst we comfortably remained in a place of safety. One day a tall, good-humored Hibernian stretched himself at full length before me, with a singular squint of the eye:

"See hare, sthranger, jest a dime, if ye plase. A wee dhrap can hurt nobody. It makes the heart of the poor soldier glad. An sure, ye canna say nay to that!"

Another asked for a few pennies to buy tobacco. To convince me that he was honest, and had not spent it for liquor, he soon after returned, and showed me his purchase. Rolling the tobacco, carefully in paper, he pointed to a neighboring flag saying:

"Friend, d'ye see that flag? Ye shall never hear that Patrick O'Hara deserted them are sthars and sthripes."

I believe that he spoke the truth. It would be unfair to give these as average specimens of our soldiery. Hosts of sober, well-behaved, Christian men were there, as good citizens and brave soldiers as any country can boast of. Such were greatly annoyed by the bad habits of the rowdies.

Loud and frequent were the complaints of ill-treatment and fraudulent impositions. Swindling Government contractors supplied the Regiments with half rotten clothing, for which the poor soldiers had to pay high prices. In a short time their garments literally fell into pieces. Some were called the "ragged Regiments." The Government paid the Quartermasters thirty cents a day to board a soldier. At this rate they could furnish healthy

food and make a fortune. Instead of that some fed them on coarse mouldy bread and spoiled meat. In some Regiments the half-starved men had hardly strength enough left to perform their drill and picket duties. Those that had money bought food in town ; many that had none knocked at the doors of the charitable, who cheerfully fed them with the best they had. It seemed inhumanly cruel that our soldiers, after paying for their boarding, should be cheated out of their necessary food, and be sent out begging their bread. None have such an adequate conception of the black corruption practiced during the war, as those who fell victims to it. Of all species and grades of rascality, that which can plunder for paltry pelf a brave soldier, who faces danger and death in defence of his country, seems the most fiend-like.

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### ANNIE AND WILLIE'S PRAYER.

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SOPHIE P. SNOW.

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'Twas the eve before Christmas ; "Good-night" had been said,  
And Annie and Willie had crept into bed ;  
There were tears on their pillows, and tears in their eyes,  
And each little bosom was heaving with sighs,  
For to-night their stern father's command has been given,  
That they should retire precisely at seven,  
Instead of at eight ; for they troubled him more  
With questions unheard of than ever before ;  
He had told them he thought this delusion a sin,  
No such being as "Santa Claus" ever had been.  
And he hoped, after this, he should nevermore hear  
How he scrambled down chimneys with presents each year.  
And this was the reason that two little heads  
So restlessly tossed on their soft downy beds.  
Eight, nine, and the clock on the steeple tolled ten ;  
Not a word had been spoken by ei' her till then.  
When Willie's sad face from the blanket did peep,  
And whispered, "Dear Annie, is you fast asleep ?"  
"Why no, brother Willie," a sweet voice replies,  
"I've tried it in vain, but I can't shut my eyes,  
For somehow it makes me so sorry because  
Dear papa has said there is no Santa Claus."  
"Now we know that there is and it can't be denied,  
For he came every year before mamma died :  
But then, I've been thinking that she used to pray,  
And God would hear everything mamma would say.  
And perhaps she asked him to send Santa Claus here  
With the sack full of presents he brought every year."

" Well, why tan't we p'ay dest as mamma did den,  
 And ask God to send him with presents aden."

" I've been thinking so, too." And without a word more,  
 Four little bare feet bounded out on the floor,  
 And four little knees the soft carpet pressed,  
 And two tiny hands were clasped close to each breast.

" Now, Willie, you know we must firmly believe,  
 That the presents we ask for we're sure to receive.  
 You must wait just as still, till I say the 'Amen,'  
 And by this you will know that your turn has come then;—  
 Dear Jesus, look down on my brother and me,  
 And grant us the favor we are asking of Thee,  
 I want a wax dolly a tea set and ring,  
 And an ebony work-box that shuts with a spring;  
 Bless papa, dear Jesus, and cause him to see,  
 That Santa Claus loves us far better than he,  
 Don't let him get fretful and angry again  
 At dear brother Willie and Annie, Amen."

" Please Desus, let Santa Taus tum down to-night,  
 And b'ing us some p'esents before it is 'ight.  
 I want he should d'ive me a nice 'ittle s'ed,  
 With b'ight shinin' 'unners, and all painted 'ed,  
 A box full of tandy, a book and a toy.  
 Amen, and then, Desus, I'll be a dood boy."

Their prayers being ended, they raised up their heads.  
 And with hearts light and cheerful again sought their beds.  
 They were soon lost in slumber both peaceful and deep,  
 And with fairies in dreamland were roaming in sleep,  
 Eight, nine, and the little French clock had struck ten,  
 Ere the father had thought of his children again;  
 He seems now to hear Annie's half-suppressed sighs,  
 And to see the big tears stand in Willie's blue eyes;

" I was harsh with my darlings," he mentally said,  
 " And should not have sent them so early to bed.  
 But then I was troubled; my feelings found vent,  
 For bank stock to day has gone down ten per cent.  
 But of course they've forgotten their troubles ere this,  
 And that I denied them the thrice asked for kiss;  
 But just to make sure I'll steal up to the door,  
 For I never spoke harsh to my darlings before."

So saying he softly ascended the stairs,  
 And arrived at the door to hear both of their prayers.  
 His Annie's "bless papa" draws forth the big tears,  
 And Willie's grave promise falls sweet on his ears.

" Strange, strange, I'd forgotten," said he with a sigh,  
 " How I longed when a child, to have Christmas draw nigh.  
 I'll atone for my harshness," he inwardly said,

" By answering their prayers ere I sleep in my bed."

Then he turned to the stairs and softly went down,  
 Threw off velvet slippers and silk dressing-gown,  
 Donned hat, coat and boots, and was out in the street,  
 A millionaire facing the cold driving sleet.

Nor stopped he until he had bought everything,  
 From a box full of candy to the tiny gold ring.  
 Indeed he kept adding so much to his store,  
 That the various presents outnumbered a score,

Then homeward he turned with his holiday load,  
 And with Aunt Mary's help in the nursery 'twas stored.  
 Miss Dolly was seated b-neath a pine tree,  
 By the side of a table, spread out for her tea,  
 A work-box well-filled, in the centre was laid,  
 And on it a ring for which Annie had prayed.  
 A soldier in uniform stood by a sled,  
 "With bright shining runners, and all painted red."  
 There were balls, dogs and horses, books pleasing to see,  
 And birds of all colors were perched in the tree.  
 While Santa Claus, laughing, stood up in the top,  
 As if getting ready more presents to drop,  
 And as the fond father the picture surveyed,  
 He thought, for his trouble, he'd amply been paid,  
 And he said to himself as he brushed off a tear,  
 "I'm happier to night than I've been for a year:  
 I've enjoyed more true pleasure than ever before;  
 What care I if bank stock fall ten per cent. more?  
 Hereafter I make it a rule, I believe,  
 To have Santa Claus visit us each Christmas Eve."  
 So thinking he gently extinguished the light,  
 And tripped down the stairs to retire for the night.  
 As soon as the beams of the bright morning sun  
 Put the darkness to flight and the stars, one by one,  
 Four little blue eyes out of sleep opened wide,  
 And at the same moments the presents espied.  
 Then out of their beds they sprang with a bound,  
 And the very gifts prayed for were all of them found.  
 They laughed and they cried in their innocent glee,  
 And shouted for "papa" to come quick and see.  
 What presents old Santa Claus brought in the night,  
 (Just the things that they wanted,) and left before light,  
 "And now," added Annie, in a voice soft and low,  
 "You'll believe there's a Santa Claus, papa, I know."  
 While dear little Willie climbed up on his knee,  
 Determined no secret between them should be.  
 And told in soft whispers, how Annie had said  
 That their blessed mamma, so long ago dead,  
 Used to kneel down and pray by the side of her chair,  
 And that God up in heaven had answered her prayer.  
 "Then we dot up and prayed dest as well as we tould,  
 And Dod answered our prayers. Now wasn't he dood?"  
 "I should say that he was, if he sent you all these,  
 And knew just what presents my children would please.  
 (Well, well let him think so, the dear little elf,  
 'Twould be cruel to tell him I did it myself.")  
 Blind father! Who caused your stern heart to relent?  
 And the hasty words spoken so soon to repent?  
 'Twas the being who bade you steal softly up stairs,  
 And made you his agent to answer their prayers.



Humble we must be, if to heaven we go;  
 High is the roof there, but the gate is low.—*Herrick.*

## THE NEW YEAR.

BY THE EDITOR.

We wish our readers a happy New Year! It is the twenty-fifth New Year's greeting that the GUARDIAN bears to its friends. On January 1, 1850, twenty-five years ago, did this Magazine start into being. Its age is twenty-four years, its birth-days are twenty-five. From the start it aimed to do good, and more particularly to "Young men and ladies." While it has steadily kept this aim in view, it may have changed in some respects. But its change has been such as an increase of age brings to all rational beings. Its views of Life, Light and Love, are the same now as they were then. Its sympathy with the young is as lively and warm now as it was then. Although older, it feels as young and as buoyant with cheerful hope as ever. Age and experience, however, widen the scope of one's vision, the extent if not the quality of his knowledge. Yet this Magazine has all along its life been a unit. Its system of thought is now what it was twenty-four years ago. It is the same tree it was then, only older, and in some respects more developed.

Like all young people, the GUARDIAN is fond of society, and greatly enjoys company. Some people have an idea that its presence cultivates and improves social intercourse. It is eager to form new acquaintances. Its friends will confer a great favor by introducing it to their friends. We have the vanity to believe that in this way both parties might be benefited. Young ladies, to whom the GUARDIAN has been a good friend from childhood, would do well to ask their gentlemen friends to subscribe for it. The said gentlemen are in that interesting state of mind which leads them to do everything in their power to please the being whom they so tenderly love. Now is your time. Bring them under the influence of a counsellor that will inform them what they must do to become good husbands, and above all, good Christians.

We ask our friends to aid us in increasing the circulation and Christian influence of the GUARDIAN. Our contributors will please not grow weary in well-doing. Their articles have been read with pleasure and profit, and we trust that they will continue to enrich our pages.

**HANG UP BABY'S STOCKING.**

Hang up the Baby's stocking,  
 Be sure you don't forget—  
 The dear little dimpled darling!  
 She ne'er saw Christmas yet;  
 But I've told her all about it,  
 And she opened her big blue eyes,  
 And I'm sure she understands it,  
 She looks so funny and wise.

Dear! what a tiny stocking!  
 It doesn't take much to hold  
 Such little pink toes as baby's  
 Away from the frost and cold.  
 But then, for the baby's Christmas  
 It will never do at all;  
 Why, Santa wouldn't be looking  
 For anything half so small!

I know what we'll do for the baby—  
 I've thought of the very best plan—  
 I'll borrow a stocking of grandma,  
 The longest that ev'r I can;  
 And you'll hang it by mine, dear mother,  
 Right here in the corner, so,  
 And write a letter to Santa.  
 And fasten it on to the toe.

Write, "This is the baby's stocking  
 That hangs in the corner here;  
 You never have seen her, Santa,  
 For she only came this year;  
 But she's just the blessedest baby—  
 And now, before you go,  
 Just cram her stocking with goodies,  
 From the top clean down to the toe."

—*Little Corporal.*

**THE CHRIST-CHILD.**

THE Germans have a beautiful legend, which they more than half believe, that on Christmas morning the Child, born in a stable, revisits earth, to look after all other little ones; that from the little prince in his royal cradle to the baby sleeping like Himself in straw, none are left unvisited by Him, that He may know how

men have welcomed those whom He gave as an especial legacy into their tenderest keeping. What if the story were true? What if when in a few days Christmas dawns upon us, the Holy Child were actually to enter into the myriad homes of the Christian world? The world is full of heroes whose names are never breathed to fame. The boy who provides for a poor and unfortunate father, who brings home his hard earnings to a widowed mother, who sacrifices the luxuries of youth that he may give the comforts of life to the needy, is a hero, and though his efforts may not be rewarded here, they are written in the book of God.

The boy who makes happy the life of an invalid brother or sister is a hero; yon boy on the street, leading his blind companion, is a hero; the boy who solaces age with affection is a hero; and he above all is a hero who does what he believes to be right, and keeps his conscience pure.

### THE CHRISTMAS GIFT.

Around the Christmas-tree we stood,  
And watched the children's faces,  
As they their little gifts received  
With childish airs and graces.  
We grown folks had our share of fun  
In making wee ones merry,  
And laughed to see the juveniles  
Kiss 'neath the "holly berry."  
Beside me sat sweet Bessie Moore,  
A lovely dark eyed maiden,  
While near her stood our little Eve,  
Her arms with love-gifts laden,  
Until around the room she went,  
The blue-eyed baby, shyly,  
And, blushing red, into each lap  
Her offerings dropped slyly.

But when to me the darling came  
All empty-handed was she,  
And when I asked: "Why slight me thus?"  
She answered: "Oh, betause we—  
We dinna know you tumming here!"  
And then with blue eyes shining,  
To Bessie's side she went, her arms  
Her sister's neck entwining,  
"But something I must have," said I.  
"My Christmas night to gladden."  
A shade of thought the baby's face  
Seemed presently to sadden,  
Till all at once, with gleeful laugh—  
"Oh! I know what I do, sir!  
I've only sister Bessie left,  
But I'll div her to you, sir!"

Amid the laugh that came from all  
 I drew my new gift to me,  
 While with flushed cheeks her eyes met mine,  
 And sent a thrill all through me.  
 "Oh! blessed little Eve!" cried I;  
 "Your gift I welcome gladly!"  
 The little one looked up at me,  
 Half wondering, half sadly.  
 Then to her father straight I turned,  
 And humbly asked his blessing  
 Upon my Christmas gift, the while  
 My long-stored hopes confessing.  
 And as his aged hands were raised  
 Above our heads bowed lowly,  
 The blessed time of Christmas ne'er  
 Had seemed to me so Holy.

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### CHRISTMAS IN LONDON.

BY THE EDITOR.

Heap on more wood!—the wind is chill;  
 But let it whistle as it will,  
 We'll keep our Christmas merry still.  
 Each age has deemed the new-born year  
 The fittest time for festal cheer;  
 And well our Christian sires of old  
 Loved when the year its course had rolled,  
 And brought blithe Christmas back again  
 With all its hospitable train.

\* \* \* \* \*

All hail with uncontrolled delight,  
 And general voice, the happy night  
 That to the cottage, as the crown,  
 Brought tidings of salvation down.

\* \* \* \* \*

England was merry England, when  
 Old Christmas brought his sports again.  
 'Twas Christmas broached the mightiest ale;  
 'Twas Christmas told the merriest tale;  
 A Christmas gambol oft could cheer  
 The poor man's heart through half the year.

*Walter Scott.*

Our story shall be concerning Christmas in the great city of London; of its kind the greatest city in the world. It was a great city when Christ was born in Bethlehem of Judea, yet for centuries it saw not the star that there proclaimed His birth. Since then it has greatly changed. Churches and grand cathedrals have taken the place of its ancient pagan temples. The old city has passed away, all things have become new. But even the new counts its age by centuries.

This monstrous hive of humanity, with more than 3,000,000 of souls, is stirred to its inmost depths by the charming spirit of Christmas. Seen in its every-day garb, it looks so overburdened with business cares, so wholly given to the worship of the world-spirit, so sternly in pursuit of gain and pleasure, that a passing stranger would hardly expect it capable of festive joy. Even its Sabbath days are not what ours are. But one day in the year the giant city joins with cheerful hilarity in the great festival of the Saviour's birth. Already a month before the time the streets and shops show signs of its coming. The stores increase their holiday stock as the day approaches. In the business streets they look like bazaars in oriental cities, their goods packed into their front windows. Jewelry of all kinds, gold, silver and precious stones, garlands, gloves and gaudy apparel in gayest colors; cakes and candies moulded into every variety of forms, of birds, beasts, fishes and creeping things, tempt the palate and the purchaser. Every shop window is a free show, where poor people's children can enjoy the sight of a world of nice things for nothing. Great crowds gather around them with chattering delight.

Great is the display of the grocers and confectioners and spice merchants. Nuts and raisins, fruit from every clime, figs, grapes, French and German prunes; all the ingredients of an English plum pudding are prominently displayed. All of which can be seen in many other cities. But no other place has 3,000,000 of people to enjoy their sight and taste.

Let us stroll through the London markets. For in the market places of the nations we can best study some of their leading characteristics. Although fish are not a favorite Christmas dish, Billingsgate, the famous fish market is unusually crowded. Large and choice varieties from the coast of England, Scotland, Ireland and Holland are displayed. The fish women vie with each other in the use of coarse language. The market is made hideous by their wild and vulgar shrieks and boisterous commendations of their stock. Like other people they try to make the most out of the season. Though not so profane as in the days of Shakspeare or Pope, they still retain much of the coarseness of their foremothers.

But the principal and most interesting is Leaden Hall Market. It is the great mart for butcher's meat, poultry, vegetables, &c.

“Would'st thou with mighty beef augment thy meal,  
Seek Leaden Hall.”—GAY.

The British are noted beef eaters. And Leaden Hall has the name for selling good beef. It is easily accessible, in the central part of the city. Its crowds are always great, but a few days before Christmas their swelling multitude has scarcely standing-room.

Every available space is thickly hung with meat and poultry. Windows are curtained with geese, ducks and turkeys. The streets are paved with them, and festoons of geese hang from the house-tops. The feathered tribe is brought from near and afar; from France, Hamburg, Ireland, Yorkshire, Suffolk and Cambridge. All try to get a Christmas roast. If too poor to buy a goose or turkey, a duck or chicken must suffice. A turkey of ten pounds will cost about \$2.00. One of twenty-five pounds sometimes sells as high as \$15.00.

The burly British butchers, with sonorous, ringing voices, rotund and rosy faces, and snow-white aprons, drive a brisk trade. Their blocks are clean, their knives and saws polished, their stalls hung with garlands of evergreen. On these days their mighty muscles are strained to the utmost to supply beef-eating London with choice roasts.

As the day approaches the throngs in the streets increase. Pater Noster Row, near St. Paul's Cathedral, the book-sellers' quarters, swarms with buyers of holiday books. Costly volumes in the windows in richest binding, invite the people to buy. Omnibusses and cabs, and coaches of the nobility are promiscuously huddled together in Oxford street, Piccadilly and the Strand. Cheapside and London Bridge often become choked with vehicles. Only after the long and laborious efforts of the police can they be opened. For a day or two before, the trains are crowded with persons coming to London to spend Christmas with their parents or relatives. Young men and ladies hasten home from colleges and boarding-schools to join in the holiday joys around the fireside. In America "heaters" and "coal stoves" have supplanted this important part of home.

In England the real family-hearth or fire-side is retained. An open fire-place, with iron grate, on which the visible coal-fire glows cheerfully, warming the heart of the family into genial and home-like sympathy. We have lost much by shutting up our family hearths.

What a tumultuous jubilation in London homes as the omnibusses bring these school-girls and boys—from twelve to sixteen years of age, from the various depots, and land them at the front door. How long have the months of absence seemed! How long the ride from the depot! Now for a jolly old time around the cheerful hearth-fire. On Christmas Eve serenaders enliven the streets. The children of London dream pleasant dreams. Not only children, but young men and maidens, old men and women enjoy charming visions while asleep. The children of the poor, who have little to expect, dream of tables groaning with rarest food, and of pockets filled with cakes and candies.

A London Christmas morning is quieter than any other of the year. At early dawn it is even quieter than Sunday morning. Shops and stores are shut, even those which are usually open on the Lord's day. The fires of manufactories are extinguished. Their smoke no longer darkening the air. Carriages and cabs, coachmen and cabmen, that know of no rest on God's day, rest on the day of Christ's birth. For a few hours "the crowded streets of busy London" are almost wholly deserted. For once the great city is charmed into stillness—into a gentle repose. No tradesmen do you meet, no tramp of horses or the heavy-heeled boots of laborers. Only here and there a solitary person with a satchel, hastens to the depot, on his way to spend Christmas in his country home. For a few hours this vast centre of trade and traffic has returned within doors, around its hearth-fires. Rich and poor rejoice, each in their own way, and God is the Father of them all. Into how many hearts and homes does Christmas bring good-will; to many it is the happiest, the only happy day in the year.

A London Christmas invites people to worship God. The church bells ring. If you happen to be near a number of churches, this ringing becomes a noisy clangor, conveying less of music than of mirth. An hour before church time the streets are crowded with people wending their way to some house of God. Churches are garlanded with evergreens—with holly and ivy. The mistletoe is used only to decorate homes. The Christmas tree is a German plant. Of late years it is being rapidly transplanted into English homes, and is becoming very popular.

The new-born Christ is worshiped. Christmas music, well-prepared, is sung with grateful glee. Among the Dissenters, that is, those outside the Episcopal church, the churches are rarely opened.

Toward noon the streets begin to fill up again with conveyances. The afternoon many spend out of doors. From 4 to 7 P. M., brings quiet again. The city seems harmless as the nursery in the family. Two-thirds, perhaps three-fourths of the people of London, are in pleasurable sympathy with the day. Around hundreds of thousands of tables glad groups are gathered, many of which enjoy the only good meal they get in the whole year. Parents, like the patriarchs of old, tell their children stories from life-experience. Around many a table three and four generations are gathered, assembled from homes remote. By this day's communion they tighten the ties of love, which nought but death can sever. And, if rightly formed, not even death can do it.

After 7 P. M., begins the dark page of a London Christmas. Every den of vice is thrown open. The low groggeries, no less than the more attractive rum palaces, are crowded. In cellars, nar-

row dirty courts, reeking with pollution and pestilence, in dark dens of iniquity, does Satan hold revelry. In drunkenness few cities excel London. A late traveller says that he saw ten drunken people in London where he saw one in Berlin or Paris. Smollet says, the London drinking-houses of his day hung out the following sign: "*Drunk for one penny. Dead drunk for two pennies. Clean straw for nothing.*" As night advances, the cabs and omnibusses increase in number, and become more crowded. People cannot all find seats. Small mobs occur around these vehicles by tipsy people who cannot all get in. Many a one pays a high premium for a cab; for he must get home. He is drunk, and has too far to go to walk. The conveyances are crowded till after midnight; crowded with families, whose children are snoring in the land of pleasant dreams; and the fathers are drowsy with ale or whiskey, the eyes inflamed, the face red, the breath—whew! The poor wife, perhaps, wondering whether after all, this was to them a "happy Christmas." How sad that Satan should turn this blessed day into a season of sinful indulgence, in America no less than in England. "The trail of the serpent is over them all."

On the second day of Christmas the people of London are called on by the poor. From early morning till night they ring the door bells; indeed by many kind-hearted people they are expected to do it. Without these their Christmas would lack one of its most pleasant elements. For a truly Christian heart feels high joy in making poor people happy, if it be only for a few hours. This by many is called the "boxing day," because these visitors present boxes in which to receive their Christmas gifts. The "Waites," who have roamed the street all the night previous, discoursing music to the annoyance of some and the amusement of others, are among the first applicants. The news-boys, street-sweepers, and street-sprinklers, the butchers' boy, the grocers' factotum, even the letter carrier—all come to be "boxed." And thousands of dirty ragged children, "waifs" of London's low and lost, living, or staying, God knows where, or stealing every night a bed on some store-box, or on somebody's door step. Alas! how many of these are poor and bad through other people's sins! On no other day of the year are sullen, sorrowful faces made to smile with joy as on Christmas. For once kindness thaws their rigid sunless faces.

A charming part of the Christmas festivities is had in the hospitals and charitable institutions of London. Of these there are more than five hundred. In many of them gifts are distributed among the unfortunate. Hosts of charitable people spend the day in these places, bringing their gifts with them, and helping to make the inmates happy.

Thus do our London cousins spend Christmas. Taking and giving pleasure. Proclaiming the "glad-tidings of great joy," through kindly offices of charity, social intercourse and worship. It is a pleasure to think of all the little children of the poor, who with keen appetites their nice things, enjoy on Christmas. For many a poor man's table is spread with coarse food all the year round, and but little of it. But Christmas tide brings the poorest something better than usual. What a delight when the father and mother can gather around them the throng of eager hungry little ones, "who feel their life in every limb," and feast them to their heart's content, at the best meal of all the year. Let us with the little ones rejoice over the babe of Bethlehem.

"Lo, He slumbers in the manger,  
    'Where the horned oxen fed !'  
Peace, my darling, here's no danger,  
    There's no oxen near thy bed.

'Twas to save thee, child, from dying,  
    Save my dear from burning flame,  
Bitter groans and endless crying,  
    That my blest Redeemer came.

May'st thou live to know and fear Him,  
    Trust and love him all thy days ;  
Then go dwell forever near Him,  
    See His face and sing His praise."

### THE ALL-SEEING.

Popular astronomy has made us familiar with the fact, that the ray of light sent forth from each star in the firmament, does not reach our eye at the same instant, but after an interval longer or shorter according to the distance of the star; and that, as a consequence of this, we do not see the star as it actually is, but as it was at the moment when the ray of light was transmitted. Thus we see the moon as it was a second and a quarter before; the sun as it was about eight minutes before; Jupiter, as it was fifty-two minutes previously; the principal star, in the constellation of the Centaur, as it was three years ago; Vega as it was twelve years ago; Arcturus, as it was twenty-six years ago; the Pole star, as it was forty-eight years ago; Capella as it was seventy-one years ago; and so on to a star of the twelfth magnitude, which appears to us as it looked four thousand years ago. Any one of these orbs may have been extinguished during the interval, and yet we continue to see it shining still.

## THE OLD AND THE NEW.

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,  
 The flying cloud, the frosty light :  
 The year is dying in the night ;  
 Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new.  
 Ring, happy bells, across the snow :  
 The year is going, let him go ;  
 Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,  
 For those that here we see no more ;  
 Ring out the feud of rich and poor,  
 Bring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,  
 And ancient forms of party strife ;  
 Ring in the nobler modes of life,  
 With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,  
 The faithless coldness of the times ;  
 Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,  
 But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,  
 The civic slander and the spite ;  
 Ring in the love of truth and right,  
 Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease ;  
 Ring out the narrowing lust of Gold ;  
 Ring out the thousand wars of old,  
 Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,  
 The larger heart, the kindlier hand ;  
 Ring out the darkness of the land,  
 Ring in the Christ that is to be.

—*From Tennyson's "In Memoriam."*

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'Tis only when they spring to heaven, that angels  
 Reveal themselves to you ; they sit all day  
 Beside you, and lie down at night by you,  
 Who care not for their presence, muse or sleep—  
 And all at once they leave you, and you know them.

—*Browning.*

## ST. NICHOLAS.

St. Nicholas, as all the world knows, is the patron of children, with whom he is the most popular saint in the calendar. Bishop of Myra, in Lycia, in the time of Constantine the Great, if we are to credit the Roman breviary, supplied three destitute maidens with dowries by secretly leaving a marriage portion for each at their window. Hence the popular fiction that he is the purveyor of presents to children on Christmas eve. He usually makes his appearance as an old man with a venerable beard, and dressed as a bishop, either riding a white horse or an ass, and carrying a large basket on his arm and a bundle of rods in his hand. In some parts of Bohemia he appears dressed up in a sheet instead of a surplice, with a crushed pillow on his head instead of a mitre. On his calling out, "Wilt thou pray?" all the children fall upon their knees, whereupon he lets fall some fruit upon the floor and disappears. In this manner he goes from house to house, sometimes ringing a bell to announce his arrival, visits the nurseries, inquires into the conduct of the children, praises or admonishes them, as the case may be, distributing sweetmeats or rods accordingly.

St. Nicholas is the Santa Claus of Holland, and the Samiklaus of Switzerland, and the Sonner Klas of Heligoland. In the Vorarlberg he is known as Zemmiklas, who threatens to put naughty children into his hay-sack; in Nether Austria as Niklo, or Niglo, who is followed by a masked servant called Krampus; while in the Tyrol he goes by the name of the "Holy Man," and shares the patronage of his office with St. Lucy, who distributes gifts among the girls, as he among the boys. Sometimes he is accompanied by the Christ-Child.

In many parts of Switzerland, Germany and the Netherlands St. Nicholas still distributes his presents on St. Nicholas' Eve—the 5th of December—instead of on Christmas Eve. In the Netherlands and adjoining provinces he is especially popular, and is perhaps the only saint who has maintained his full credit, even among the Protestants. For days previous to his expected advent busy housewives have been secretly conspiring with the bakers in gilding nuts, cakes and gingerbread, and torturing pastry, prepared with flour, sugar, honey, spices, and sweetmeats, into the most fantastical forms, from which the good saint may from time to time replenish his supplies. As to the children, St. Nicholas or Sunder

Kloss is the burden of their prayers, the staple of their dreams, and the inspiration of their songs. As they importune him to let fall from the chimney-top some pretty gift into their little aprons, they go on singing with childish fervor :

“ Sünder Klass du gode Bloot !  
Breng, mi Nööt un Zuckerbrood,  
Nicht to veel un neet to minn  
Smiet in mine Schörten in ? ”

In Belgium, on the eve of the good bishop's aerial voyage in his pastoral visitation of his bishopric of chimney-tops, the children polish their shoes, and after filling them with hay, oats or carrots for the saint's white horse, they put them on a table, or set them in the fire-place. The room is then carefully closed and the door locked. Next morning it is opened in the presence of the assembled household, when, *mirabile dictu!* the furniture is found to be turned topsy-turvy, while the little shoes instead of horse's forage, are filled with sweetmeats and toys for the good children, and with rods for the bad ones. In some places wooden or china shoes, stockings, baskets, cups and saucers, and even bundles of hay, are placed in the chimney, or by the side of the bed, or in a corner of the room, as the favorite receptacles of St. Nicholas' presents.—*Harper's Magazine.*

### FEARING ROBBERS.

[Rev. Dr. Guthrie, in his autobiography, now in press by Robert Carter & Brothers, tells the following good story of the time when he was a banker in Brechin, before he became a settled pastor.]

I spent, on the whole, a happy time in the bank, never feeling its responsibilities very heavy but once, when a circumstance occurred that shows into what mistakes we may fall, and how careful we should be not to rush rashly into unfavorable conclusions.

Detained in the office till midnight on one occasion, by press of business, I was making my way to the cottage where we spent the summer time, some two miles out of town. It was an exceedingly dark night, but I was thinking of no danger, though I carried the bank keys with me, when I heard footsteps behind. Not seeking a companion in the circumstances, I put on steam to shoot ahead, and became a little anxious on finding, that as I quickened my pace, so did he who followed me. I tried another dodge to shake him off—crossing first to one side of the road, then to the other, so did the feet behind him, and which were by this time almost on my heels. Seriously alarmed now—knowing what I carried, and

dreading the blow of a bludgeon from behind, I opened my knife, having no other weapon of offence or defence, and suddenly wheeling round, to see dimly the figure of a man close on me, I faced him, and demanding in a loud resolute voice, "who's there?" "Then it is you, Master Guthrie!" was the answer; I was sure it was your figure on the brae between me and the sky, an' I did my very best to mak' up to you, Ye see, I've forty pound on me, and it's no chancy to be travelling alone at this hour wi' a' that siller!"

This mistake of mine reminds me of one equally great, if not greater, into which the zeal of an ardent Methodist once led an equally honest traveller. The worthy Methodist, burning with desire to do good and save souls, seeing a man on the road before him, hastened to make up to him, that he might deal with him about his soul. Ignorant of these good intentions, the other, taking him for a foot-pad, did all he could to throw him out, but in vain. At last and at length the Methodist runs him down, confirming his worst fears—as they now stood face to face—with the startling question, "Are you prepared to die?" So the worthy Wesleyan was in the habit of dealing with people, going thus right at once to the mark. But, at this awful question, down goes the poor man on his knees, to offer the other all his money if he will but spare his life, happy, as the supposed foot-pad raised him, to find out his mistake.

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#### A YOUNG HERO.

The following is but one of the many scenes of sorrow and self-sacrifice, which have been witnessed in our city. It has just come to our notice. It occurred yesterday. It was a family of six—a father and mother, two sisters and two brothers. The fever entered their house, and all were stricken down but one little boy of twelve years. He alone was left to minister to them. The mother was called away, and the little boy was well-nigh broken-hearted. The physician had just called, when the mother died, and turning to the weeping child, said to him, "You must dry up your tears and go wait upon your sisters, and don't let them know by your crying, that your ma is dead; for it may hurt them." Brave little fellow! He went instantly, washed his face, dried up his tears, and entered the room where his sick sisters lay. The first question which met him, was. "How is ma?" No tears betrayed the heavy heart, but choking down his sorrow, with cheerful tone he answered, "Ma is better off now," and the sisters did not find out their loss. Noble boy! May God spare your father and sisters. Surely there is other heroism than that, which is seen on battle-fields.—*Memphis Presbyterian.*

**TO BE CARRIED IN YOUR POCKET.**

Keep good company or none. Never be idle. If your hand cannot be usefully employed, attend to the cultivation of your mind. Always speak the truth. Make few promises, live up to your engagements. Keep your own secrets, if you have any. When you speak to a person, look him in the face. Good company and good conversation are the very sinews of virtue. Good character cannot be essentially injured, except by your own acts. If any one speaks evil of you, let your life be such that no one will believe him. Drink no kind of intoxicating liquor. Ever live (misfortune excepted) within your income. When you retire to bed, think over what you have been doing during the day. Make no haste to be rich, if you would prosper. Small and steady gains give competency with tranquility of mind. Never play at any game of chance. Avoid temptation, though you fear you may not withstand it. Earn money before you spend it. Never run into debt, unless you can see your way to get out of it. Never borrow, if you can possibly avoid it. Do not marry until you are able to support a wife. Never speak evil of any one. Be just before you are generous. Keep yourself innocent, if you would be happy. Save when you are young, that you may spend when you are old. Read over the above maxims at least once a week.

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## ***The Sunday-School Drawer.***

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**UNSEEN, YET LOVED.**—A kind mother had one day been talking with her little girl about the duty of loving God. The child replied, "Mother, I have never seen God, how can I love Him?" The mother made no answer then. A few days after, she received a package from a friend who lived a great way off; and in the package was a beautiful picture-book for the little girl. The child took the book, and was for some time entirely occupied in looking at the pictures; but soon she exclaimed, "O, mother! how I love the good lady that sent me this book!" "But you never saw her, my dear," said the mother. "No," answered the child; "but I love her because she sent me this beautiful present." "My child," said the mother, "you told me the other day, that you could not love God, because you had never seen Him. And yet you love this kind lady, whom you have never seen, because she has given you a present. Now you have all around you the presents which God has given you. Why cannot you love Him for His presents?"

EFFECTS OF THE WEATHER ON PIETY.—Here are some suggestive thoughts, which we advise all to read and ponder: “There is a mystery about this effect of the weather on piety. Sabbath heat seems hotter, Sabbath cold colder, and rain wetter than that of any other day. For the same measure of heat or cold or rain, on a week day, will not keep a man from his usual business. We need a Sabbath almanac, calculated for churches, that will show by its weather-scale when it will be safe for a vigorous Christian to expose himself on the Sabbath by going to the house of God. Such an almanac would enable pastors and superintendents of Sabbath-schools to know whom they could depend on in church, Sabbath school, and prayer meeting. I have recently been examining microscopic views of snow flakes, a hundred or so of them. I would suggest to our curious savants an examination of Sabbath snow, to see if it has a peculiarly sharp and injurious crystal.”

PULPIT SUGAR PLUMS.—A pastor, who had recently taken a charge at the West, after years of successful work in New England, said of his pulpit exercises, which were helpful to adults and children alike: “I always have a pocket in my sermon, with a sugar plum or two in it for children of the congregation; so I have always something in my prayers that I think will suit their case.” That pastor held the attention and the love of the little ones of his flock without losing his hold on the larger ones. He gave each a portion in due season. His example thus far is worthy of imitation. The children are the most impressionable hearers of an ordinary congregation. It is certainly worth while for the preacher to say something for their interest and instruction. Yet not every pastor has a word for children from the pulpit.

EARNESTNESS.—The late Rev. Rowland Hill, in once addressing the people of Wotton, raising himself, exclaimed, “Because I am in earnest, men call me an enthusiast. When I first came into this part of the country, I was walking on yonder hill, and saw a gravel pit fall in and bury three human beings alive. I lifted up my voice for help so loud, that I was heard in the town below, a distance of near a mile; help came, and rescued two of the sufferers. No one called me an enthusiast *then*; and when I see eternal destruction ready to fall upon poor sinners, and about to entomb them irrecoverably in an eternal mass of woe, and call aloud on them to escape, shall I be called an enthusiast *now*? No, sinners, I am no enthusiast in so doing; and I call on thee aloud to fly for refuge to the hope set before thee in the Gospel.”

LIVE FOR THE ETERNAL WORLD.—At a Christian convention, a minister said, that when he was a lad, going by an insane asylum, a young, emaciated female stretched her bony hand through the iron grating, and called out to him in startling tones:

“Young man, live for the eternal world! live for the eternal world!”

These words never were effaced from his mind; and, when he grew up, they kept ringing in his ears. In all probability, they were one of the means that God used to induce him to consecrate himself to the service of his Maker. God can use even the insane to call us to our duty. What more appropriate words could be sounded in our ears than these, “Live for the eternal world?”

THE origin of the favorite hymn, “From Greenland’s icy mountains,” the original manuscript of which is in the collection of Mr. Raffles, magistrate of Liverpool, is thus given by Dean Howson in the *Art Journal*:

“When Bishop Heber was a young man, missionary sermons were not so frequent as they are now; and on one occasion, when he was staying with

Dean Shirley, vicar of Wrexham his father-in-law, such a sermon was to be preached, and the want of a suitable hymn was felt. He was asked on the Saturday to write one; and, seated at the window of the old vicarage-house, he produced, after a short interval, in his clear hand-writing with one single word corrected, that hymn beginning 'From Greenland's icy mountains,' with which we are all familiar. It was printed that evening, and sung the following day in Wrexham Church. The writer of these pages saw the original manuscript some years ago in Liverpool, and more recently he has seen the printer, still living in Wrexham, who set up the type when a boy."

**MATERNAL LOVE.**—“I have heard it told through one who was present at the shipwreck of the Kent, as a remarkable circumstance, that every mother, in her imminent peril, as if by instinct, turned to her youngest child and clasped it in her arms. So does the Lord to the helpless believer. Will any say, that those children who, exulting in strength, were left to themselves, were more safe than the helpless infant whose life depended on the parent's life?

‘Maternal love alone  
Preserves them first and last,  
Their parents' arms, and not their own,  
Were those that held them fast.’

Blessed be God, He loves not according to our desert, but according to our necessity. Blessed be God, it is not written, His blood can cleanse from all that we see, but what He sees.”—*Lady Powerscourt.*

A GOOD woman, who had been to the house of God, was met on her way home by a friend, who asked her if the sermon was done. “No,” she replied, “it is all said; it has yet to be *done*.”

## Editor's Drawer.

ITEMS of vital statistics recently published in Europe are cited in confirmation of the generally received opinion, that the duration of human life is at present greater than in past centuries. Thus, it is stated, that in the city of Geneva, Switzerland, registers have been kept of the yearly average of human longevity since 1590. In that year it is given at 22 years and 6 months. At present it is over 40 years. The tables compiled by life assurance companies in England, and adopted in this country, are said to show a similar result. In the fourteenth century, the average annual mortality in the city of Paris was 1 in 16; it is now given as about 1 in 32. In all England, in 1690, the rate of mortality was 1 in 33; as now given, it is about 1 in 42.

**To SAVE MEALS.**—Josh Billings says: “Mackrel inhabit the sea generally; but those which inhabit the grocery always taste to me, as though they had been fatted on salt. They want a deal of freshening before they're eat'n, and always arterward. If I kin have plenty of mackrel for breakfast, I can generally make the other two meals out of water.”

**ON THE WRONG SIDE.**—Robert Kettle, a temperance missionary in Glasgow, left a few tracts with a lady one morning. Calling at the same house a few days afterwards, he was rather disconcerted at observing the tracts doing duty as curl-papers on the head of the damsel to whom he had given them. “Weel, ma lassie,” he replied, “I see you have used the tracts I lef’ wi’ ye; but,” he added, in time to turn confusion into merriment, “ye have putten them on the wrang side o’ your head, my woman.”

**CORN ON THE COBB**—A clergyman, accosted by an old acquaintance by the name of Cobb, replied, “I don’t know you, sir.” “My name is Cobb,” rejoined the man, who was about half seas over. “Ah, sir,” said the minister, “you have so much corn on you that I don’t see the cob.”

**THE** following is said to have taken place between two bell-boys at the Fifth-avenue Hotel, recently: Pat asks Mike, “What’s this suspension of the banks?” “Hist ye!” Mike replies, “I’ll tell ye. Suppose ye have five cents.” “Yes.” “Leave it wid me.” “Yes.” “Next day ye want it.” “Yes.” “I tell ye, ‘No, sir, I’ve used it meself.’”

**AN IRISHMAN** was once taken to see the wonders of Niagara Falls. He did not seem to think it tremendous after all. His friend asked him, “Don’t you think it is a wonderful thing?” “Why is it a wonderful thing?” asked the Irishman. “Don’t you see,” said his friend, “that immense body of water rolling down this precipice?” Says he, “What’s to hinder it?”

**A PREACHER** in a border town took up a collection one recent Sunday, and found when his hat was returned, that there wasn’t a cent in it. “I am glad,” said he, turning the hat upside down and tapping the crown of it with his hand, “that I have my hat back from this congregation.”

**NEAR ROCHESTER** there is an eccentric old fellow, who lives alongside a grave-yard. He was asked if it was not an unpleasant location. “No,” said he; “I never j’ined places in my life with a set of neighbors, that minded their own business so stiddy as they do.”

**A “COFFIN,”** said an Irishman, “is the house that a man lives in when he is dead.”

**BREAD AND BUTTER.**—A quaint old man, a Boston clergyman of the last generation, was accustomed to say that “bread is the staff of life, but bread and butter is a gold-headed cane.”

**SAVINGS BANK.**—“If I can put my money in the savings bank, when can I get it out again?” asked one of the newly arrived. “Och!” said his friend, “sure an’ if you put it in to-day, you can draw out to-morrow by giving a fortnight’s notice.”

**MUST ADVERTISE.**—A Western paper institutes the following vigorous comparison: “You might as well attempt to shampoo an elephant with a thimblefull of soapsuds, as to attempt to do business and ignore advertising.”

**HARD HIT.**—A lawyer and a parson were talking about which way the wind was. The former said: “We go by the court-house vane.” “And we,” replied the parson, “go by the church vane.” “Well,” said the lawyer, “in the matter of wind, that is the best authority.” The parson went to cogitate.

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# PROSPECTUS FOR 1874

## THE GUARDIAN:

# A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

Devoted to the Social, Literary and Religious Interests of  
Young Men and Ladies.

Rev. B. BAUSMAN, D. D., Editor.

THE GUARDIAN enters upon its XXVth volume, on the first of January 1874. It has a sufficient history to establish its character, and to show its fruits. In its principles, purposes and general spirit, no changes are proposed. The True, the Beautiful, and the Good are unchangeable—error and sin are always the same. Its editorial management is committed, as heretofore, to the Rev. B. BAUSMAN, D. D., whose name, of itself, the publishers regard as the most satisfactory guarantee of the high tone and general interest which should characterize the family magazine.

THE GUARDIAN continues to be published by the REFORMED CHURCH PUBLICATION BOARD. It compares favorably with other publications of the kind, and has earned for itself a reputation which may well be coveted. The January number will be embellished with a beautiful Steel Engraving, and the publication continue to appear with a handsome ornamental cover title. The publishers will continue to use a superior quality of paper; and do all in their power, in co-operating with the Editor, to render THE GUARDIAN acceptable to its subscribers.

This Magazine will be, as heretofore, devoted to the highest interests of the young, at the most solemn and interesting period of their life. It will offer its friendly counsels to them in an earnest, though free and cheerful way. It will solemnly seek to warn them against the wrong, and affectionately lure them to the right. The Editor will endeavor to make its contents true, pure, fresh, and healthy as the morning of life. It will particularly urge self-culture and early piety as of the highest importance, and cultivate the home feeling as a sacred element in social purity and peace. It will seek to move in the element of its motto:—“Life—Light—Love.”

THE GUARDIAN has no denominational or party bias. It is its ambition to take the quiet way of peace and love. It would turn the attention of its readers to that first and greatest of duties, the cultivation of the heart, mind, social feelings and pious affections. It will have its reward if it can be the means of making Hearts better, Homes happier, and Heaven surer. The evidence that it has in a degree done this, which the experience of years has furnished, is more precious to us than gain or gold. Cheerfully, hopefully, and believably we take our pilgrim-staff in hand to travel another year.

THE GUARDIAN contains thirty-two pages monthly, making a handsome Volume of three hundred and eighty-four pages at the end of the year.

Pastors who receive this Prospectus are requested to hand it to some active member of the Church, who will procure subscribers for THE GUARDIAN. If ten subscribers are obtained, we will send one copy to the person obtaining them and one to the pastor gratis.

We respectfully ask all Young Men and Ladies to aid us in increasing our circulation. It will be an easy thing for them to raise a club among their companions.

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# THE GUARDIAN.

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## THE POWER OF A BOOK ON THE MIND.

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BY THE EDITOR.

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When a youth I used to watch a certain old man reading his well-worn Bible. It was a heavy book, with large print, metallic clasps and edges. Around him was a group of people, young and old, talking about this thing and that. Not a word of all this did the good man at his Bible seem to hear. I saw his lips move, and here and there faintly heard him slowly whispering the words he read. Now and then he would suddenly begin to weep and sob, that the tears would roll down his face. Thus he would pore over successive chapters, and become so wholly wrapped up in their contents, that he became unconscious of what was going on around him. Then it seemed strange to me, as it does still, that one's powers of mind, memory and even consciousness should be so wholly absorbed by what the eyes see on paper, as to fill them with tears, and make him for the time being forgetful of all his surroundings. A pleasant thing to remember is this venerable father in self-forgetfulness reading his old Bible, and weeping over the sweet stories of Isaac, Jacob, Joseph and Jesus.

Paul was similarly impressed with what was made to pass through his mind, while writing some of his epistles, some of which he wrote "weeping." Perhaps some of our readers can recall instances when the writing of a letter to a child, parent or friend, set them to weeping, so that they had to turn their eyes away from the paper, lest the falling tears might soil it. And I know of earnest men of God who have often had to do this in writing sermons. In the progress of their study some precious truth touched their heart, some child of sorrow or sin in their flock was called to mind, and the faithful shepherd weeps as he bends over his study table.

Only people of earnest minds, and tender hearts and consciences are thus affected by books and studies. Surface readers, who make light of truth and righteousness and only skim over the top of things seldom are thus moved. The effect is not only one of sadness. Often it is tears of gratitude and joy they shed. And the opposite effect of laughter may be produced. Travelling in a certain car I remember to have sat back of a gentleman reading a certain book. He seemed to be unconscious of the people around him, nor to feel the jarring noisy motion of the train. Occasionally he would be seized with violent fits of laughter. He would burst out in a regular haw, haw, until he would wipe the trickling tear from his laughing face. This then was, and still is to my mind a strange effect. Often have boys and girls intently poring over Sunday-school books or pictures been subjects of interesting study to me. The visible flashes of feeling playing over the face, they the meanwhile not knowing that any body sees them—all this is very pleasant and very instructive. This is the way to profit by what we read, when the mind seizes hold of the idea with a tight grip. This is what we understand by *at-tention*.

Thus great minds have often lost themselves in noticing things seemingly trifling. Newton sees an apple falling to the ground. His mind inquires: Why should it drop earthward and not skyward? Some force must draw it downward. This put him on the track of discovering the law of gravitation. Then as now boys were fond of blowing soap bubbles. One day Newton watched them, and saw the pretty colors which the sun put on the bubbles. This suggested certain principles to his thoughtful mind, which led him to discover celebrated properties of light. It is said that Socrates often was so entirely taken up with meditation that he would remain a whole day in the same posture of body and on the same spot. The celebrated geographer Mercator, was so charmed with his studies, that his friends often had to force him away from his maps to take his necessary food. In his treatise on Old Age Cicero makes Cato praise Gallus, whose absorption in study made him unconscious of the flight of time. He sat down to write in the morning, and the next he knew of himself, and his surroundings was when it was getting dark. And studying all night he was only roused from his studious reverie, by the rising of the morning sun. Buffon, the great naturalist says that the finding of a thought, after long study, is a gradual unfolding of it, "till a sort of electric spark convulses for a moment the brain, and spreads down to the very heart a glow of irritation. Then come the luxuries of genius! the true hours for production, and composition; hours so delightful that I have spent twelve and fourteen successively at my writing desk, and still been in a state of pleasure."

The Italians with their keen and tender southern sentiment and feeling are peculiar in this respect. It is said that the poet Marini was once so absorbed in revising his *Adonis*, that he endured the burning of his leg for some time without feeling it.

When Dante read he was only "alive to what was passing in his mind, to all human concerns he was as if they had not been!" One day he went to see a great public procession. Borne along with the stream in the crowded streets, he finally turned up in the shop of a bookseller, from where he hoped to see the passing show. Ere long his eye fell upon a book. In silence he pored over page after page, deaf to the outside tumult. Sunk into an abyss of thought, he forgot the procession, and when he returned home, declared that he had seen nothing of it.

The French Madam Roland says, that when she first read *Telemachus* and *Tasso*: "My respiration rose. I felt a rapid fire coloring my face, and my voice changing, had betrayed my agitation: I was Eucharis for Telemachus,—and Erminia for Tancred. I was them, I saw only the objects which existed for them; it was a dream without being awakened."

When Malebranche first took to reading Descartes on Man, it often gave him palpitation of the heart so as to stop his reading. When Rousseau first conceived the idea of writing his essay on the Arts and Sciences, he was thrown into a feverish excitement, bordering on delirium.

It is intensely interesting to see a person thus held spell-bound, by a book or a thought. A grand idea or network of ideas, holding even the body captive, placing the person for the time being, into a sort of ecstatic state, similar to that of Paul, when he knew not whether he had been in the body or out of it. If such be the power which the natural production of an uninspired mind has on an attentive, receptive student, how much greater is that which the Book of books exerts over a believing soul. The truth holds and controls us; possesses and apprehends us.

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OUR DUTY.—There is no place where God puts you, where it is not your duty to turn round and say, "How shall I perfume this place, and make it fragrant as the honeysuckle and the violet, and beautiful as the rose?" In this world you are to perform the great duties of spiritual, moral, and physical life, in the place where you are.—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

## AT HOME AND IN INDIA.

*[From the German of A. Vol'mar.]*

BY LEWIS HENRY STEINER.

Yon sturdy brown wall-flower has a look like this sun-burnt man who earns his bread in the sweat of his brow in India. Come, German flower and German man, tell me how you came here and what has been your experience.

And the fragrant flower, blooming under the shadow of the tall palm, tells me the following story:

My home is a little hut a long way off in Germany, where the sea washes a neck of land, and its transparent waves move off again almost as rapidly as life itself. This hut, in which Claus Gral was born, is of the humblest order; it stands so close to the mountain side that the latter forms its back-wall. It contains only two rooms, in which the whole family spend their days and nights. In summer the mother cooks their meals a few steps from the house, where over a hole in the ground the kettle hangs suspended from a cross-bar, supported on two forked sticks. The roof is thatched with straw, and as from time to time earth has fallen from the mountain side upon it, and the little birds have now and then dropped some grains of seed, a little flower garden has gradually been formed. This, however, gave the Grals no annoyance, as they sometimes placed their only goat upon the roof, fastening her to the chimney, where she could browse to her satisfaction, and bleat at those who were busy below.

What could she see?

She could see a sick father, who would still row off in his boat, although scarcely able to manage an oar,—a mother yet vigorous if somewhat worn out by trouble, who although hard at work all day and a part of the night could never get through,—Claus, a stout fellow, fourteen years of age, who looked discontentedly at his smaller sisters and could not conceive why they were in the world since they were always in his way.

This evening the father comes home more fatigued than usual. “Come, Claus, take hold,” he cries, “it is now time for you to work for us, I can soon work no more.”

“I work for you all?” replied Claus, “well now, I have no idea of doing that!”

"Abominable boy!" the father is angry and is about to strike him with the oar, but Claus is already gone.

The mother is sitting in the evening before the door. The stars are looking down so friendly upon her that her heart expands and she feels inclined to speak an earnest word to Claus. She tells him that he must now help them to earn their bread, if they do not wish to die of hunger. Claus answers: "If I must work, then I shall work only for myself."

"Claus," says the mother reprovingly. "Thou shouldest honor thy father and thy mother, that it may be well with thee and that thy days may be long upon the land."

"Who says that?" continues Claus.

"God says that," replied Frau Gral quite shocked. "Oh Claus, do not deceive yourself. God will not suffer Himself to be mocked."

Claus looks defiant, and the poor woman begins to weep bitterly:

"It is certainly very attractive at home," continues Claus, "father drinks, you cry, Dörte and Grete quarrel the whole day."—

"Yes, Claus, but you can make it better," says the crushed woman. Claus looked on her without a spark of sympathy, but the stars sparkle ever more brightly as though they wished Frau Gral to look upwards, and she recollects that, while the others may lie in bed, she must go to her washing, and so she enters the little, dark hut.

Claus remains without. He does not see the glorious stars in the sky, he is delighted that dark clouds begin to cover the heavens. It soon becomes dark night, and at length the taper in his parents' hut is extinguished. But it is light enough for Claus to find his father's boat, to loose the rope, and to row out into the open sea.

The waves struggle, under his lusty thrusts, to bear along the boat. They whisper, one to the other, that the poor, erring youth is taking off the boat of his father, the very means by which he secures bread for the hungry family, so that he may reach the great ship that has lain for days ready to sail to a distant port,—that he is going to sail away in that great ship out into the wide, wide world to seek his fortune. Gently the waves murmur under him. How often has the poor mother wept for Claus upon the shore,—it is her tears upon which her lost son is now moving.

Go on,—I may not ask where your journey will end.

Who can describe the grief of the mother, the anger of the father, when it is known, the next day, that Claus had disappeared with the boat! "It is just as though he had cut my hands off," says the father, but the mother feels as though he had pierced her heart.

Misfortunes never come singly. Had the wretched Claus also undermined the overhanging earth, which supported some of the

rocks, so that to-day they fell upon the hut and dashed it to pieces? The earth-slide called them home while they were standing upon the shore and wringing their hands,—and they stood speechless in silent despair.

“We cannot build a new house. We cannot build a new boat. What shall become of us?”

Days pass away in dull stupefaction. At length a resolution is determined upon. The mother says: “I can wash and iron, and in that way can earn something for myself in the city. Let us go to Hamburg. It may be that you can also find something there.”

The simple household furniture is loaded upon a small wagon, the children are seated upon it; father and mother walk along side, each with a bundle in hand,—thus they turn their backs upon the blue sea, the fresh air, the green mountains, without a word of farewell to them. A garret of a high house in a narrow street becomes their home,—but even there they feel no nearer to heaven.

Earthly sorrows draw them downwards. He becomes more and more of an invalid; the mother labors sturdily, but can scarcely procure the necessaries of life; she goes early in the morning to work, and comes home late at night. Dörte and Grete must nurse the father, and the golden sun, which looks into the oblique window to see how things are within, can only make more clear the misery that reigns in that dark corner.

Spring, summer, autumn and winter—they come and depart, but sickness and sorrow remain. At length, on a mild day in spring, there enters the door of the little garret room, occupied by the Grals, a distinguished guest—Death. He waves his wings gently over the poor invalid—no mortal can withstand them—and, unseen by little Dörte who was knitting by his bedside, and unperceived by the slumbering Grete who was lying on a sick bed, he folded the father in his arms, and bore him out of the sick chamber, away, away, far away,—whither?

The mother returned home. The small lamp is burning dimly, the father is lying quietly in the bed, Grete is asleep in the straw, and Dörte is knitting! But the mother sees that it is only the body of a man, his soul has fled. The corpse is cold and stiff,—and death makes it look so pale.

She closes his eyes, but they open again, and stare at her interrogatively. Do they demand from her promised happiness, joys untasted?

“O, I could not make it better for you,” says the poor weeping woman, and the children join her in weeping.

It is night, and all is so quiet in the room! The corpse lies so still, the children are asleep. Frau Gral is the only one awake. Her sunless life there upon the beach and here between tall houses

and dark gables passes before her soul ; and yet she was once happy when her Claus as a sturdy man bore her to his hut, and when her little Claus played laughing and frolicking in her lap.

Yes, her son. Where might he now be ? O, if he was only here, here where his duty was ! But she had never heard any thing from him ; was he yet alive ? O, if he could only enter now, and, as a good son and brother, lend an earnest hand ! O if he could only lay the father in his coffin, and accompany him on his last journey !

Claus does not come. Still the thought of the coffin and the funeral lingers. Where can she get the money for them ? How meet the expense ? With all her thinking and planning she could devise no plan and no way. Finally, she fell asleep from fatigue in her chair.

The next evening things were just the same in the chamber, except that the dead lay in a black coffin, and the children had placed a fragrant sprig, from the wall-flower that bloomed in the window—the only plant they had brought from the sea-side,—in his hands. Frau Gral wept for her husband, and—her poverty.

The morning sun looked so bright through the window glass that it pained their poor weeping eyes. A knock is heard,—it is the cabinet-maker with his bill for the coffin furnished. Frau Gral shows him the empty chests, her empty pockets. “I have nothing to-day, but I shall soon earn something ; only have patience, I will pay you all.” The man leaves in a bad humor. Then the children ask : “Mother, have we nothing to-day again to eat?”

“Children, I have nothing ; go down into the street, and ask the baker to give you a piece of bread.”

“But, mother,” says Dörte, astonished, “you always told us that we should never beg.”

She could make no answer, and the children went out trembling and in silence. Frau Gral covers her face with both hands—it has come even to this—she, who was able to furnish many a poor person a piece of bread when in her father’s house, must now send her children out to beg. Yes, to beg ; Dörte has used the proper word, to beg ! And has she not labored hard to get through life honestly ? Now her husband lies before her dead, and she cannot pay for his funeral ; her son is in a distant part of the world, or, it may be, has found his bed long since in the bottom of the sea,—her disobedient son, whom she has loved and prayed for so much. Is there then a God in heaven, if He can look upon so much misery and need, without affording assistance ? Would He not have sent some friend, some sympathizing neighbor, who would cross her door-sill to bring aid to the poor widow ? Want and death have

only entered her door ; no golden ray of love has touched her soul, no song of consolation has reached her ear; she is alone, for her husband is dead, her son is lost, and her daughters have gone out to beg.

If there is still a God, then He neither hears nor sees ; and if He still hears and sees, then He has no heart for poor widows, prodigal sons and bereaved orphans. Frau Gral had never been so miserable before.

The sun continues to shine through the open window ; its rays fall so kindly upon the peaceful countenance of the dead. His wife sees it not, for she has covered her face with her hands.

Suddenly, close by her ear, there peals forth so sweet a sound that she shrinks from terror ; again another note, still louder, still sweeter. A little yellow bird is sitting upon the black coffin-lid, its bright eyes are twinkling at Frau Gral, and out of its little throat there pours forth once more a bright, merry chirp, which soon turns into a louder warble, and ends with a glorious trill.

Motionless, Frau Gral looks at the little bird. Does it seem to her a bird of Paradise, that has come into her wretched room to sing a song of everlasting beauty, and then to fly away again ? Ah, no, no such thought enters her soul. But the sight of the happy little bird awakens the memory of words that have been long slumbering in her mind : “Behold the fowls of the air: for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns ; yet your heavenly Father feedeth them. Are ye not much better than they ?”

These were words of life in the midst of death, an evergreen palm tree in the desert, a plank to which the drowning could cling for succor.

The bird continues to sing, and his voice removes the mould and rubbish from her heart, and brings to remembrance those excellent words :

“Call upon Me in the day of trouble: I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify Me.”

Frau Gral folds her hands, utters no sound, but gives herself to prayer.

The door opens, the sexton enters. He casts one glance at Frau Gral, a second at the bird,—then springs to the window and closes it. And now he says with a smiling face :

“Ah, ha ! Frau Gral, if I am not mistaken, you have caught a good prize, and a bird of fortune has flown into your house. This is certainly Princess Sox’s canary bird, for which she had all the lads of Hamburg hunting this morning ; the lady has announced that she will give a large reward to any one finding him. Now I promise you that it will be yours.”

Frau Gral makes no answer. Yes, there is a God, a God who

hears and sees, a God who has a heart for poor widows and bereaved orphans.

The bird—it is indeed a bird from Paradise—is placed in a basket, and Frau Gral carries it in the basket to its owner at the palace. The latter wishes to speak with her, since she will know when, how and where her darling was caught. But when her eyes see the care-worn face, it is plain that she also loves her fellow-beings. Frau Gral tells—not what occurred to day between God and her, she cannot speak of that—but gives an account of her husband's sickness and death, of her own trouble, of her poverty, which scarcely admits of the burial of her husband, and forces her to send her children to-day for the first time to beg—and the noble lady graciously listens, and finds that there is still a greater sorrow than the loss of a bird.

"My dear little bird," she says, "I thank you, that you have shown me the way, and made me know that I must sympathize also with the poor. You know better than I, where poor widows dwell."

As if to confirm her words, the bird now quite intelligently warbles forth his most beautiful trills. The Princess begins to meditate thus :

"Has God thus used you as a messenger to show me how much occasion I have to be happy and contented? Oh, how dare I complain, and long for this and that, when I think of these poor people, who have almost nothing."

From this day forth loving charity finds a way to the garret-room of the widow, and as the wall-flower in the window grows green and pushes forth fresh flowers, so Frau Gral's work prospers, and soon vexing trouble flies out of the door, because it can no longer be tolerated therein. But more beautiful than all, within their hearts all is green and blooming.

O Spring, bright, glorious Spring,  
How beautiful thou art!  
Ne'er in life's weary days,  
So pleasant to my heart.

The sun is throwing down his burning rays from a cloudless sky. We are in India, the land of wonders. It is the warm season, not a breath of wind, not a drop of rain refreshes the thirsty flowers; the earth has assumed a brown and red color; the Hindoo says: "The soil is now made of iron, the sky of glowing brass." And yet the iron horse dashes along through this scorched scene of desolation, guided by the skilled eye and sure hand of a young engineer. At length the journey is finished, and he stops snorting and panting;—but here we have left the fiery region behind, here

a mighty stream rolls along, attracting fruitfulness and vegetable wealth to its shores. What luxurious growths the tropical sun entices forth from the fruitful soil! The slender palms wave their glorious crowns high in the air; the Banyan tree, as if in sport, from its lofty height sends down its long branches with thousands of tendrils to the earth, which does not suffer them to escape from its warm embrace, but yet restores them in thankful love to the old trunk as a new tree. Out from the bushes flash clusters of fiery flowers of the Ixora, and luxuriant Jasmines fill the air, with their balsamic odor which minglest with the cinnamon-perfume of the glorious white, rose-colored, yellow and blue Lotus-flowers—the sacred, wonderful flower of this land of wonders—which grows in luxuriant abundance there by the river side.

The young man, who has brought the rail-way train to this paradise, stands a moment in thought, then glances at his watch—and hastens home. Home? Is his home here, or is it on the shores of Germany, where the sea washes them with its blue waves? Claus Gral, say, where is your home?

A bell sounds quite near at hand; he follows its sound. Claus, where is your home?

“ My soul longeth, yea even fainteth for the courts of the Lord : my heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God.”

O Claus, how many painful years have you been seeking, until you found this house? Through what depths, through how many and grievous labors, afflictions, deceptions, experiences, have you been obliged to pass, before you found yourself at home in it?

Let us enter with him into the little chapel; mats are scattered around, upon which the brown natives sit in their white, artistic costume. Claus' greeting meets a friendly reception. It is plain to be seen that he is a stranger to no one. Now a hymn is sung, although it is in strange words, still it is our old evening hymn :

“ Quietly rest the woods and dales,  
Silence round the hearth prevails,  
The world is all asleep ;  
Thou, my soul, in thought arise,  
Seek Thy Father in the skies,  
And faithful to His service keep.”

Hours have passed away, the stars are shining brightly in the sky, fire-flies flit through the bushes, Claus sits before the door of his cottage; the last words of the hymn,

“ Thou, my soul, in thought arise,  
Seek Thy Father in the skies,  
And faithful to His service keep ; ”

give him no rest. He will also—“ faithful to His service keep.”

He has received to-day his first pay as Engineer on the Railroad. He writes a letter, takes twenty-four Rupees and places them in it, and goes to a friendly missionary, who had founded the missionary station at that place, and to whom Claus is under many obligations; the latter promises to forward the money to his mother by a friend about to visit Germany.

The letter goes over the sea. The old, familiar waves whisper: "It is from him, and for his mother;" and they speed the way of the ship that bears the letter.

Frau Gral is sitting in her room; it is still the same garret-room, but it looks pleasant and comfortable. There is a knock at the door. A letter containing money.

"You have come to the wrong place," she says to the postman. No, it is all right and proper, for the first time.

A gentleman sends her sixteen thalers, and her son, her lost son writes her to forgive him, that he knows nothing more pleasant now than to labor for his parents, and that he will send her a like amount every month.

Frau Gral knows not how this is. Yes, indeed, there is a God, a God who hears and sees, a God who has a heart also for prodigal sons.

"If his father had only lived to experience this," she says in a low tone. But she is so thankful—can she not show her thanks to some one? She purchases a fine sea-fish and sends it to the gentleman, through whose kindness she received the money, "from a grateful mother, who has found her son again."

Every month Frau Gral receives her money, and every month the gentleman receives a fine sea-fish.

Claus is sitting before his door. Many a letter has been exchanged between India and Germany. He knows now that his father is dead, that his mother has forgiven him. His thoughts sweep back to the period of his youth, to the sorrow-laden cottage of his parents, to the tearful eyes of his mother, to the childish prattle of his sisters, that already begin to complain of him. And he had not been willing to drink out of the cup of sorrow with them,—he had first filled it to the very brim. There is his place, he must make reparation.—Shall he go hence, hence to his mother?

No. It is not the beauty around that enchains him, but here he is in a situation enabling him to take care of his family; there in Germany he would be compelled to seek a situation. And now he is resolved. He will bring his family here, will place them in a house that he has built. Henceforth he will work more diligently, will spend less; every thing he can he will spare for passage-money, and if the labor becomes more toilsome, the thought of the end and object of this labor will be as refreshing and acceptable as

the cooling waves of the stream. At last, at last he has gathered money enough ; and at last, at last Frau Gral sees the whole amount in her hands.

Do they set sail willingly ? Ask any mother, and she will answer you ; the bridegroom hardly longs for his bride as does a mother after her child !—but after a child once lost ! Frau Gral converts her little furniture into money, the clothes are all packed, the bushy, beautifully-blooming wall-flower must also make the journey over the sea with them, as it has made that from the sea to Hamburg. The kind-hearted Princess helps the emigrants in word and deed, and now the three go on board the ship which is to bear them to the son and brother.

Ye bright waves of the sea, do your duty !

Why does that sun-embrowned man there, upon the shore, gaze so steadily at one spot ? The flags wave from the mast of the ship, the anchor sinks, bravo ! we are safely in port. Claus Gral recognizes his mother, but she is looking for a boy fourteen years of age,—a stout man encloses her in his arms. The sisters can hardly believe that it is their brother. But such a meeting overbalances all separation and grief.—And now Claus takes charge of his engine ; how proudly and safely he guides it to-day, bearing mother and sisters to a new home, to the house that he has built for them.

At last they are home, and now, for the first time they look each other right in the eye and into each others' hearts. They see nought but love, peace, joy. Elegant roses bend into the window and greet their German sister, the dark wall-flower. A bright-colored bird sings a joyous welcome ! But in the hearts of the wonderfully reunited family there is a chord that vibrates with the sweet words of the Psalmist :

“ O sing unto the Lord a new song ; for He hath done marvellous things ;

“ The Lord preserveth the strangers ; He relieveth the fatherless and widow ; but the way of the wicked He turneth upside down.

“ The Lord shall reign forever, even Thy God, O Zion, unto all generations. Praise ye the Lord.”

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#### CHINESE SIMILES.

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Some of the ordinary expressions of the Chinese are pointedly sarcastic enough. A blustering, harmless fellow, they call “ a paper tiger.” When a man values himself overmuch, they compare him to “ a rat falling into a scale, and weighing itself.” Overdoing a thing, they call “ a hunchback making a bow.”

## THE SONG OF THE SHIRT.

—  
BY HOOD.  
—

WITH fingers weary and worn,  
 With eye-lids heavy and red,  
 A woman sat in unwomanly rags,  
 Plying her needle and thread—  
 Stitch! stitch! stitch!  
 In poverty, hunger, and dirt,  
 And still, with a voice of dolorous pitch,  
 She sang the “Song of the Shirt.”

“Work! work! work!  
 While the cock is crowing aloof!  
 And work—work—work,  
 Till the stars shine through the roof.  
 It’s O! to be a slave.  
 Along with the barbarous Turk,  
 Where woman has never a soul to save,  
 If this is Christian work!

“Work! work! work!  
 Till the brain begins to swim!  
 Work—work—work,  
 Till the eyes are heavy and dim!  
 Seam, and gusset, and band,  
 Band, and gusset and seam,  
 Till over the button I fall asleep,  
 And sew them on in a dream!

“O men, with sisters dear!  
 O men, with mothers and wives!  
 It is not linen you’re wearing out  
 But human creatures’ lives!  
 Stitch—stitch—stitch,  
 In poverty, hunger, and dirt,  
 Sewing at once, with a double thread,  
 A shroud as well as a shirt.

“But why do I talk of death?  
 That phantom of grisly bone,  
 I hardly feel its terrible shape.  
 It seems so like my own—  
 It seems so like my own,  
 Because the fasts I keep!  
 O God! that bread should be so dear,  
 And flesh and blood so cheap!

“Work—work—work!  
 My labor never flags;  
 And what are its wages? A bed of straw,  
 A crust of bread—and rags,  
 That shattered roof—and this naked floor  
 A table—a broken chair,—  
 And a wall so blank, my shadow I thank  
 For sometimes falling there.

“Work—work—work!  
 From weary chime to chime,  
 Work—work—work,  
 As prisoners work for crime!  
 Band, and gusset, and seam.  
 Seam, and gusset and band,  
 Till the heart is sick and the brain benumbed  
 As well as the weary hand.

“Work—work—work,  
 In the dull December light,  
 And work—work—work,  
 When the weather is warm and bright—  
 While underneath the eaves  
 The brooding swallows cling,  
 As if to show me their sunny backs,  
 And twit me with their spring.

“O! but to breathe the breath  
 Of the cowslip and primrose sweet—  
 With the sky above my head,  
 And the grass beneath my feet,  
 For only one short hour,  
 To feel as I used to feel,  
 Before I knew the woes of want,  
 And the walk that costs a meal.

“O! but for one short hour!  
 A respite, however brief!  
 No blessed leisure for love or hope,  
 But only time for grief!  
 A little weeping would ease my heart,  
 But in their briny bed  
 My tears must stop, for every drop  
 Hinders needle and thread.”

With fingers weary and worn.  
 With eyelids heavy and red,  
 A woman sat in unwomanly rags,  
 Plying her needle and thread,—  
 Stitch! stitch! stitch!  
 In poverty, hunger, and dirt,  
 And still with a voice of dolorous pitch,—  
 Would that its tones could reach the rich!—  
 She sang the “Song of the Shirt.”

HAND-SHAKING.

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BY THE EDITOR.

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"Is thine heart right, as my heart is with thy heart?  
And Jehonadab answered, It is.  
If it be, give me thine hand.  
And he gave him his hand."

2 Kings 10 : 15.

The young King Jehu is engaged in a bloody mission. Seventy sons of Ahab, king of Samaria, and the brethren of Ahaziah, king of Judah, had he slain. On his way to Samaria, to slay other victims, as the Lord had commanded, he met Jehonadab, a prominent Nazarite, in good repute for piety. This man bound his descendants not to drink wine, nor build houses, nor plant vineyards, nor possess lands, but that they should live in tents all their lives. These rules his posterity strictly observed for a period of three hundred years.

This man, so strict and zealous in his habits of piety, is met and saluted by Jehu ; with the invitation : "Come and see my zeal for the Lord." His salutation is instructive. In such a perilous time and place, it would not be safe to grasp every one's hand. It might happen to be the hand of an enemy, bearing a deadly weapon. Thus Joab greeted Amasa. (2 Sam. xx. 9-10.)

"And Joab said to Amasa, Art thou in health, my brother? And Joab took Amasa by the beard with the right hand to kiss him."

"But Amasa took no heed to the sword that was in Joab's hand : so he smote him therewith in the fifth rib, and shed out his bowels to the ground, and struck him not again, and he died."

At this critical time, Jehu must know how a man's heart is towards him, before he gives him his hand. Every true greeting must be cordial—*heart-felt*. Selfishness and insincerity make it an empty, and often a mischievous form.

The custom of hand-shaking prevails more or less among all civilized nations. It is intended to declare a feeling of friendship and good-will. It is supposed to have originated in barbarous times. When every savage was his own government, law, lawyer, judge and policeman, he had to be wide awake in making or meeting real or supposed friends. Each bore a deadly weapon, and was not slow to use it. When persons met, they offered each

other the open right hand, to show that there was no weapon in it—that they bore neither club, dagger, sword nor tomahawk.

Among God's people the custom acquired a deeper meaning. The right hand became the symbol of power, help, protection and labor. With it the scribe wrote, and the workman chiefly wrought. With it the warrior wielded the sword in defence of his country and his home. Left-handed people have ever been the rare exception to a general rule. (*Judges* iii. 15; xx. 16.) A long list of Scripture passages speak symbolically of God's right hand. Hand-shaking is an expression of friendship, as well as a pledge of the same. Solomon says:

"A wise man's heart is at his right hand; but a fool's heart at his left."

A left-handed greeting, save in rare and very peculiar cases, is discourteous. An artful, sly or secretly ill-natured act we call "*sinister*"; which is the Latin word for left-handed. Deceitful and selfish motives, we call "*sinister motives*"—left-handed motives. And we all know what is meant by a "*left handed compliment*." All this shows the importance of Jehu's caution, in offering his hand to Jehonadab.

Why should it be considered improper to shake hands without removing the glove? This idea, too, has come down to us from barbarous times. For, since under the large glove of the savage or warrior, the dangerous weapon might be hid, the hand had to be uncovered as a proof of good faith.

It is interesting to notice the different styles, and study the physiology of hand-shaking. An observant mind can study character from it, almost as well as can the phrenologist by feeling the bumps.

Some people touch your hand as they would touch a cock-roach or caterpillar, which they are trying to throw out of the window—just tip it timidly and drop it as soon as possible. Some offer you one or two fingers instead of the hand. Others instead of grasping your hand, let theirs limberly fall into yours, as powerless and dead as the withered hand of the paralytic in the Gospel. Some of the best men I know of, vigorously shake your hand with a horizontal motion, work it like the piston of a locomotive. So much like it is the action, that you almost expect the puffing to begin. So far as I can remember, these are energetic go-a-headative men.

Very impressive is the vertical shake, which treats your hand as though it were the handle of a worn-out pump in a deep well, which required the full swing to bring up the water. Possibly this is symptomatic of a friendship that is very deep and hard to get at. A strange effect is produced by the pendulum style of

hand-shaking, which jerks your hand hither and thither, like the rapid swinging of a pendulum.

Ladies never shake hands as vigorously as men, except with each other. Some one says, not with the cordiality of men, but that is incorrect. Cordiality means heartiness; and every body knows that they put more heart in their greetings than men do. Woman excels in feeling. With the stronger sex, she is poorly matched in this ceremony. Her delicate small, tender hand cannot vie with the strong muscular force of a man's hand. And perhaps it ought not to attempt it. But when ladies come to greeting one another, the heart seeks expression, not only by the warm grasp of the hand, but through the ringing voice and the agreeable service of the lips. And often when we salute one another at a distance; standing at the depot, and seeing through the car window a dear one where the hand can no longer be grasped, rapidly borne away to a far-off home; standing at the wharf and seeing loved ones on a steamer's deck, borne away out of our sight, out into and over the wide ocean, when hands and lips can no longer express the emotions of the heart; even then love ceases not to breathe after them a tender "God be with you," or as we have it, good-by.

"The heart feels most, when the lips move not  
And the eyes speak a gentle good-by."

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## AN UNPUBLISHED CHAPTER.

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BY CHRONICLER.

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The Shenandoah Valley, in Virginia, and its extension through Maryland and Pennsylvania, where it is successively known as the Cumberland, Lebanon, and Lehigh Valley, is bounded on the Southeast by the South Mountain. This is a beautiful range, with here and there a "gap," allowing the waters to pass, the travelers to find a highway, and affording in modern times, excellent openings for the iron-horse, to go a puffing and smoking with cargoes of bales and boxes, and the thousands of human freight, some intent on business, some on pleasure, and some without any definite purpose or aim.

Franklin county in Pennsylvania borders on Maryland, and its eastern boundary is the summit of the South Mountain, fourteen miles northeast of Hagerstown. The Western Maryland R. R., running from Hagerstown to Baltimore, touches the base of the mountain at Cavetown, and thence commencing the ascent, bearing towards Pennsylvania, reaches the summit at a gap just as it gets to Mason

and Dixon's line; and then winding its way down the mountain through Harbaugh's Valley, goes on to its terminus—Baltimore.

As you ascend this historic little mountain from Hagerstown, one gets a magnificent view of a most lovely valley, extending for twenty miles and more to the north and west. Just at the foot of the mountain, near where the railroad passes, is the old "Harbaugh Homestead." And just east of the "summit" is the remnant of Germantown, a little settlement of foreign Germans, made about forty years ago. Alas! but one or two broken families remain of the goodly number of happy and thrifty villagers that once worked so industriously, ate so heartily their frugal but wholesome diet of bread and milk, and who slept so soundly under the shadow of this lonely mountain.

A mile or so to the south of this German Dorf, right in the woods, with no house in sight, lived PETER COFFEEBERGER, of the same industry and faith with the villagers in the distance.

Peter came to America with a company of his countrymen in his early manhood, landed at Baltimore, and moved by the associations of his native land, gradually made his way into the mountainous region, where land was cheap, and where he might seek out for himself a spot he could settle on, and make his home. The Germans as a class, are thrifty, and their first aim when they come to this favored clime, is to secure a home. The home-feeling is exceedingly strong in them, and as a rule, they rest not until their heart's desire is secured. And their partners, the wives and daughters, share in this feeling, and join their husbands and the boys heartily, in the task of paying for the home. Moreover, they are satisfied, if poor, with a humble home, until they can with safety secure a more inviting one. The German dislikes debts. He will work, husband his earnings, and often stint himself in clothing, in furniture, and in many of the "comforts" and "conveniences" of life, in order to meet his engagements promptly and so secure for himself that which he so much longs for,—*his own home*. The wife and daughters share in full the spirit and self-denial of the father, and work with their hands to gain the common object. How worthy of imitation! There are few young beginners who could not do the very same thing that many of these poor, but industrious foreign Germans are doing for themselves and their children,—*buy and pay for a home*. Try it, my young friend. The first of January, 1874, is a good time to begin. Form the resolution, and carry it out.

Peter Coffeeberger bought twenty-five acres of unimproved mountain land, right in the bosom of God's own territory, the primeval forests, and set to work to build himself a house on it. By industry the trees were felled, the house put up, a patch cleared,

potatoes, corn, and other "truck" planted, and so he soon rested under his own grape arbor, none daring to molest or make him afraid.

Four miles he lived from old "Father Harbaugh's." Here he sought and found employment during a good part of the year. He helped to make hay and to harvest, to haul out the manure, to pick stones off the fields, to plant and husk the corn, to thresh rye with the flail, and in winter to thresh with the "machine." Peter was rather slow of speech, somewhat of a stammerer, and slow in his movements, but perfectly reliable; and by his industry and honesty he never failed to do a full day's work. Many a time, early in the morning, before aurora gilded the sky, he left his humble dwelling, struck the "*Indian Path*" leading across South Mountain just east of the Harbaugh Home, and made his way to his employer's, reaching there just as the younger boys were getting up, and so in good time for breakfast. Alas! for the bread and meat, the potatoes and cabbage, the pot-pie and apple dumplings, the long sausage curled up on the big plate in the center of the table, and the good things besides! It was refreshing to see this hearty Teuton making inroads on savory dishes right and left! But, no matter: there was always plenty, and the girls only smiled to see that their cooking was appreciated.

Many a hard day's work did Peter do on the old "Home Farm," first for "Grandfather Harbaugh" himself, and after he quit farming, then for his son George and his son-in-law, who together farmed in his stead. In this way he paid for the property he bought, and gathered a surplus besides with which to improve and beautify it. Now that he is old, almost four-score years, he still enjoys the fruits of his industrious and temperate life. Still quite hale, in quietness and peace, right under the peaceful evening shadow of the mountain, he meditates, and in faith awaits the call of the Master.

Although he was on the farm much, he yet never learned very well the art of harnessing, hitching, and working with horses. For instance, when a pair were given him once, as indeed was often the case, to plough and harrow a patch for corn and potatoes, he fastened the jockey-stick to the bits of *both* the horses!

At another time, when asked to draw the "rubber" at the wagon, he took hold of the lever with great earnestness and pulled with all his strength, without first putting the lever forward. These are specimens of his inability fully to comprehend some situations. Nevertheless, he had his good points. He was industrious. He was perfectly honest. His employer needed not to watch him. His habits were good. He was a perfectly moral man. Nay more. He was a religious, a Christian man. A

member of the Lutheran Church "von Haus aus," he never failed to attend service, though he had to walk from seven to eight miles to do it. Twice a year he attended the Holy Communion. On Saturday previous he was always present at Preparatory service; and his employer never asked him to stay away, but encouraged him to go instead. Somewhat hasty in temper, he was always ready to acknowledge any wrong step, and was truly humble and faithful.

Peter was perfectly trustworthy as a companion for boys. He never used profane language; was always truthful; and according to the measure of his ability, he bore witness against all forms of sin, and spoke in favor of Christ and his Church. This is also the reason largely why he was employed so long on the same farm, and why he is still welcome at the table of those for whom he labored so many years.

True, he was only an humble, illiterate German, never learned to understand, nor to speak scarcely a word of English, though its sound fell on his ears "for years." Yet, his steady habits of industry, his correct, even flow of life, his humble piety, had a moulding influence on at least some of the "boys" that remaineth unto this day. It is not the noisy, blustering character that best cultivates habits of industry and virtue, that will live and bear fruit. Still waters run deepest.

Peter is now old. His earthly labor is done. The physical man is fast sinking to the "common level"—the grave. True, he still crosses the South Mountain on his way to Church, and to see old friends; but his step is feeble and his eye is growing dim. The old "Indian Path" he was wont to travel in days of yore is well nigh obliterated. The track of the iron-horse makes havoc with the walks of the olden time. The trees are being hacked down along the mountain side. The old houses are being replaced with new ones; and many a new home will soon dot the mountain side. Other men and women, other boys and girls, other laborers walk the roads, plough the fields, milk the cows, gather the harvests, sing the songs, pray the prayers, and witness for Christ and His cause now, in the room and stead of their fathers. Man is born; lives here, awhile and—hereafter!

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PERPETUAL complaints, says an old writer, are like unto a new cart, which creaks and cries even while it has no burden but its own wheels; whereas that which is long used and well oiled goes silently away with a heavy load.

A SOUL WITHOUT GOD.

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BY THE EDITOR.

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Traveling on the cars gives one a good opportunity to study human nature. Here one meets people whom he has never met before, and may never meet again. People of the most opposite habits, creeds and types of mind. And to an observing mind, there is none so ignorant but what something worth knowing can be learned of him. Thus I happened once to get a seat near two gentlemen, who interested me greatly. One from Western Pennsylvania, a man whose features and hair showed him to be past middle life. Plainly dressed, and of easy pleasant manners, a passing stranger might have taken him for a Scotch-Irish farmer or mechanic. He seemed pleased to have me sit aside of him, and conversed intelligently on every subject touched. I soon discovered that he was a man of a thorough education, without making any display of it. What he thought of Christ I could not at once discover; whether he was a Christian or an infidel, for a while did not appear from his conversation.

In the seat before sat a man, in the prime of life, who after a while joined us in our conversation. He was from Connecticut, but a native of Ireland, which country he left when a boy. On some subjects he, too, was well informed, on others very ignorant. Passing a field where the young wheat was a few inches high, he asked what plant this was. When told that it was wheat, he inquired when it would ripen, this fall or next summer. In wheat-growing, at least, our Yankee friend was poorly posted.

Of course he soon turned his conversation to Ireland, as intelligent Irishmen are wont to do. About the charms of the Emerald Isle we talked, and of her sorrows. The latter he said were "owing to the religion of Ireland. This keeps the people in ignorance, and bends them in stooping subjection to their oppressors. The misguided Irish hate and destroy one another on account of their differing creeds, instead of uniting themselves in the expulsion of their tyrannical enemies. It is Religion, sir, that does it. And Religion is a humbug. Indeed all Religion is a humbug."

"Is it possible that you can hold such a view? All religion, the Christian Religion, a humbug, too! Surely you would not say that."

"Yes, I say that. I know all about it. I confess I am a skeptic. My mother was a rigid Catholic. She brought me up in

that creed. I have passed through it all. I tell you, there is nothing in it, nothing in any Religion. I have an only child, a little boy ; I would not for a million of dollars bring him up under the influence of Religion."

By this time the plain scholarly stranger at my side could hold back no longer.

"But you certainly believe in a God," he remarked.

"No, sir. I don't know that there is a God. I believe nothing but what I can prove and understand."

"Can you prove that you exist?"

"Certainly I can."

"Prove it."

"Most assuredly I can do that."

"Do it, if you please."

"Why I know that I exist."

"How do you know it? Give us the proof."

"Run a pin into my arm; won't I feel it? If I go into yonder field and cut that man's tree down without his consent, he will soon show me that I exist by a blow or a prison."

"How do you know but what that may be a dream? Did you never dream such things?"

"Well a thing must be clear as a problem in Euclid, before I will believe. I will have no humbug. I will do what is right, and fit myself for the next world, if there is such a world. That is my way of serving God, if there is such a being."

One could readily see that this poor wandering soul had been led astray by reading infidel and skeptical books. He readily quoted phrases which he did not fully understand. The stranger at my side plied him with arguments from Descartes and others, pushed him into corners, and with a gentle earnestness tried his utmost to convince him. As I parted from them I pressed the hand of the skeptic, and expressed a kind wish that this gentleman might succeed to convince him.

"Never," was his cold reply. "It is all a humbug."

How sad a spectacle is a soul without a God! Here is a person who hates Him bitterly. He tries to get Him out of his mind, to flee from Him. How vain the effort! The influence of strange companions and skeptical books poisoned his mind against the kindest and best friend ever offered to mortal man.

What a solemn warning to young men should such cases be. This man is uncertain whether there is a future life. He is without hope and without God in the world. "But now, in Christ Jesus, ye who sometimes were far off, are made nigh by the blood of Christ. For He is our peace." (Eph. ii. 12-14).

## THE BELFRY PIGEON.

[The Boston conflagration has revived the memory of a poem by the late N. P. Willis, which, from its association with the Old South Church, so graciously spared by the flames, as well from its own great beauty, we here re-publish]:

On the cross-beam under the Old South bell  
 The nest of a pigeon is builded well.  
 In summer and winter that bird is there,  
 Out and in with the morning air;  
 I love to see him track the street,  
 With his wary eye and active feet;  
 And I often watch him as he springs,  
 Circling the steeple with easy wings;  
 Till across the dial his shade has pass'd,  
 And the belfry edge is gained at last.  
 'Tis a bird I love, with its brooding note,  
 And the trembling throb in its mottled throat,  
 There's a human look in its swelling breast,  
 And the gentle curve of its lowly crest;  
 And I often stop with the fear I feel—  
 He runs so close to the rapid wheel.

Whatever is rung on that noisy bell—  
 Chime of the hour or funeral knell—  
 The dove in the belfry must hear it well.  
 When the tongue swings out to the midnight moon—  
 When the sexton cheerily rings for noon—  
 When the clock strikes clear at morning's light—  
 When the child is wakened with "nine at night"—  
 When the chimes play soft in the Sabbath air,  
 Filling the spirit with tones of prayer,  
 Whatever tale in the bell is heard,  
 He broods on his folded feet unstirr'd,  
 Or, rising half in his rounded nest,  
 He takes the time to smooth his breast,  
 Then drops again with filmed eyes,  
 And sleeps as the last vibration dies.

Sweet bird! I would that I could be  
 A hermit in a crowd like thee!  
 With wings to fly to wood and glen,  
 Thy lot like mine, is cast with men;  
 And daily, with unwilling feet,  
 I tread, like thee, the crowded street;  
 But, unlike me, when day is o'er,  
 Thou canst dismiss the world and soar,  
 Or at a half-felt wish for rest,  
 Canst smooth the feathers on thy breast,  
 And drop, forgetful, to thy nest.

## OUR JUBILEE.

BY MARY ELLEN.

"The music was  
Of divine stature—strong to pass !  
And those who heard it understood  
Something of life in spirit and blood—  
Something of nature fair and good."

Little is known of the employments of the saints in Heaven. Of one thing, however, we are cognizant, they unceasingly praise in chorus and on harp of solemn sound. Hence every advance made in the Divine art, is an actual preparation for our life of immortality in that Home to which we are nearer, in the beginning of this New Year, "than ever we've been before." Of all our personal attainments in self-culture, this alone will serve our glorified bodies, if permitted to join the Heavenly choir in singing "Worthy the Lamb."

It was therefore with reason, that a venerated Preceptor was wont to say to his pupils, "Young ladies, I would have you go to the daily practice of your lessons in music, with the solemn conviction that every touch of the musical instrument is preparing you so much the better for praising God on harps not made with hands."

We have heard the sweet voices of many of the youthful readers of the GUARDIAN, and we know with what earnestness they love to "Sing Praises" in the sanctuary of His saints below.

Perchance many of them would fain cultivate their natural gifts, to an extent beyond that generally reached by ordinary choir instruction.

As a suggestion to any who may yearn for more light upon a theme so much akin to that which occupies the seraphs, as they stand before the throne, praising God, day and night, we would rehearse the doings of a "jubilee," which was to us, recently, an interesting occasion. We imagine its beneficial results will be manifest throughout this New Year, in an awakened interest in an important part of the worship of our Lord's house—in a more cultivated musical taste being exhibited in our homes—yea, in the whole community having been lifted to a higher plane of æsthetical life.

In New England, the lovers of music look forward to their annual Conventions, as do our agricultural population to their county fairs, with enthusiastic anticipations. "Our Jubilee" was an outgrowth of this good custom.

A pious, cultivated colony from Connecticut, in search of a milder clime, selected a part of South Jersey. As soon as practicable, they planted a "Musical Convention," and it has been growing, without interruption, for twenty years. Choosing a county seat for its location, it has now penetrated into all the surrounding towns and villages, until the whole district is pervaded by its heavenly fragrance, calling forth the title of a "Second Bethlehem."

Its founders were careful to select its officials from among those of character, intelligence and taste; thus securing its stability or permanence. In the next place, the co-operation of the choirs of the district was solicited—*independent* of denominational influence or party bias. By this means the proper material was soon at hand. Then a substantial organization—means devised for the defraying of expenses, and they were ready to announce a "Musical Convention."

To us the idea was novel. In that part of the "Old Keystone," which to us is "the dearest spot on earth," we lacked the privileges of a like "Jubilee." To this day that want remains—no means have yet been adopted to provide instruction of a high order, at a trifling expenditure, so that the *many* may be profited thereby. True, in the introduction of music into our public schools, we see the shadow of good things in store for youth.

We do not care to name the shire-town in which "Our Jubilee" was held, lest we be charged with local exaltation. Suffice it to say, it is not many miles distant from Vineland—a place somewhat notorious for its adaptation to the culture of the vine, smaller fruits, flowers, abnormal Woman's Rights, Bloomerism, and a host of other things, good and bad. By the way, we will digress here, in order to give the testimony of a well-known judge as to the decline of the two innovations above mentioned. He told us recently, that he had been impeded during the delivery of a lecture in Vineland, by the repeated applause of his audience. As it was at a time, when he was uttering sentiments in opposition to the would-be Woman's Rights movement, he afterwards expressed his surprise, having expected a contrary result. He was then assured that the cause in that place was losing ground; owing to the obnoxious course pursued by some of its leaders, while there on a visit for conquest. As to Bloomerism, he was informed that not more than a score could now be numbered in the place. But what a novelty that score would present to our young readers of the GUARDIAN, who so delight in the time-honored customs of their ancestors.

But we have none of those novelties to attract the attention of the youth of our town—hence, the eagerness with which they enter into the "Old Paths" of the early colonist; and in so doing, de-

light to sustain the "musical convention." How they proceed to do this will be next in order.

Of course we can only speak of the recent festival—and not of the nineteen which preceded it.

At the appointed time, the Editors announced with certainty, that the services of one of the leading "Music maidens" of Boston, had been secured. She would be accompanied by decided talent, in the persons of the pianists and female professional singers from abroad. This in turn, was passed around at the choir meetings, until the members were all on the *qui vive* to see the programme promised for the following issue of the county papers.

In addition to the order of exercises, the terms of admittance were duly published. The exercises were to continue four days—each having a morning, afternoon and evening session.

The early session was devoted to thorough drill in the higher culture of the human voice, musical expression being a specialty. The vocal organs, with the proper manner of using them, were duly illustrated on the blackboard. While a cursory review of the elements of music, was a feature of the exercises, it was taken for granted, that the rudiments had received their due consideration previously. Hence, to read music with some accuracy, and a comparatively correct idea of time, were requisite in order to reap the full benefits of the convention.

To our surprise, about seventy-five earnest learners of all ages, took part in these exercises. Regular school discipline was maintained during three hours of the morning. The class even retained their seats at time of the five minutes recess. How unlike the custom of the "Singing-school," as usually conducted. At this session, ample replies were given to the querist of the "Question Drawer." We were particularly edified by the conductor's instructions, concerning chants, in answer to one of the questions. He characterized the present mode of chanting in this country, as mere jargon, in comparison with the majestic Gregorian chants of the "Old World."

The afternoon sessions were occupied by the singing of more difficult choruses, from the "Jubilee Offering," used at the "Peace Concert" of Boston. This part of the exercises, seemed designed more particularly for the *amateur* portion of the society. During the "Social Hour," from half past two—solos, duetts and piano music, of an elevated character, were rendered by native talent and the professional musicians from abroad. It is scarcely necessary to say, that no music was brought before the convention, with an "Annie somebody" chorus, such as those sung by the traveling troupes which scour our country and so debase the "Divine Art."

At this session, the audience was usually large. Twenty cents

were charged for single admittance, or one dollar for a season ticket, and ten cents for morning session. In this way, the convention was enabled to defray expenses, with a balance in the treasury. The conductor received about three hundred dollars in way of remuneration.

In the evening there was a general rehearsal from the "Offering" and the note book, of which the conductor was the author. A crowded audience again greeted the convention.

On the last evening a "Grand Concert" was held, consisting of a general recapitulation, interspersed with solos, duetts, and ballads from ladies belonging to musical societies of Boston, New York and Philadelphia, some of them extensively known in the profession.

I presume they were brought forward in the Convention, as exemplars of "Style" in singing; since grace of mien, accords very effectively with a fine voice, and the "Elocution of Singing" is just as important as that the tones should be produced sweetly.

The concert was opened by a suitable organ voluntary, by the conductor. The large building was crowded to discomfort. The musicians, including him who wielded the *sceptre*, were robed in full concert attire. The members declared the "Concert" and "Jubilee" a *grand success*, and the conductor pronounced the words "well done" as he dismissed the Convention.

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## REMINISCENCES OF THE CIVIL WAR.

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ON THE WAR-PATH.

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BY THE EDITOR.

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Fifty-two members of the present Congress were prominent supporters of the Confederate Army. What a blessed change have less than ten years wrought! In peaceful fellowship they now discuss the great questions of the country with their northern brethren. Thank God, the sword has been sheathed. The spirit of peace has returned. The lion and the lamb lie down together. Seen from the present those feverish, frightful war-times seem almost like a dream.

In the middle of June, 1861, the advance part of our Army moved southward. An engagement to assist Father Rebaugh at a communion season, in the Reformed Church of Clearspring, Md., brought me on "the war-path." The quiet village of Greencastle,

where my friend lived, swarmed with an army of more than 10,000 men. A good-humored multitude kept clamoring around the inadequate hotels for accommodations, and around the little old post-office for letters, the said post-office having never been designed for a population of ten thousand or fifteen thousand. Stern sentinels guarded the streets and the fields at the end of town ; these would not let you pass without a permit or pass signed by the Provost Marshall.

One of these fields my friend and I entered. The soldiers had encamped in and around a grove, near a stream of water. We strolled to the officers' head-quarters where I was introduced to a slim, delicate, youthful-looking officer, as Col. Sprague (Ex-Governor Sprague of Rhode Island.) He wore a plain military suit, very little better than that of the common soldier. The regiment which he led he had raised in his own State. In his brief conversation I remember he said : "We deplore the necessity which compels us to fight our southern brethren. But 'our cause it is just (and pointing with his right hand heavenward he continued in a subdued tone of voice) in God is our trust.' Gov. Sprague was then reputed to be worth \$10,000,000. He had left all the comforts and attractions which wealth and social influence could secure, and assumed the privations and perils of the tented field. Col. Burnside too was there, since then Gen. Burnside, and Col. Hartranft, now our Governor. The Chief of this Division was Gen. Cadwallader, lately deceased. He and his staff had their head-quarters in the large parsonage of father Rebaugh. He was a tall, portly man, who looked every inch a soldier. Evidently fond of good eating and drinking, indicated not only by his appearance, but by the great number of boxes, decanters, and boarding material which his colored servants packed in the army-wagons on their onward march. He had several fine horses with him. Among the rest an aged, chesnut-bay, well-fed and groomed, which he took with him as a military memento. This faithful animal was endeared to his owner by a scar, which he brought from the war in Mexico. In one of the hard-fought battles there he was shot through the neck. The deadly ball was within two feet of the life of the General. As the old officer mounted his war-horse the following morning the crowd that wished both of them God speed on their dangerous mission, seemed to divide their grateful veneration between the horse and his rider. For then a horse with a bullet-mark received in battle, was a marvel to look upon, and greatly helped to arouse the patriotism of the people.

At early dawn the town was already astir with trains of cannon and army wagons. Some eight thousand men passed the parsonage, all marching out the Williamsport road towards the valley of Virginia. Among these I discovered a number of acquaintances from

Lancaster and other parts of the State. Professional men, persons of wealth and influence walked in the ranks as private soldiers. Some waved their hats and shouted as they passed ; others seemed to be in a less cheering mood. Two hours after the army had left, we started for Clearspring, over the same road. Soon we overtook the long train. It moved slowly. To meet an appointment for religious services, required us to move more rapidly than the army. A column of wagons and men, about five miles long, were in our way. For three hours we vainly strove to gain time by driving along the sides of the road, over stumps, through gullies, worrying the poor horse no less than ourselves. Now my friend held the lines, then I. The soldiers marched between the wagons and at their sides. Thus the road was blocked from fence to fence. Through this impenetrable mass we vainly tried to fight our way. At length we consented to be passively borne along with the current, in all about ten miles, until we escaped through a by-road.

It was a hot June day. The road soon was lined with the foot-sore and the fainting. Some reeled like drunken men, as they tried their utmost to keep up with the army. On all sides they dropped down from sun-strokes and exhaustion. Along the fences and in the fields, some under a tree, the most in the hot sun were left lying alone, without any one to care for them, save here and there a farmer would take charge of some. Some of the officers instead of showing sympathy, treated them with cruelty. Here and there a fainting soldier was shaded by a friendly hand. Rough Irish soldiers raised shouts of laughter when they saw one of their fellows falling by the way, and cursed him as they passed. Ready to sink, they crowded around our conveyance, entreating for permission to hang their rifles on it. At least a dozen of these we bore to relieve them of their burden. A soldier from Pottsville, Pa., asked permission to rest his hand on our carriage, as a slight help to his weary march. And as he tottered along gratefully by our side, he said : "I keep a livery stable with five teams. If I only had one of them here. You see I am not used to walking." Great was our relief when we escaped from this uncomfortable current.

Clearspring is a secluded country village, within a few miles of the Potomac. We found its quiet inhabitants aroused by the war. And well they might be. Virginia disunionists had for days past made vigorous efforts to take the town. From the opposite side they attempted to destroy the dam in the river, with the hope of emptying the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal, and thus cutting off communication with the West. As our army had not yet arrived, brave men of the town fought the Virginians across the river, several of whose men they had already killed. In this way a small band of brave men did faithful service for the Government, and protected the homes of the village.

# The Sunday-School Drawer.

WHO knows but the salvation of ten thousand immortal souls may depend on the education of a child?—*Beveridge.*

DESPISE IT NOT.—The Jews would not willingly tread upon the smallest piece of paper in their way, but took it up; for possibly, said they, the name of God may be upon it. Though there was a little superstition in that, yet much may be learned from it if we apply it to men. Trample not on any; there may be some work of grace there that thou knowest not if the name of God may be written upon that soul thou treadest on; it may be a soul Christ thought so much of as to give His precious blood for it. Therefore, despise it not.

KING ALFRED'S DYING WORDS—My dear son, sit thee down beside me, and I will deliver thee true instruction. I feel that my hour is coming, my countenance is wan. My days are almost done. I shall go to another world, and thou shalt be left alone in all my wealth. I pray thee, strive to be a father and a lord to thy people. Be thou a father to the children and a friend to the widow. Comfort thou the poor, shelter the weak, and with all thy might right that which is wrong. Govern thyself by law; then shall the Lord love thee, and God above all shall be thy reward. Call upon Him to advise thee in all thy need, and he shall help thee in all thou undertakest.

THE closing paragraph of Patrick Henry's will is worthy of record, and shows the veneration he felt for the religion of the Cross:

"I have now disposed of all my property to my family; there is one thing more I wish I could give them, and that is the Christian religion. If they had this, and I had not given them one shilling, they would be rich; and if they had not that, and I had given them all the world, they would be poor."

This short paragraph, coming from one of the most gigantic minds that ever investigated the truths of revelation, speaks volumes in favor of that religion which is despised by some—neglected by millions—and is the one thing needful to fit us for heaven and prepare us for enduring bliss.

GOD IS A GOOD BANKER.—A pleasant story is told by Rev. J. W. Munro of the Guiana, West India Mission. One Sunday, on going into the vestry of the station, he found a common laborer sitting on the steps awaiting him. "Last year," said the man, "I was poor, had nothing, scarcely clothing for my wife and children; but since I took your advice, I have food for my family, and clothes with which they are able to come to chapel; and, sir, I may tell you we are very happy, we live good. I want to hire that pew I sit in for my family.

## Editor's Drawer.

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THE greatest pleasure I know, is to do a good action by stealth and to have it found out by accident.

MOHAMMED once said: "When a man dies, men inquire what he has left behind him; angels inquire what he has sent before him."

A RECENT calculation relative to the principal European languages shows that English is spoken by ninety millions of persons, German by fifty-five millions, Spanish, fifty-five millions, and French by forty-five millions.

DANIEL WEBSTER is not the only bright boy born in New Hampshire. The Boston *Globe* has heard of another—a youth residing in Dover, who refused to take a pill. His crafty mother thereupon secretly placed the pill in a preserved pear, and gave it to him. Presently she asked, "Tom, have you eaten the pear?" He said, "Yes, mother; all but the seed."

LIKE most garments, like most carpets, everything in life has a right side and a wrong side. You can take any joy, and by turning it around find troubles on the other side; or you may take the greatest trouble, and by turning it around find joys on the other side. The gloomiest mountain never casts a shadow on both sides at once, nor does the greatest of life's calamities.

HOW THE ANCIENTS LIGHTED THEIR HOUSES.—The ancients were ignorant of the method of refining oil. As a great luxury, they mixed it with perfumes—essence of roses and sandal-wood; but this rather detracted from than added to the burning properties of the liquid, and all that was obtained by the process was an increase of fragrance and a diminution of light. The dwellings of wealthy men, who expended extravagant sums upon scented oils, would not have borne comparison, in point of lighting, with the grimiest tap-room of a gas-lit public-house. The gold and silver lamps, hung, by slender, well wrought chains, to marble pilasters, only yielded at their best a lurid, tapering flame, that gave out an enormous deal of smoke fluttering in the slight breeze, and going out altogether at a gust of wind. Neither was it possible to steady the light through which the air came, for had Roman or Grecian houses been possessed of glass windows, they would soon have become uninhabitable. The fresco-paintings of Pompeian villas, the delicate colors on the walls of urban palaces, would in less than a month, have been hopelessly coated with lamp-soot. At the end of an hour's conference of an evening, a party of noble Romans would have resembled a congregation of chimney-sweeps. A tunic dyed in Tyrian purple would have acquired a mourning hue in no time.

GUIZOT, the French historian, completed his eighty-sixth year, on the 4th ult. His earliest recollection is said to have been amid the storms of the first revolution, accompanying his mother one winter morning to bid a tearful adieu to his father, who was guillotined that day. The veteran, who is said to enjoy excellent health, is now engaged upon a "History for my Little Children."

WORK FOR WOMEN.—The United States census returns show that, independent of women farmers, there are 45 female stock herders, 5 barbers, 24 dentists, 2 hostlers, 3 professional hunters and trappers, 5 lawyers, 525 physicians and surgeons, 97 clergymen, 7 sextons, 10 canal women, 195 dray-women, 1 pilot, 4 gas stokers, 33 gunsmiths, 7 gunpowder makers, 16 ship-riggers, with large numbers of artizans, mechanics, inventors, telegraph operators, teachers of navigation and so forth. In view of these facts, who may say what woman may not do, if it be all proper to be done? There are no sexes in heaven."

A CORRESPONDENT wants to know whether a man, when riding in the cars, should invariably rise and offer his seat to a lady who may be standing. Yes, if she is old, or ill, or has an infant in her arms; otherwise he may do as he chooses without impoliteness. A weary man often needs his seat far more than the strong woman he offers it to, and who often takes it without so much as a recognition of his kindness. But it is not quite the handsome thing for a young chap to stick to his seat as though he were glued down, while a plain woman, who is so weary she can hardly stand, sways back and forth in front of him, and rises as though a dozen coils of springs had been released, to offer his seat to a handsome and finely-dressed young lady who needs it about as much as the desert needs sand. But we have seen this last feat perform'd a good many times. The gallantry is very well, but, after all, manliness is better. If our correspondent were a woman, we should whisper in her ear, Be careful not to monopolize two seats in a crowded car, thus cheating some other passenger out of his or her right, as so many women selfishly do. There are some things which silk and jewelry and good looks cannot atone for, and this is one of them.—*Golden Age.*

THE reporter of an Irish paper, after being-engaged three days in writing reports of races, attended church last Sunday evening, where the blow-boy of the organ was unequal to the task. The result was the following report: "At one moment the organ would be galloping to keep up with the choir, and the next minute the choir would get up a tremendous burst of speed to catch the organ. Finally, the two started off side by side as they went into the doxology; but as they reached the latter part of the second line, and were going finely and squarely, the wind of the organ gave out completely, and the choir had to finish the race alone, which it did in excellent time."

WEEPING WILLOWS.—The weeping willow has a romantic history. The first scion was sent from Smyrna in a box of figs to Alexander Pope. Gen. Clinton brought a shoot from Pope's tree to America, in the time of the revolution, which passed into the hands of John Parke Custis, was planted on his estate in Virginia, thus becoming the progenitor of the weeping willows in this country.

THE first institution vouchsafed to our race was the Sabbath; the next, marriage. So, give your first thought to Heaven, the next to your wife.

# GUARDIAN, FEBRUARY, 1874.

## MONIES RECEIVED.

Rev. H. W. Hoffmeir, So. Bend, Pa.	6.00	21 to 24	E. S. Fisher, Penn Hall, Pa.	1.50	25
Rev. C H Reiter, Aaronsbg. Pa.	1.50	25	Simon P. Habne, Selins Grove, Pa.	1.50	25
J. L. Glase, Oley, Pa.	1.50	24	Mrs. A.S. Brunner, Fredck., Md.	3.00	25 & 26
Mrs. E. Shaw, Congress, Ohio.	1.50	24	Lydia Baker, Somerset, Pa.	1.50	25
Rev. J.D. Zehring, Codorus, Pa.	46	on acct.	Mrs. Maria Harmis, Hollidays- burg, Pa.	1.50	25
Wallace Kleckner, Phila.	"	1.50	Rev. J. B. Shontz, Wilton Iowa	1.00	25
D.W. Harnish, Alexandria,	"	1.50	Rev. D.W. Gerhard, New Hol- land, Pa.	1.50	25
Mrs. Amanda Hilbrish, Mahny.	1.50	25	W. G. King, So. Bend, Pa.	1.50	25
C. S. Cook, Upton, Pa.	1.50	25	Rev. J.C. Bucher, Lewisbg., Pa.	1.50	25
Rev. L.K. Evans, Pottstwn., Pa.	1.50	25	Belinda Rubert, Elderton, Pa.	1.50	25
Mrs. E. S. Hutton, Bedford,	"	5.00	Rev. D. S. Fisher, Phila. Pa.	1.00	25
Mel E. Doll, Frederick, Md.	3.00	24 & 25	Rev. Dr. J. S. Dubs, Allentown, Pa.	1.50	25
Chas. F. Sunday, Danville, Pa.	1.50	24	U. Schlup, Up. Sandusky, Pa.	1.50	24
Rev. J.P. Stein, Pottsville,	"	3.00	Jonas C. Imler, St. Clairsville,	" 1.50	25
John Hoffer, Bellefonte,	"	1.50	Mrs. John Ritter, Catawissa,	" 1.50	25
Rev. W.D. Lefevre, Schellsburg, Pa.	3.00	23 & 24	Rev. M.H. S. Miller, Phoenix- ville, Pa.	1.50	25
A. Mader, Union Deposit, Pa.	1.50	26	Mrs. Dr. H. Senn, Elmore, Wis.	3.00	25 & 26
Miss J. Beck, Hagerstown, Md.	1.50	24	Adam Loueks, York, Pa.	1.50	25
Miss M. M. Reiff, Souders S a- tion, Pa.	3.00	25	J. J. Berger, Danville, Pa.	1.50	25
Mrs. S.H. Eckhard, Sarah Fur- nace, Pa.	5.00	18 to 20	Rev. D. H. Reiter, Berrien Springs, Mich.	1.50	25
Frank J. Brown, Reading, Pa.	3.00	24 & 25	Melinda E. Shafer, Middletown, Md.	1.50	25
Mrs. E. C. Baer, Somerset, Pa.	3.00	24 & 25	Miss H.M. Stokes, Emmitsburg, Md.	1.50	25
Julia Bouse, Reading, Pa.	1.50	2	Mrs. S. Motter, "	Md. 1.50	25
Ame ia Bingaman, Reading, Pa.	1.50	25	Jacob L. Hoke, "	Md. 1.50	25
Kate Hilt, Reading, Pa.	1.50	24	Sarah & Matilda Bernhurlf, Green Park, Pa.	6.00	in full
Hannah Keifer, Reading, Pa.	1.50	24	Miss P. Trone, Hanover, Pa.	1.50	25
J. Ermantrout, " "	1.50	25	Annie Zieber, " " 3.00	23 & 24	
E. J. Hulte, Bedford, Pa.	7.00	in full	Miss Barbaza Evans, Kittan- ning, Pa.	1.50	24
Ida H. Beitz, St. Thomas, Pa.	1.50	in full	Rev. I.H. Reiter, Miamisburg, Ohio,	1.50	25
Rev. L.D. Steckel, Dale City, Pa.	1.50	25	Susan S. Weiss, Allentown, Pa.	1.50	24
Chas. Wannamaker, Phila., "	1.50	24	John M. Sheneman, Clifton,	" 1.50	25
Louise R. Weaver, Hellertwn,	" 1.50	25	J. S. Hess, Hellerstown, Pa.	1.50	25
Dr. E. Kerschner, Clear Sp ing, Md.	10.50	in full	Rev. A.C. Geary, St. Clairsville, Pa.	6.00	21 to 24
Rev. J.F. Wiant, Elderton, Pa.	1.50	25	Rev. J. A. Peters, Alexandria,	1.50	25
Isabella U. Brunner, N. Wales.	1.50	25	Henry G. Kulp, Pottstown, Pa.	1.50	25
Henrietta R. Rawlings, Rain- burg, Pa.	1.50	25	Miss E. C. Kulp, " " 1.50		25
Susan G. Prizer, Ziegler'sville, Pa.	1.50	25 & 26	C.K. Christman, M.D., Clayton- ville, Pa.	1.50	25
Miss S. A. Prizer, " Pa.	1.50	25 & 26	John Wiest, Phila., Pa.	1.50	25
Rev. D. Rothrock, Buckville,	" 1.50	25	Rev. C. G. Erlemeyer, Free- burg, Pa.	1.50	25
" " " 3.00	25 & 26	Mrs. C.A. Bassler, Freeburg, Pa.	1.50	25	
Miss M. Stitzer, Mifflinsbg., "	4.50	24 to 26	Mrs. L. Schmiky, Gratz, Pa.	1.50	25
Mrs. M. S. Foulk, Carlisle,	" 4.50	22 to 24	Miss Katie E. Eschbach, Balti- more, Md.	1.50	25
Rev. F.W. Berleman, Hamilton, Ohio,	1.50	24	Frank Doll, Martinsburg, Va.	1.50	25
Chas. S. Smith, Port Carbon, Pa.	1.50	25	Dr. T. H. Brinker, Pleasant Unity, Pa.	1.50	25
Geo. J. Leonard, Russellville, Ind.	1.50	25	Geo. W. Welty, Lycius, Pa.	1.50	25
Rev. D.Y. Hisler, Mont Alto, Pa.	1.50	25	S.M. Roeder, (St) Lancaster,	" 1.00	24
Jonas M. Harler, Northwales,	1.50	24	D. B. Shuey, (St).	" " 2.00	24 & 25
David Eschbach, Limestone- ville, Pa.	1.50	23			
Rev. T. F. Hoffmeier, Blooms- burg, Pa.	1.50	25			
Rev. U.H. Heilman, Lewisburg, Pa.	3.00	25 & 26			
Rev. M.A. Smith, Nazareth Pa.	2.70	Dec. 73			
Mrs. S. Fouse, Clover Creek,	" 3.00	23 & 24			

*Balance of acknowledgments next month.*

# PROSPECTUS FOR 1874

## THE GUARDIAN: A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

Devoted to the Social, Literary and Religious Interests of  
Young Men and Ladies.

Rev. B. BAUSMAN, D. D., Editor.

THE GUARDIAN enters upon its XXVth volume, on the first of January 1874. It has a sufficient history to establish its character, and to show its fruits. In its principles, purposes and general spirit, no changes are proposed. The True, the Beautiful, and the Good are unchangeable—error and sin are always the same. Its editorial management is committed, as heretofore, to the Rev. B. BAUSMAN, D. D., whose name, of itself, the publishers regard as the most satisfactory guarantee of the high tone and general interest which should characterize the family magazine.

THE GUARDIAN continues to be published by the REFORMED CHURCH PUBLICATION BOARD. It compares favorably with other publications of the kind, and has earned for itself a reputation which may well be coveted. The January number will be embellished with a beautiful Steel Engraving, and the publication continue to appear with a handsome ornamental cover title. The publishers will continue to use a superior quality of paper; and do all in their power, in co operating with the Editor, to render THE GUARDIAN acceptable to its subscribers.

This Magazine will be, as heretofore, devoted to the highest interests of the young, at the most solemn and interesting period of their life. It will offer its friendly counsels to them in an earnest, though free and cheerful way. It will solemnly seek to warn them against the wrong, and affectionately lure them to the right. The Editor will endeavor to make its contents true, pure, fresh, and healthy as the morning of life. It will particularly urge self-culture and early piety as of the highest importance, and cultivate the home feeling as a sacred element in social purity and peace. It will seek to move in the element of its motto:—“Life—Light—Love.”

THE GUARDIAN has no denominational or party bias. It is its ambition to take the quiet way of peace and love. It would turn the attention of its readers to that first and greatest of duties, the cultivation of the heart, mind, social feelings and pious affections. It will have its reward if it can be the means of making Hearts better, Homes happier, and Heaven surer. The evidence that it has in a degree done this, which the experience of years has furnished, is more precious to us than gain or gold. Cheerfully, hopefully, and believingly we take our pilgrim-staff in hand to travel another year.

THE GUARDIAN contains thirty-two pages monthly, making a handsome Volume of three hundred and eighty-four pages at the end of the year.

Pastors who receive this Prospectus are requested to hand it to some active member of the Church, who will procure subscribers for THE GUARDIAN. If ten subscribers are obtained, we will send one copy to the person obtaining them and one to the pastor gratis.

We respectfully ask all Young Men and Ladies to aid us in increasing our circulation. It will be an easy thing for them to raise a club among their companions.

Postmasters are requested to act as our Agents, to whom we will allow the usual per centage. Specimen numbers sent when requested.

### TERMS—ONLY \$1.50 A YEAR—IN ADVANCE.

Any one who sends us six subscribers with \$9 cash, will receive one copy for one year, gratis. Thirteen copies will be sent for \$15; twenty-seven for \$30.

*Discontinuances.*—As all subscriptions are commenced with the beginning of the Volume, so discontinuances can take place only with the close. To insure a discontinuance, *written* notice must be sent direct to the publishers before the close of the year, and all arrearages paid. If the notice be received after one or more numbers of a new volume have been sent, the subscriber will be charged for the full year thus commenced.

ADDRESS—

REFORMED CHURCH PUBLICATION BOARD, Publishers,  
No. 907 Arch Street, Philadelphia.

Vol. XXV.

MARCH, 1874.

No. 3.

“LIFE, LIGHT, LOVE.”

THE

# GUARDIAN:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

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OF

YOUNG MEN AND LADIES.

Rev. B. Bausman, D.D., Editor.

PHILADELPHIA:

REFORMED CHURCH PUBLICATION BOARD,  
No. 907 Arch Street.

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### LETTERS RECEIVED.

Rev. B. Bausman, D. D., W. F. Lichliter, Rev. J. D. Zehring, C. P. Baker, M. C. Gepford, (1 sub). Rev. A. C. Whitmer, J. Dreisbach, J. B. Carothers, Rev. A R. Kremer, C. E. Bäder, Rev. J. S. Stahr, Prof. J. L. Welshans, S. H. Baugher, M. A. Seibert, M. Fritz, D. E. Shrum, (1 sub). W. R. Yeich, (1 sub), Rev. H. T. Seiple, C. Krissinger & Son, Rev. H. Mosser, E. S. Keck, Rev. H. Hoffman, Rev. W. Behrandt, J. H. Laux, M. A. Ramsburg, (1 sub). D. Miller, Rev. D. B. Lady, (1 sub). L. Weirick, W. H. Ibach, Rev. J. F. Snyder, A. Rittmayer, Rev. B. Bausman, Rev. W. H. H. Snyder, Rev. J. A. Peters, W. M. Nevin, D. Schaffner, Rev. E. H. Dieffenbacher, M. C. Foust, D. Kuhn, (1 sub). D. Hoffman, M. A. Meyer, (1 sub).

## GUARDIAN, FEBRUARY AND MARCH, 1874.

### MONIES RECEIVED.

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# THE GUARDIAN.

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## FOURTEEN HOURS IN THE SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY.

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BY THE EDITOR.

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From the beginning of the war Chambersburg was threatened with invasion by the Southern Army. The first invasion took place on Friday, the 15th of October, 1862. During the afternoon rumors reached town that Gen. Stuart was approaching. Only a few persons believed them. These few, as it was afterwards shown, had received reliable notice of it. The rest of our people regarded it as a false report. Many heartily laughed at the terrified few. How could they venture across the Potomac northward, said they, when we have such a strong force along the southern border of Pennsylvania?

Towards evening a few men dashed through the streets on foaming, panting horses, heralding the incredible approach of the Rebel Army. Many laughed at their story. It can't be? was their reply. An hour later, a cavalry force of fifteen hundred men, under Gen. Stuart, took possession of the old Fair Ground on a hill-top at the western end of the town, planting a row of heavy cannon on it, ready to shell and destroy Chambersburg at a moment's notice.

It was a chilly October evening. A drenching rain storm brought on darkness before the time. A friend assured me of their arrival. It seemed utterly impossible. Only a panic story. Surely the southern leaders were too wise to send a cavalry force of fifteen hundred men thirty miles north of the Potomac, with our army in their rear. My informant challenged me to repair to the square of the town, where a squad of mounted soldiers demanded the surrender of Chambersburg.

Before the Provost Marshall's office I found them, patient and motionless, sitting on their well-trained horses; wierd figures, dripp-

ing wet in the drenching rain. One held a small flag of truce in his hand—a white handkerchief tied to the end of a stick or corn-stalk, I was not sure which. They rode into town and before the office with as much innocent composure as they would have visited their warmest friends. Like marble statues they sat there, awaiting the answer of the Provost Marshall to their demand of surrender. The latter official had only time to gather a small group of prominent citizens around him, for a few moments' consultation. At his office door I met Judge K., our Marshall.

"Well, Judge, what are we to do?"

"There is no remedy, we have to surrender the town," he replied. "Their guns have command of the place, and can shell it at a moment's notice."

"Surrender! No, never, till they enter Chambersburg over our dead bodies," said one of the oldest citizens, well-known to many readers of the GUARDIAN. In 1812 he had left his weeping bride, to drive the British from our shores. His eyes flashed as he called on a group of men around him: "Come, my fellow-townsman, let us all to the end of town with such arms as we have, and repulse the invaders of our hearths and homes."

The brave veteran meant it all right. Still it is well that his call was not heeded. Great was the excitement of our Home Guards, who felt that they ought to do something, and knew not what. Had the approach of the enemy been known ten hours sooner, the community would have been excited to a state of frenzy. As it was, the agony of humiliation was sharp and short. The people succumbed to the mortifying surrender with sullen silence. Before we had time to think or say much about it, the town was surrounded with a Confederate guard, without whose permission no one could enter or leave the place. The streets swarmed with southern soldiers.

But few citizens were seen out of doors. The ladies bolted the front shutters of their homes, soon after the surrender, and retired into the inner privacy of their dwellings. Novel as were the scenes on the streets, very few ladies deigned to look at them from their front doors. While they were musing, the fire burned.

Seen from the present, the affair was not without its amusing features. The ladies, so patriotic, whose eyes would flash resentment upon the least insult offered to the Union flag, must see the dear old stars and stripes torn down. Boisterous patriots, how could they endure such an agony! All the chafing and wrath-mutterings under the new rule, were wisely done within doors.

Detachments of soldiers took possession of the principal buildings of the town—the depot, warehouses, railroad shops, courthouse, and the Chambersburg Bank.

The soldiers treated the citizens with courtesy, so far as that was possible on such a mission as theirs. They hurried through the streets in search of all manner of goods. They rode closely along the curbstones, peering through the darkness, and trying to decipher the signs of the stores. "Will you please tell us where we can find a shoe store?" was heard on every side; for great was the demand for boots and shoes. The most were willing to pay for what they bought with Confederate scrip.

Squads of cavalry dashed through the town in search of horses. Every alley soon resounded with the clattering hoofs of rebel steeds. Stables were searched and emptied without ceremony. Ingenious expedients were resorted to by the owners to save their property. Some, in their excited attempts to hurry them away to a place of safety, blundered into the hands of the enemy. "My kingdom for a horse," cried the unhorsed Richard. The scene was re-enacted that night in Chambersburg. In a few hours the prevailing form of salutation on the street was: "Is your horse safe?"

"Quickly bring your horse out of the stable," said a friend. "Proctor (his colored servant, who had formerly been a slave in the south) will in a moment bring my two past the parsonage. We must hurry them off and hide them somewhere in the country. He will take yours along."

The quickest time I ever made in Chambersburg, with my unaided powers of locomotion, I made that night, from the square to the stable, a distance of about three squares. Poor Jack, as I hurried him out into the street, little knew the peril of his position. As I handed Proctor the reins, the rapidly clattering hoofs of rebel cavalry were heard two squares off, coming our way at full speed. "Hist, Proctor, they are coming. The Philistines be after you," I softly whispered to the faithful colored man. "Ride for your life, or you'll be a slave to the day of your death." If ever mortal man vigorously used his spurs to preserve his liberty, it was my colored friend. The three horses gave him a world of trouble, as it was difficult to lead them on at a fast run. "Alas, for poor Proctor and Jack!" I muttered, as his pursuers dashed past me.

Thanks to the darkness, the horse and his rider escaped. A few miles out of town, a friend hid Jack in a barn cellar. The horse-hunters searched all the stables, but did not find their way into his hiding-place.

Soon after a squad of cavalry had taken possession of the Chambersburg Bank, Gen. Stuart and his staff called on my genial friend, the gentlemanly Cashier, George R. Messersmith, Esq., whose name, by the way, was a great puzzle to the general. As

was quite natural, too. For instead of taking the name Messer-smith as that of an individual, he took it to designate the banking firm of the Messrs. Smith. So during their not unpleasant interview, he persisted in calling the Cashier, Mr. Smith, taking him to be one of the members of the firm.

While a row of sullen-mounted soldiers surrounded the building, their horses crowded together on the broad pavement, a most delightful interview was held in the bank by the Cashier and his captor. After very politely introducing himself and his staff to the keeper of money, they were invited to an adjoining room. My friend, who has a nice appreciation of a good cigar, and takes great pleasure in entertaining his friends with his choice Havanas, brought out a prime article, which his visitors seemed to enjoy very much.

Instead of a surly and insulting set of fiery Southerners, he soon found the chief and his staff, the most genial and companionable men that you could wish for. The general, a man of intelligence and fine conversational powers, spoke freely and frankly of the funny and serious incidents of their southern campaigns—of their privations as well as disappointments. In short, it was a free, friendly interview, where the captors and the captured chatted and laughed around the social board.

At length the conversation took a more serious turn, in substance somewhat as follows :

*Gen. Stuart.*—" Well, Mr. Smith, I believe you are the responsible officer of this bank. War, as you know, imposes some unpleasant duties. We have invaded your state, as your army has repeatedly invaded ours. We are justified in doing unto you as they have done unto us. In short, we shall be under the unpleasant necessity of taking some of the money out of your bank. Will you be kind enough to open your vaults for us?"

*Cashier.*—" With the greatest of pleasure, General. Only I shall have to inform you that there is nothing there for you."

*Gen. S.*—" You certainly have money in your institution."

*Cashier.*—" General, you would surely consider me a poor bank officer, had I not, on hearing of your approach, removed the valuable contents of our bank to a place of safety."

*Gen. S.*—" Is it possible! Removed all?"

*Cashier.*—" Yes, sir."

*Gen. S.*—" Well, Mr. Smith, whilst I must applaud your faithfulness and skill as a bank officer, I regret our disappointment. I need scarcely tell you that we had wished and expected to make a draw on your institution."

Notwithstanding the disappointment, they kept up a pleasant conversation till late at night, and parted as friends.

The night passed without any disturbances. Early in the morning the soldiers already returned from a foraging visit to the corn fields around the town, each having a shock of corn laid cross-ways before him on his horse, which he took to his camp for feed.

In a few hours quiet reigned in the streets, and the towns people strolled about unharmed. Everybody wondered what would turn up next. Would they remain, waiting for the arrival of stronger forces? Would they not perhaps take possession of this part of the State? Perhaps make this the theatre of a great battle? While thus questioning, at about  $7\frac{1}{2}$  o'clock, A. M., columns of black smoke ascended from the depot. Occasionally a shell exploded. For a short time many thought they were shelling the town. Not a few were terror-stricken. They had set fire to the depot, railroad shops, and warehouses. The latter contained large quantities of government ammunition. Vast quantities of powder were said to be stored there. The magazine was in danger of exploding any moment. Families in that part of town were hurried away to a place of safety. Women and children wildly rushed through the streets, scarcely knowing what they were doing, all trying to get as far away from the fire as possible. All around I met frail, delicate females and terrified children, in their frenzied excitement, tottering they knew not whither. A few of the soldiers shouted: "See, see, how they skedaddle." Some sought refuge in cellars, some in houses at the opposite end of town. Some cried: "Let us to the open fields. The concussion produced by the explosion of the powder may shatter the walls of houses, and bury you under them." Some said, "Keep out of the open air, lest the explosion will throw pieces of shell and brick on you." Whither shall we flee for safety? The boom of the first explosion sent a thrill of terror through many a heart. Then followed reports of exploding shells, in quick succession, like those heard in battle. Many people kept moving from place to place, seeking shelter, now here, now there. At length the ear became accustomed to the noise, and the feeling spread that there was no immediate danger.

Meanwhile I hastened, with others, to the large school building, in a direct line, about half a square from the fire. It had been turned into a hospital. Fifty sick and wounded soldiers were quartered therein. Many were unable to walk. These were all borne away to the Town Hall. At  $8\frac{1}{2}$ , A. M., the enemy left, seemingly in great haste. Two hours later a force of Union cavalry arrived. As soon as the enemy departed, such fire engines as we had were put to work. In between burning buildings, where at times the heat and smoke were almost suffocating, we worked these engines, by hand, scarcely fifty yards from the exploding shells, whose fragments fell around us like a shower of hail. I felt proud to work aside of heroic men, who at no little peril helped to save many a home from destruction. The day before, God in mercy had sent us a rain to moisten the roofs, and soon after the firing of the buildings, He sent us a west wind, to

blow the sparks away from the town. But for this, half the town might have been destroyed. Such was the fourteen hours rule of the Southern Confederacy in Chambersburg.

Stuart's cavalry were evidently the flower of the Southern Army. They were under excellent discipline. Their clothing was well-worn, but not ragged. I saw but one soldier without shoes. The terrible threats of wanton retaliation which had been made against Pennsylvania, had led us to expect worse treatment. They had issued an order, that no soldier should enter a private house without the presence of an officer. One was promptly arrested and punished for a violation of this order. Very rarely was an insulting expression used. I heard but one shout for Jeff. Davis. They had us absolutely in their power, and might have avenged their alleged wrongs in a terrible style. Save a few inhuman taunts by the soldiers around the depot, I was very agreeably disappointed. Fortunately our citizens kept quiet. The women and children so far as possible kept within doors. The men peacefully walked the streets, and witnessed this most remarkable spectacle of confederate officers and their men going about their work as coolly and safely as if they had been in Richmond. Not a single life was lost, not a home desolated, not a limb broken.

It can scarcely be expected that a person should be able to keep in the most amiable mood, during such an experience. One cannot suppress at once all the naughty feeling that boils up. Near the edge of town I found an empty bee-box, of whose honey our unbidden visitors had made a supper the night before. It called to my mind an incident connected with the army of Xenophon. When he invaded the Colchian territory, his brave Greeks ate immoderately of their enemy's captured honey. Such as ate a little got drunk; such as ate much lost their senses and got sick unto death, lying prostrate in all directions. It is said to have acted violently both as an emetic and as a purgative. Under the circumstances I hope it was not wrong to have wished our recent visitors a good mess of Colchian honey.

Two hours after they had gone matters moved on as they had done before their coming. The next day was Sunday. All the churches were open, and the usual congregations worshiped with unusual solemnity. Some of the clergy preached on the subject of thankfulness for God's protection. One on Job xxxv. 10.

On the following Wednesday, four days later, was the time appointed for the annual meeting of the Synod of the Reformed Church in the United States. The delegates, coming from half a dozen different states, would naturally be disinclined to visit a place, at this time so easily taken by the Confederate army. Some were already on their way, and others were about starting for the

synodical meeting, when the first news of the invasion reached them. To quiet their fears, the pastor in whose church they were to meet, issued the following circular, under date of Monday morning, October 13, 1862:

"Presuming, that exaggerated reports have gone abroad in regard to the state of things in Chambersburg, in consequence of a raid made through this section of country, on Friday and Saturday last, by a portion of rebel cavalry, it is deemed necessary to issue this circular, assuring our brethren, that all is quiet here, so that they can come to the meeting of Synod with perfect safety, and that every preparation has been made by our citizens to give them a hospitable reception. The rebels did but little damage, besides stealing all the horses they could lay their hands on along their route, burning the railroad shops, depot, two forwarding houses, and carrying off some government stores."

Two days later the Synod convened. Soon after the above had been mailed the report came that Stuart was returning. Happily a false report. Over a hundred ministers and elders, besides many citizens of the place, took part in the proceedings. More than one hundred and fifty strangers were hospitably entertained by our citizens, and transacted the business of the Church with pleasure to themselves, and without molestation by the Confederate forces.

The meeting of Synod had a quieting effect on the whole community. After the heart has passed through a great sorrow, the warm grasp of the hand and the kind words of Christian friends have a soothing and quickening effect. Brethren from near and afar joined many a home circle in prayer and praise around the family altar. Meetings of special religious services in the different churches were like oil poured upon a wounded heart. Meanwhile it was reported that Stonewall Jackson with his army had crossed the Potomac at Hancock, on his way to Pennsylvania. Unmoved by his rumored approach, the Synod continued its interesting sessions for a whole week. Around many a cozy fireside the guests were pleasingly entertained with droll and dreary stories about our late visitors. The whole seemed a comforting illustration of the promise, "As thy days so shall thy strength be." Deut. xxx. 25.

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THE Christianity of the *heart* cheers us in toil, lights our homes with a gleam from God's heaven, smooths our pillow in sickness, and in the sad, stern hour of death sings hymns to our parting soul, and leads it gently home to immortality. Can this religion of the *heart* ever die?

## JOHANN ERNST GOTZKOWSKY.

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*The Merchant, who Rescued Berlin.*

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BY N. C. S.

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While perusing the pages of history we here and there meet the names of men, who seem like bright spots on this darkened planet of ours, men, who in spite of the obstacles which obstructed their pathway, rose into prominence and then employed their influence and their wealth to promote the welfare of their fellow-men. This remark can with great justice be applied to the merchant, whose name stands at the head of this article. He is frequently called the "Schutzgeist" of Berlin. To him more than to any one else the city owes her prosperity, and perhaps her existence.

He was born at Conitz, Prussia, in the year 1710. His name indicates that his ancestors came from Poland. He lost his parents when quite young, and spent his boyhood with some relatives in Dresden, who, however, neglected his early education to such an extent that he could scarcely read or write. At the age of fourteen he came to Berlin as an apprentice, and afterwards entered business as a partner of his brother. In no long time he became Hoflieferant to the king, and thus was brought in contact with Frederick the Great, who was then crown prince. The impression which the prince made upon the merchant is described in the autobiography of the latter in the following words: "It is scarcely possible for any one to form the acquaintance of this prince without resolving to sacrifice everything, yea the last drop of blood in order to secure his favor and good-will."

No sooner had Frederick ascended the throne of his father, than he took a step which showed how much confidence he had in the ability and energy of the merchant. Being anxious to draw as many skillful artists and workmen as possible to Berlin, he called Gotzkowsky to Charlottenburg, and after a consultation entrusted the whole matter into his hands. The success which attended his efforts, surpassed the most sanguine expectations of the king. The city on the sandy banks of the river Spree soon grew into a second Palmyra, and became the centre of trade for Germany and the neighboring lands. Her bankers controlled the money markets of Northern Europe, her manufacturers began to compete with

those of other countries at the Leipsic markets, and the establishment for the manufacture of sugar, in which thousands were constantly employed, supplied this commodity for the entire kingdom.

In the year 1760 the enemies of the king determined to capture this city; for from this quarter he had received the uniforms, the baggage and the other munitions of war during the previous campaigns. Two detachments were sent out for this purpose, one by the Russians and the other by the Austrians. It would have been folly to think of defending a city, several miles in circumference, situated on a level tract, and having neither entrenchments nor fortifications. The Russians arrived first; to them the magistrate surrendered. The inhabitants trembled for fear, because former inroads of the Russians had been characterized by plunder, outrages and heaps of smoking ashes. Berlin would hardly have shared a better fate, had not the self-sacrificing energy of Gotzkowsky averted the impending evil.

General von Tottleben had orders to demand four million thalers from the city, and to receive none of the current coin in payment of this sum. The latter condition was added because the coin of Prussia had been so much debased that it was no longer worth half its original value. Dire necessity obliged the king to resort to all sorts of expedients in order to maintain himself against his enemies. He forced thousands of his prisoners to take the oath of fidelity and serve in the ranks of his army. Cadets not more than fourteen years old were taken from the military academy to fill the places of officers who had died on the battle-field. Young men were enticed from other countries by the promise that they would be commissioned as officers, and on reaching the army they had to serve as common soldiers. In order to repeople the country, every unmarried soldier was ordered at the close of the war to bring a wife along home from Saxony, and the king did not rest satisfied until he saw with his own eyes that the order was literally fulfilled. As soon as we know facts like these, we are not surprised to learn that Frederick the Great should consent to a measure so pernicious and unjust as debasing the current coin of his kingdom.

The authorities of Berlin saw no way of complying with the demands of the Russians; because the genuine money was scarcely to be had. Nevertheless it was plain that if these demands were not complied with, the city would be sacked and perhaps destroyed. Gotzkowsky came to the rescue. The kindness, which he had shown to the wounded Russian officers after the battle of Zorndorf had secured for him the esteem of the entire army, and the personal friendship of Tottleben. By his efforts and influence the sum was

reduced to one and a half millions, with the understanding that two hundred thousand thalers additional would be given as a present to the soldiers, and that the currency in use would be accepted in payment of these sums. When he returned from head-quarters the magistrate received him with open arms; one-third of the sum was immediately raised, and the remainder was paid in promissory notes given by the merchants.

This was, however, not the only service which Gotzkowsky rendered. Private citizens were constantly imploring him to use his influence in their behalf, and he never refused to do so, even in the case of those who had formerly been his personal enemies. His house became an asylum for all who had reason to fear that they would be injured or robbed by the Cossacks. He had the privilege of seeing the commandant at all times, inasmuch as the guards had been instructed not to molest him when passing to and from head-quarters. The news was on one occasion brought to him that the royal manufactories were to be burned down. In the middle of the night he hurried to the apartments of Tottleben, and declared that the so-called royal manufactories did not belong to the king, that the profits did not flow into the royal treasury, but were used for the sole purpose of maintaining the orphans' home at Pottsdam. He was asked to write out these statements, and to testify on oath to their correctness. He did so, and the order was countermanded. A new order was, however, issued soon afterwards which again threw the citizens into the greatest consternation. All firearms were to be brought to a specified place and delivered up to the Russians. The people, with one accord, believed that the order was given with the design of making them defenceless so that there would be no chance of resisting the outrages of the soldiers. Through the personal influence of Gotzkowsky this order was also countermanded; nevertheless a few old and worn-out guns were collected at the appointed time and broken in pieces by the Cossacks.

There was one instance in which the influence and the representations of the merchant were of no avail. The arsenal, which is situated in the midst of the most beautiful buildings and palaces of the city, was ordered to be blown up. Fifty soldiers were sent to bring the powder from a neighboring mill; but as they did not exercise the least care, the whole quantity exploded and sent them into the air. A sufficient amount was no longer to be had; the king's enemies, therefore, had to satisfy themselves by taking out all the arms in the arsenal and disposing of them in some other way. Whatever could not be carried off, was either burned or broken up and thrown into the water.

It is not possible to estimate the pecuniary losses of Gotzkowsky,

and the sacrifices which he made during the stay of the Russians. Petitions were not granted unless backed up by liberal presents. Every officer found a free table in his house. In his autobiography he declares that by the time the army left Berlin his house looked more like a stable than a home, because it had been occupied night and day by the Russians. The Jews and the publishers of the different newspapers had special reason to thank him. An order was issued against the latter, because they had roused the indignation of the people by depicting the ravages of the Russians in colors as dark as possible. The punishment which they were to undergo is in some respects similar to the fiery ordeal among the Indians. It is called "spieszruthenlaufen." Two rows of soldiers, armed with pointed sticks or lances, stand facing each other; the person to be punished has to run through between them, while they try to prick and hurt him as much as possible. All the editors in the city were arrested; the day of punishment was fixed; a guard conducted them to the spot where the soldiers were drawn up with the lances in their hands; a reproof was read to the trembling newspaper chiefs and the order came that they should be allowed to go to their homes. Without doubt it was an agreeable surprise. Gotzkowsky had interested himself in their behalf; his appeals had been made over and over again until at last the punishment was remitted.

The Jews, on the other hand, were to be punished not in the flesh but in the purse. An enormous contribution was demanded from them, two of their wealthiest were to be taken along as hostages; but Gotzkowsky's intercessions freed them, and before a year had expired, they rewarded him by the most shameful ingratitude.

The conduct of the Russians, compared with that of the Austrians, who arrived six days later, is deserving of the highest praise. It had been agreed in the terms of surrender, that no troops should be quartered in the city; nevertheless the Austrians took up their abode in the houses, and robbed everything valuable that could be carried off. In broad daylight persons were beaten; at night they were stripped naked if they showed themselves on the streets. Nearly three hundred houses were broken open and emptied. Hospitals and churches did not share a better fate; even several graves were dug open and robbed. To stop these outrages Tottleben more than once ordered his soldiers to fire upon the Austrians.

Suddenly affairs took a new turn. The Austrians and Russians had dreamt of spending the winter in the heart of Prussia, but the news that the king had left Silesia came like a thunder clap, and set all his enemies in motion. Berlin was hastily evacuated; hence

many things remained undecided. The magistrates urged Gotzkowsky to follow the army and adjust the points of difficulty. On the way he rescued the tin works at Neustadt-Eberewalde, which had been singled out for destruction, because they were supposed to belong to the king. By the present of a gold watch and one hundred ducats the officer was induced to set a pile of wood and straw on fire whereby the main army was deceived. At Konigsberg every misdeed of the soldiers which he reported was promptly punished by Tottleben. But when he reached the head-quarters of the entire army, he was harshly treated by Fermor, the commander-in-chief. A circumstance, of which he knew nothing, was the cause of this change. Frederick had instructed the magistrate of Berlin not to be in a hurry about paying the promised million. The news of this fact had in some way been communicated to Fermor, who for this reason frequently manifested bitterness toward the merchant. On one occasion he is reported to have said, "Your king acts as if he were boss of the whole world. I know that he has given orders for the non-payment of what is still due. Nevertheless the empress has in her hands the means by which to recover damages. Besides, what kind of business men are you? The whole world must avoid you and be on its guard against the subjects of a king, who can order the non-payment of debts, and thus at his pleasure destroy the validity of promissory notes." Gotzkowsky now saw what was the matter; he offered to visit the king and to give seven hundred and fifty thousand thalers in case the sum were not paid within a specified time. He was obliged to be present at the counting of the money that had already been paid. For eight days he was in a room with twenty men, engaged in this work; neither did he have a bed in which to sleep. Once he had paid twenty thalers for a room, but after the lapse of a few hours he was driven out by two Russian officers. He offered to pay whatever might be wanting in the money bags; but it was of no avail. His misery would have lasted longer, had he not agreed to pay a thaler for every bag that was accepted without counting.

Before he was allowed to go, he had to take an oath that he would return in four weeks. Fifty Cossacks dressed in green accompanied him. At Cyritz a body of hussars fell upon them and began a merciless slaughter. Gotzkowsky could not be distinguished from the rest, because he also wore a green suit. A soldier held a pistol to his breast and demanded watch and money. At this moment General Werner recognized the voice of the merchant, and after hearing his explanation ordered the slaughter to stop.

Frederick, after matters had been explained to him, resolved to

pay the remaining million out of his own treasury, but for the time being this arrangement was to be kept secret. When Gotzkowsky was on his way back, he was urged by his friends not to expose himself again to the wrath of the Russians; but he would not secure his personal safety at the cost of the common weal. He returned with the necessary promissory notes; the Russians, were, however, not willing to listen to him unless he came with the cash. He finally obtained a hearing by giving one of the officers a tobacco box worth four thousand thalers, which had been paid out of his own purse, although he pretended that it was a present from the merchants of Berlin. The points of difficulty were then adjusted; the notes which he brought were accepted, and he was allowed to return home. His fellow-citizens were greatly moved by the patriotism which he had displayed; the magistrate of the city wrote to him: "It is an example without a parallel in history, that a man should undertake and suffer for others, as much as you have done." The king also showed his gratitude by giving him one hundred and fifty thousand thalers. This sum he expended in the erection of a porcelain manufactory, an establishment which the king had long been anxious to see in his capital.

Berlin was not the only city which owed this merchant a debt of gratitude. Leipsic had the benefit of his assistance on three similar occasions. In the year 1761 Frederick in vain demanded a million from the city. The principal merchants were imprisoned men, who had been accustomed to all the luxuries of life, were obliged to sleep on straw and live on the scanty fare of captives. Their daughters frequently brought them victuals concealed under the rich robes in which they were attired. The magistrate finally besought the Berlin merchant to intercede in their behalf. By his efforts the sum was considerably diminished, but he had to make himself responsible for the payment of the specified amount. The next year a new demand for four millions was made. Gotzkowsky was again induced to intercede. The king replied, "So many of my lands are in the hands of the enemy; where can I get the money necessary to carry on the war?" He, nevertheless, consented that the amount should be reduced to one million one hundred thousand, on condition that Gotzkowsky would go security for the city. Much of the previous contribution was still due; the merchant had paid it out of his own pocket; other men would have looked after their own interest, but our financial hero, forgetful of self, again rescued the city. Frederick had expressly told him to remember himself in these transactions, but he never did so, for at the close of the war the city owed him several millions.

The last days of this truly great man were filled with sorrow.

The war was followed by a crash in the mercantile world ; and the man who had helped so many others in days of trouble, could now find no one to help him. He became a bankrupt ; his creditors received not more than half. Adversity often serves to bring out the greatness of individuals. While in his garden the evil consequences of the approaching crisis began to present themselves to his mind, he lost his senses and lay for a long time on the ground, where his friends found him in a state of unconsciousness. After his creditors had relinquished all claims on condition that they receive fifty per cent., he succeeded in making forty thousand thalers, which no one could have taken from him. Unwilling that any one should suffer through him, he distributed this sum among those who had been reduced to want through the failure of his business transactions. He died a poor man in the year 1775.

His life reminds us of a man, who figured conspicuously during the American Revolution. While Greene was conducting his campaign in the south, his army was nearly always suffering from want. In seasons of the greatest want a mysterious stranger would make his appearance at head-quarters, lay a certain sum of money on the table, and then disappear. It was an agent of Robert Morris, of Philadelphia, who for several years managed the finances of the government, after it had lost all credit among moneyed men. He sacrificed his immense private fortunes for the public good, and like Gotzkowsky he died a bankrupt.

In the eyes of many the lives of these men are failures, because having been rich once, they died poor. But a man's life should be estimated not by the dollars and cents which he amasses, but by the amount of good which he does. Gotzkowsky and Robert Morris possessed all the characteristics of true greatness ; they shine brightly in the constellation of fame, and they are spoken of in terms of the highest praise wherever their names are known.

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### WANT OF COURAGE.

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Sydney Smith in his work on moral philosophy speaks in this wise of what men lose for the want of a little brass, as it is termed :

"A great deal of talent is lost to the world for the want of a little courage. Every day sends to their graves a number of obscure men, who have only remained in obscurity because their timidity has prevented them from making a first effort ; and who, if they only could have been induced to begin, would in all probability have gone greater lengths in the career of fame. The fact is, that in order to do anything in this world worth doing, we must not stand shivering on the brink, and thinking of the cold and

danger, but jump in and scramble through as well as we can. It will not do to be perpetually calculating risks, and adjusting nice chances; it did all very well before the flood, when a man could consult his friends upon an intended publication for a hundred and fifty years, and then live to see its success for six or seven centuries afterwards: but at present a man waits, and doubts, and hesitates, and consults his brother, and his uncle, and his first cousin, and his particular friends, till one day he finds that he is sixty-five years of age, that he has lost much time in consulting first cousins and particular friends, that he has no more time left to follow their advice. There is so little time for over squeamishness at present, the opportunity slips away, the very period of life at which a man chooses to venture, if ever, is so confined, that it is no bad rule to preach up the necessity, in such instances, of a little violence done to the feelings, and of efforts made in defiance of strict and sober calculation."

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#### ACQUIRE HABITS OF STRICT ECONOMY.

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BY X. Y. Z.

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The late financial crisis may teach us several important lessons—lessons of sufficient value to compensate for many of the evils which we are at present suffering. It cannot be denied that the crisis itself, with many of its attendant evils, resulted directly from the unparalleled extravagance current among our people. In point of dress, and the style of living generally, the wildest fancies were indulged, and the most expensive methods employed to gratify vanity, and minister to a depraved taste and excessive love of display. In the humblest and most dependent circles, as well as among the rich and more opulent of our citizens, this foolish extravagance had its run. It has, in many instances, not only brought on financial distress, but also fearfully demoralized the victims of this folly. Manifold and serious, indeed, are the evils engendered by this national extravagance.

What, then, is our duty in the premises? Clearly this, that we seek to conquer this false and delusive spirit, and to substitute for it, habits of the strictest economy. But to do this effectually, we must begin as early in life as possible; and, as the "Guardian" is mainly devoted to the interests of the young, a brief article on this subject may not be out of place.

The considerations, which should chiefly influence us in these efforts, are familiar to most persons. First of all, we should bring home to our hearts and consciences the fact, that extravagance

is clearly a sin. We are merely stewards, and all our possessions, temporal and spiritual, are entrusted to us in order to be employed to the best possible advantage. The glory of God should be the chief and controlling motive in all our doings. Whatever falls short of advancing this highest end of life, is at once to be deprecated as either wholly wrong, or at least unwise and perilous. If we cannot feel easy on this point in any course we pursue, we may safely conclude that it is our duty to halt, and reconsider our course. Along with this "chief end of man" is connected also the duty we owe to our fellow-men—the duty to seek their welfare. But it requires very little reflection to see that both these ends, the prevalent extravagance in dress and style of living, and the criminal waste of time in idleness, are at once fatal. Hence the duty of retrenchment in the matter of useless expenses, and the need of care and prudence in the use of our time.

What we wish to impress strongly and indelibly upon the minds and hearts of the young, and *old* also, is that habits of industry and economy must be duly appreciated and conscientiously acquired, and that the best and most effectual way to do this, is to begin early in life. How many a noble, generous-hearted, well-disposed youth, who might become prominent and useful in the world, wastes his time and early opportunities, and squanders both his precious hours and his inherited or acquired wealth in extravagant display, or in foolish and disreputable idleness. How often is the heart of a loving and over-indulgent father broken, and his grey hairs brought in sorrow to the grave, by the reckless prodigality of an only son, on whom in early life he had fairly doted! In how many instances are all the fond hopes and beautiful visions of a mother's love effectually blasted by the folly and criminal thoughtlessness of a favorite daughter! How many families, which might otherwise be full of light and cheer, are rendered dark and insufferably cheerless by the stern sense of poverty, want, and attendant neglect, consequent upon a course of heedless waste and prodigality! How important, therefore, is it to learn, even early in life, to appreciate the value of time, of talent, of wealth, of opportunities, of everything, in short, which, by judicious use, may minister to the happiness of ourselves, our fellow-men, or what is of infinitely more account, to the glory of Him from whom cometh down "every good and every perfect gift."

But more than this is required of us. We must not only bring home to our hearts and consciences, a sense of the importance of being economical; but we must earnestly and persistently strive to acquire fixed and settled *habits* of economy. We must learn to "gather up the fragments that nothing be lost." We must hold

up before our inner vision, and press home upon our hearts the solemn duty of practically realizing in our every-day life what we sanction and approve theoretically. We must determine upon holding what we approve, and execute what we determine upon, as good and worthy of the Divine approval. In this, and indeed in every other respect, as well as in the matter of our personal salvation and welfare in the future, we must earnestly seek to realize our exalted destiny—we must work out our own “salvation with fear and trembling.” Earnest and persevering effort is the indispensable condition of all success in life. We may creep along in a loose and careless way, without earnest labor, but we can never prosper and become successful. Eminence is found only on the top of the mountain, and its rugged sides must be scaled before we can come into its possession.

Another element of success, in this matter of acquiring habits of economy, and indeed, we may say its chief element, is faith, “the faith of Christ.” Here, as everywhere, the beautiful saying of St. John holds true: “This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith.”

How can we ever expect to overcome the world, and to stem the incoming tide of worldly influences, except as we are inwardly sustained and shielded by the power of a living faith? What other power can be effectual in breaking the charm and fascination of the fair and seemingly innocent world of sense around us! How can we, in any other way, overcome the power and resistless current of innate corruption! What is needed, here, is not simply personal effort even of the most earnest and persistent kind, but effort inspired by faith and sustained by the constant, steady, and uninterrupted *exercise* of this faith—faith in Jesus Christ, “the beginning of the creation of God,” who could truly say: “I am He that liveth, and was dead; and, behold, I am alive for evermore, amen; and have the keys of hell and death.” Living in sweet and heart-felt communion with Him, and working in the wondrous power of His Spirit, we are sure of success. So in the contest with the prevailing spirit of extravagance, it becomes us all to look for power to the conqueror of death and hell. He has set the world an example of the most perfect purity, simplicity and freedom from all pride or vain and foolish display; and only in the power of his super-human life and spirit are we able to overcome the fascinations of the world, and attain to an imitation of His transcendently beautiful and exalted character, and of His pure and spotless life!

Economy is of the highest importance to all classes; but more especially so to those whose calling in life will require them to live on a small and insufficient support. Among this fortunate or un-

fortunate class, we may safely place ministers of the Gospel. In most instances their regular salary is insufficient to meet their current expenses. When in addition to this, we count in the expense of keeping up the necessary literary and theological reading matter, and of increasing from time to time the library by the addition of substantial books of reference, we see at once how necessary it is for the stinted ambassador of Christ to exercise the most rigid economy. Those, therefore, among the young readers of the "Guardian," who are looking forward to the holy ministry, need particularly to exercise themselves in early life in this most useful and needed grace. Nor is it harmful to be trained to habits of self-denial in our youth. Frugality tends to preserve the health of the body, the vigor of the mind, and the virtue of the heart. The nobler impulses of the soul come to their strength and free play only in connection with a life of abstinence and strict sobriety. But aside from these benefits accruing to the subjects of this economical way of living, we have also to note the fact, that such only as have been accustomed to practise self-denial can properly sympathize with the poor and indigent among the people of their several charges.

Learn, then, to be economical. Seek to acquire fixed and settled habits of economy and virtuous self-denial. Imitate the example of Him, who "came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give His life a ransom for many." In such an event, you will find it to be strictly true, in every respect, that "it is more blessed to give than to receive."

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## THE WITCH OF ENDOR.

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BY REV. J. H. DUBBS.

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### NO. 1.—THE VISITOR.

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In proceeding to consider the remarkable occurrence related in the 28th chapter of the first book of Samuel, we are not ignorant that it is one of very great obscurity, concerning which there must necessarily be great diversity of opinion. Every branch of what has been called "the science of the dark side of nature"—magic, necromancy, apparitions, enchantments, witchcraft, and things of that kind—has a literature of its own; and the very multiplicity of the material at hand, renders it all the more difficult to arrive at an intelligent opinion on the subject. Besides this, the whole history of modern opinion concerning supernatural phenomena is a history of fluctuations. Men's minds seem to sway backward and

forward like pendulums, without even reaching a fixed and certain position.

Take, for instance, the single subject of witchcraft, which has now almost entirely passed into forgetfulness. Not more than a century ago belief in its existence as a fearful crime was almost universal; and the best author of the sixteenth century not only believed in witchcraft, but deemed it a species of impiety to doubt its existence. That certain wicked women could leave their beds at the dead of night, and ride through the air on broomsticks to be present at nocturnal orgies, "where sat auld Nick in shape of beast"—there to plan all manner of evil to their unoffending neighbours—was a matter too sacred to be called in question. Bishop Hall, in one of his soliloquies, discovers a proof of Satan's supremacy at that time in "the marvellous number of witches abounding in all those parts." "Hitherto," he says, "only barbarous deserts had them; now the civilest and most religious parts of the world are festered by them." Baxter repeatedly refers to witchcraft and apparitions as furnishing convincing proof of the truth of religion. In the *Saints' Rest* he introduces them to confirm the believer's faith in a future state; in his *Reasons for the Christian Religion* he adduces them as an argument likely to convince infidels, and acknowledges that he had himself been too incredulous of these things till cogent evidence constrained his belief. John Wesley was one of the last to give up arguments of this kind. "The infidels," he said, "had hooted witchcraft out of the world, and complaisant Christians had joined in the cry; but he for one would protest to his dying breath against this violent compliment paid by those who believe the Bible to those who do not believe it."

But times have greatly changed since the days of Wesley. Many of our living divines are of an opposite opinion, and perhaps go to the other extreme. Thus, for instance, a recent biographer of John Bunyan (than whom no one ever more sincerely believed in such marvels), thus asserts the superior wisdom of the nineteenth century: "The world is grown too old, and the church too wise, to dream or drivel again about the devils of superstition; these are all gone forever with the ghosts and hobgoblins of antiquity—science and common sense cast out these imps, and therefore no superstition can bring them back."

Such being the prevailing tone of popular opinion, it would perhaps be safest to say as little as possible concerning such Scriptural characters as the Witch of Endor; but, in the first place, we think Christian courage and duty require that we should not hesitate occasionally to consider even the darkest passages of the word of God; and, besides this, it would seem that in certain localities, at least, a reaction has set in, so that there are men and women of

talent and culture who defend, with all the enthusiasm of knight-errantry, marvels which it would have taxed the credulity of our ancestors to believe. We believe, therefore, that we have abundant occasion for writing a series of articles concerning the visit of King Saul to the witch of Endor, and other similar subjects, which are thereby suggested.

There is a very general impression that in Old Testament times communication with the spirit-world was almost an every-day occurrence, but we need not remind the close student of Biblical history that this is a great mistake. There were, indeed, certain seasons—generally special crises in the history of man—when the usual order of nature was disturbed, and when the records of God's people shine with a perfect galaxy of miracles; but there were also long centuries in which, either on account of prevailing unbelief, or because no exigency occurred that required them, all the oracles were dumb, and there was no prophet in Israel.

Such a period occurred during the reign of Saul, the first of the Israelite monarchs. That wicked king had alienated himself from God and His church. He had persecuted the innocent and defenceless, and had murdered eighty of God's priests in cold blood. It is not surprising, then, that God refused him His guidance, and gave him over to his own reprobate mind.

The course of the wicked man is always downward. However proud and self-sufficient he may be at first, the time is sure to come when he will feel his own helplessness—when he will grasp at a straw like a drowning man, and bitterly regret the opportunities of doing good which he has slighted and despised.

So it happened with King Saul. During the later period of his life, his authority, which had never been fully established, grew weaker and weaker; the people had learned to hate him, and—to fill up the cup of his sorrows to the brim—the Philistines gathered all their armies to attack him, and to conquer the land.

No wonder that Saul was frightened, for—let it be remembered—the Philistines were not a mere barbarous tribe, but the mighty Phœnician nation, whose name and fame are written on every page of ancient history.

Nor are we surprised that Saul should have yearned to know the future. It required strong faith, on the part even of a Christian, to be willing to leave the future entirely in God's hands, not desiring to have the veil removed until it pleases God to lead us beyond it. If Cæsar could attempt to foretell the future by studying the flight of birds; if Napoleon the Great was not ashamed to consult with the notorious astrologer, Madame le Normand, and even, as it is said, spent the whole night before the battle of Austerlitz watching a star, which he believed to be the star of his des-

tiny; and if the late Emperor, Napoleon the Third, in addition to many other superstitions, placed implicit confidence in the pretensions of David Home, the spiritualist medium, can we be surprised that so weak and wicked a monarch as Saul, living in a superstitious and idolatrous age, should have longed for a communication from the world of spirits?

In those days there were three ways by which, in special cases, and in answer to fervent prayer, the rulers of Israel might ascertain the will of the Almighty. The first of these was by dreams. Of course, then as now, the vast majority of dreams were meaningless, and any attempt to divine the future from them was not only useless but sinful. But when, in answer to prayer, the soul was visited by a prophetic dream in the silent watches of the night, the matter was altogether different. The dream was of such a character that there could be no difficulty in recognizing the will of the Lord, and the wisest in the land were guided by it. It is by no means clear that, even now, Christians do not sometimes receive warnings in dreams which it would be well for them to heed. The Scriptures also speak of a way of receiving answers from the Lord by Urim and Thummim—objects which were deemed so sacred that the high-priest bore them on his person, and never suffered them to pass out of his hands. Concerning the nature of these objects we must confess our entire ignorance; but it has been plausibly supposed that they were lots, which were cast by the high-priest under circumstances of great solemnity. Whatever they may have been, they furnished no answer to the troubled king. The lot was blank, like the future that stood so ominously before him.

The third way by which the Almighty in those days made known His will was by the mouth of His prophets. These men were not necromancers—they did not seek for supernatural manifestations by charms and incantations—they did not call upon “familiar spirits,” to aid them in discovering mysteries which it is not well for man to know. They were holy men to whom God committed a special message; and so far from seeking for such communications by unhallowed means, they would, in many cases, gladly have left their message untold, if they could have honorably escaped from the performance of an irksome duty.

Saul would gladly have consulted with the prophets; but the oracles were silent, and the king was left to grope in utter darkness. Samuel was dead, and there was not a prophet left in the land of Israel. Having, therefore, failed to reach his object in a legitimate manner, he now proceeded to attempt its accomplishment in a way which he knew to be wrong.

In his better days he had made an attempt to fulfil the law of Moses, by driving out of the country all who professed to have un-

lawful dealings with the spirit-world ; but now, in his extremity, his first inquiry was for a woman with a familiar spirit—one of the very same persons whom, a short time before, he had persecuted with fire and sword.

His servants told him that at Endor, a place in the mountains about eight miles from Gilboa, probably in one of the caves which abound at that place, dwelt the woman whom he sought. So he disguised himself, and in the dead of night, accompanied only by two trusty servants, undertook the journey, which he himself must have felt to be disgraceful in the extreme. It was no trifling matter that the king of Israel should seek the advice and assistance of a proscribed criminal ; and, no doubt, he shuddered like a guilty thing when he stood at the entrance of the den of the witch of Endor.

Surely, the conduct of Saul was exceedingly foolish. He knew, of course, something about the tricks which were often practised by so-called wizards and necromancers, upon their deluded votaries. Here was a crafty old woman, who both feared and hated him, and who had consequently every motive to get him under her influence. He was putting himself in the most favorable position to be imposed upon by an adroit sharper. Suppose even that he should succeed in obtaining what professed to be communications from the spirit-world, what assurance could he possibly have of their truthfulness ? The future is known to God alone, and it was not from God that he expected guidance, but from the spirits of the departed. The whole conduct of Saul was therefore a piece of unmitigated folly ; but it was also worse than folly—it was actually idolatry.

To prove this, it is not necessary to show that magical formulas have always been idolatrous in their nature. Derived exclusively from heathenism, they are, as St. Paul plainly indicates, a worship of devils, rather than of the one true and eternal God.

But, beyond this, the conduct of king Saul plainly involved a wilful violation of the first commandment in the decalogue, “Thou shalt have no other gods before me.” God directs our lives by His Almighty counsel and Providence, and any attempt to anticipate Him, or to seek guidance elsewhere, is practically renouncing Him and seeking idols. Instead of turning to the Lord in his distress Saul turned away from Him, and sought—O shameful story !—to be guided by a witch. In this disgraceful conduct he was the prototype of all those who seek their guidance of persons who profess to have dealings with the spirit-world, and whom, by the way, it is no longer polite to call witches and wizards, but whom we are expected to recognize as clairvoyants, mediums, or by some other high-sounding title. All conduct of this kind tends to widen the

chasm which sin has rent between God and man, and thus to destroy the allegiance which we owe to Him who loved us, and gave Himself for us.

We have followed King Saul to the entrance of the witch's cavern.

In our next article we propose to behold the weird and terrible being whom he consulted, and if possible, to learn something concerning the nature of her sin.

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### SOF<sup>T</sup> ANSWERS.

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BY THE EDITOR.

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"Finally, be ye all of one mind, having compassion one of another; love as brethren, be pitiful, be courteous."

Winning manners are a desirable and rare accomplishment. It is strange that they should be rare, for they are not very difficult to acquire. For many people, if the proper efforts are made, it is just as easy to practise courtesy as rudeness towards others. The other day, in passing through a certain crowded car, I accidentally struck the hat of a stranger on a seat. I quickly turned round and asked his pardon, which apology he received with a ferocious scowl, as much as to say : "Clear out, or I shall kick you out of the car." I thought that I had done the right thing, whether he did the same I shall let the reader judge.

It is said that on one of Thackeray's visits to New York, he was eager to form the acquaintance of the Bowery boys, who have acquired quite a reputation for rude repartee. Perhaps he was in search of material for a future work of fiction. Walking through the Bowery, he at length found one of these little Arabs on a street corner. Here was a chance to study the Bowery boy. Thackeray was a very dignified gentleman, whose polished manners and stately bearing were calculated to impress even his equals. How would they impress the boy ?

He opened the conversation by asking the way to another street.

"Boy, I should like very much to go to Broadway."

"Well, why the h—— don't you go there," was his quick reply. There ended Thackeray's study of the Bowery boys.

There are few places where good and bad manners come more prominently to view than on the streets. You can often tell from the way people pass you on the crossings whether they possess the true spirit of a gentleman or lady. Some will walk three abreast, without making room for those passing them, even if they push them over the curb-stones.

I am not given to great admiration of the French character. But in matters of true civility and politeness commend me to the French. Take the following as an instance told by Robert Dale Owen:

"I had heard, as every one has, of the politeness for which the French of all classes are famous; and I resolved strictly to test it.

"On one of the crowded boulevards (of Paris) I saw one day a woman who might be of any age from sixty to eighty, sitting bowed as with infirmity, over a stall loaded with apples and oranges; her wrinkled face the color of time-stained parchment, her eyes half-closed, and her whole expression betokening stolid sadness and habitual suffering. I made no offer to buy, but doffed my hat to her, as one instinctively does in France when addressing any woman, told her I was a stranger, that I desired to reach such a street, naming it, and begged that she would have the goodness to direct me thither.

"I shall never forget the transformation that took place while I was speaking. The crouched figure erected itself; the face awoke, its stolid look and half its wrinkles, as it seemed, gone; the apparent sullenness replaced by a gentle and kindly air; while the voice was pitched in a pleasant and courteous tone. It said, 'Monsieur will be so good as to cross the boulevard just here, then to pass on, leaving two cross-streets behind him; at the third cross street he will please turn to the right, and then he will be so kind as to descend that street until he shall have passed a cathedral on the left; Monsieur will be careful not to leave this street until he shall have passed the cathedral and another cross-street'—and so on through sundry other turnings and windings.

"I thanked the good woman, but begged that she would have the kindness to repeat her directions, as I feared to forget them. This she did, word for word, with the utmost patience and *bon-hommie*, accompanying her speech, as she had done before, with little appropriate gestures. I was sorely tempted to offer her a piece of money. But something restrained me, and I am satisfied that she did not expect it. So I merely took off my hat a second time, bowed, and bade her farewell. She dismissed me as gracefully as a *grande dame* of the Faubourg St. Germain might some visitor to her gorgeous boudoir."

How very attractive are persons of such manners. They compel others to admire and love them. I can never forget the impression first made on me by the crowds of village children in Germany. Wherever I passed them, whether at play or on their way to school, or from it, every boy would lift his cap and salute me. It was simply a trifle, but one that gave a clue to their training and character.

William Wirt's letter to his daughter, on the "small, sweet courtesies of life," contains a passage from which a great deal of happiness might be learned.

"I want to tell you a secret. The way to make yourself pleasant to others is to show them attention. The whole world is like the miller at Mansfield, 'who cared for nobody—no, not he, because nobody cared for him.' And the whole world would serve you so if you gave them the cause. Let people see that you do care for them by showing them what Sterne so happily called the small courtesies, in which there is no parade, whose voice is too still to tease, and which manifest themselves by tender and affectionate looks and little acts of attention, giving others the preference in every little employment, at the table, in the field, walking, sitting, and standing."

"It is a remarkable fact that one half-hour's summer sunshine deflects the vast mass of the Britannia Tubular Bridge more than all the dead weight which could be placed upon it. What a tribute to the might of gentleness?

That school-child made a good reply who said that meek people were those who 'give soft answers to rough questions.' But how far the world is from taking the scriptural standard, and considering meekness a valuable quality, we may learn by a common use of the word. Who would like to have said of him, as of Moses, that he was 'very meek?' Something mean-spirited would be the popular acceptance; nobody would understand the words to express any enviable virtue if used in the degenerate conversation of to-day. And yet, how does the Giver of all blessings signalize the meek? They are among His specially blessed—"they shall inherit the earth."

A gentleman came to Sir Eardley Wilmot in great wrath at an injury he had suffered from some person high in worldly position, and was considering how he could best show his resentment. 'Would it be manly to resent it?' 'Yes, but God-like to forgive it.' The idea had an instantly soothing effect, and he left that interview, thinking no longer of revenge.

It is related of Anthony Blanc, one of the earliest converts made by Felix Neff, that when he was struck on the head by an opponent of the truth, he said, 'May God forgive and bless you.' The other exclaimed in a fury that he would kill him. Some days afterward Anthony met this man in a narrow Alpine road, and fully expected to be struck again, but, to his amazement, a hand was outstretched with the heartfelt words, 'Mr. Blanc, can you forgive me?' The soft answer to his blow had softened his heart, "breaking the bone."

Does not Sir Matthew Hale seem the greater man when we re-

call his reply to Cromwell's angry speech, 'My lord justice, you are not fit to be a judge.' Hale had refused to lend himself to some arbitrary action, and his only answer to the Protector's words was, 'Please your highness, it is very true.' His great, upright soul was crowned with humility; and a source of many of the hard answers which create life's angry altercations is pride.

On merely worldly ground there is great wisdom in soft answers; for the speaker is so apt to win the day, and gain his own object in the end. De Quincey tells of himself, that when travelling once on the roof of a coach, he fell asleep from weariness and weakness, being at the time in bad health, and lurched against another passenger, who awoke him with much surliness, and complained morosely of this invasion of his comfort. De Quincey apologized, said he was unwell, but would do what he could to avoid falling asleep for the future. Nature would not be coerced, however, and he was soon slumbering again; when he felt the arm of his surly neighbor passed around him to prevent his falling, and in all the stages of his journey thereafter he acted with the tenderness of a woman toward the invalid.

Much practical philosophy lies in the saying of one little boy to another, 'Don't speak so cross; there's no use in it.' Truly no use for anything beneficial or pleasant, but much use for the inflaming of discord and establishment of malice. Especially in domestic life is the sharp answer one of Satan's choice engines for the creation of all uncharitableness. And those who can refrain from it under provocation have achieved a great victory over themselves. One of the most tried and most holy women who ever acted thus was described by her celebrated son, Augustine: 'She had learned not to resist an angry husband; not in deed, only, but even in word. Only when he was smooth and tranquil she would give an account of her actions, if haply he had taken offence. In a word, while many matrons, who had milder husbands would, in familiar talk, blame their husbands' lives, she would blame those wives' tongues. And they, knowing what a choleric husband she endured, marvelled that it could never be perceived that Patricus had beaten her, or there had been any domestic difference between them.' And how closely the meek spirit is allied to that of the peace-maker in the next beatitude we may gather from Augustine's further words: 'This great gift also thou bestowedst, O my God, on that good handmaid of thine, that, between any discordant parties, when hearing on both sides most bitter things, such as swelling and undigested choler causes to break forth, she never would disclose aught but what would tend to their own reconciliation.' Short-lived would be the strifes of the world did everybody act like Monica.

There are a few sweet, placid tempers to whom the ‘soft answer’ comes comparatively easy; but with most persons, it must be the fruit of resolute self-control and self-conquest of a habit of mind produced by watchfulness and prayer. One can sympathize with the passionate school-boy who, pondering on this subject, asked another, ‘What soft thing is very hard?’ and explained his meaning thus, ‘If it is not a hard thing for a fellow to give a soft answer when he’s right down vexed, then I don’t know where you will find anything that’s hard.’

But, if the school-boy learns the lesson, the man will have less difficulty in putting it into use. ‘The beginning of strife is as when one letteth out water,’ and the soft answer will always enable us to fulfil the following injunction: ‘Leave off contention before it be meddled with.’ Yet how easily we justify ourselves in this wrong-doing, prompted by the demon, Pride! How quickly does the sharp retort leap to the lips, how clever we deem ourselves when the thrust (probably as poisoned as we could make it) has been given! We do not remember that this, like other human temptations, was met and conquered by our Great Exemplar; we do not consider Him who endured such contradiction of sinners against Himself, ‘who, when He was reviled, reviled not again; when He suffered, He threatened not,’ although the twelve legions of angels stood ready at His call.”

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### **NOT THE GIFT, BUT THE MOTIVE.**

How often do the humble and poor hesitate to bring their offerings to the Lord, because they are so very small! Let such remember, for their encouragement, that the Master regards not so much the gift in itself, as the motive of the gift. This is most happily illustrated by the following anecdote:

A poor Arab travelling in the desert met with a spring of clear, sweet, sparkling water. Accustomed as he was to brackish wells, to his simple mind it appeared that such water as this was worthy of a monarch; and filling his leatheren bottle from the spring, he determined to go and present it to the caliph himself!

The poor man travelled a considerable distance before he reached the presence of his sovereign, and laid his humble offering at his feet. The caliph did not despise the little gift brought to him with so much trouble. He ordered some of the water to be poured into a cup, drank it, and thanking the Arab with a smile, ordered him to be presented with a reward. The courtiers around pressed forward, eager to taste of the wonderful water; but, to the surprise of all, the caliph forbade them to touch a single drop.

After the poor Arab had quitted the royal presence with a light and joyful heart, the caliph turned to his courtiers, and thus explained the motives of his conduct: "During the travels of the Arab," said he, "the water in his leathern bottle had become impure and distasteful. But it was an offering of love, and as such I have received it with pleasure. But I well knew that had I suffered another to partake of it, he would not have concealed his disgust; and therefore I forbade you to touch the draught, lest the heart of the poor man should have been wounded." In such love will our Lord receive our poor gifts.

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### LONG SERMONS.

The speaker's time should be measured out by wisdom. If he is destitute of discretion, and forget the circumstances of his auditors, he will annoy them more than a little. In one house the pudding is burning, in another the child is needing its mother, and in the third a servant is due in the family; the extra quarter of an hour's prosiness puts all out of order. A country hearer once said to his pastor, "When you go on beyond half-past four in the afternoon service, do you know what I always think about?" "No," said the orator. "Well, then, I will tell you plainly, it is not what you are preaching, but about my cows. They want milking, and you ought to have consideration for them, and not to keep them waiting. How would you like it if you was a cow?" This last remarkable inquiry suggested a good deal of reflection in the mind of the divine to whom it was proposed, and perhaps it may have a similar beneficial effect upon others who ought to confess their long preachings as among the chief of their short-comings.

In general, a great sermon is a great evil. Length is the enemy of strength. The delivery of a discourse is like the boiling of an egg; it is remarkably easy to overdo it, and so to spoil it. You may physic a man till you make him ill, and preach to him till you make him wicked. From satisfaction to satiety there is but a single step; a wise preacher never wishes his hearers to pass it. Enough is as good as a feast, and better than too much.—*Spurgeon.*

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As ships meet at sea, a moment together, when words of greeting must be spoken, and then away upon the deep, so men meet in this world; and I think we should cross no man's path without hailing him, and, if he needs, giving him supplies.—*Beecher.*

# The Sunday-School Drawer.

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THE difficulty in life is the same as the difficulty in grammar—to know when to make the exceptions to the rule.—*Arthur Helps*

THERE is an irresistible eloquence in that show of real Christ love that we find in some men and women. They melt us as silently as the sun melts the snow, and as irresistibly.

THE New Testament contains about 365 direct quotations from the Old Testament, besides nearly 375 indirect references and allusions. The quotations are taken from twenty-two books of the Old Testament, and are to be found in seventeen of the books in the New. Psalms and Proverbs are each quoted seventy-two times, and Isaiah fifty-eight. The frequency and the character of these quotations are such as to preclude the possibility of accepting some of these books of the Bible as the revealed will of God, while rejecting the remainder.—*Sunday-School World*.

THE END OF THE WORLD.—To thousands this is no fiction—no illusion of an overheated imagination. To-day, to-morrow, every day to thousands, the end of the world is close at hand. And why should we fear it? We walk here, as it were, in the crypts of life; at times, from the great cathedral above us, we can hear the organ and the chanting of the choir; we see the light stream through the open door when some friend goes up before us; and shall we fear to mount the narrow staircase of the grave, that leads out of this uncertain twilight into the serene mansions of the life eternal?—*Longfellow*

“ FOLLOW COPY.”—A short time since, a lad in the printing office received from his master a list of Scripture questions and answers to be set up and printed. In the progress of the work, the lad turned aside and asked the foreman if he must “ follow copy;” that is, set it up just as it was written.

“ Certainly,” said the foreman “ .Why not?”

“ Because this copy is not like the Bible, and it professes to be the language of that book.”

“ How do you know that it is not like the Bible?”

“ Why, I learned some of these proofs at a Sunday-school ten years ago, and I know that two of them are not like the Bible.”

“ Well, then, do not follow copy, but set them up as they are in the Bible.”

The lad got the Bible, and made it the “ copy,” his guide and pattern.

“ Follow copy,” children, wherever you find it according to the Bible. Through all your life make the Bible your one copy.—*Little Watchman*.

A CELEBRATED writer says that if one could read it, every human being carries his life in his face, and is good-looking or the reverse, as that life has been good or evil.

WE should act with as much energy as if we expected everything for ourselves ; and we should pray with as much earnestness as if we expected everything from God.

THE time to address men on the subject of personal religion should be well chosen. Never approach them for that purpose when they are fretted or worried by other affairs. Take them alone. Choose an hour when their hearts are most likely to be tender ; speak as a friend, not as a superior or as an adviser. There must be an adaptation of means to ends. Some people try to persuade their neighbors to seek Christ in the same business-like way in which they set themselves to promote a church fair, and wonder at their want of success.—*Congregationalist.*

THE “THY WILL BE DONE” Spirit.—Susie wanted to join a picnic ; she wanted to go very much indeed. Her mother knew it. She was sorry not to let her go ; but there were good reasons why Susie should stay away. Susie asked her mother, and her mother said :

“No, Susie, you cannot go”

Mrs. Barnes expected to see a sorrowful disappointment in her daughter’s face ; instead of which she bounded away, singing merrily as she went.

“I was afraid of seeing you grievously disappointed,” said her mother, much relieved by her daughter’s behaviour.

“I have got the ‘Thy will be done’ spirit in my heart, dear mother,” said the child sweetly. It is a spirit which would wipe away many a tear.

A DETROIT newspaper tells this pretty little story : A boy about ten years of age, leading a lively little dog, called at the central station and asked if that was the place where they shot dogs. Being answered in the affirmative, he said : “Well, please shoot my poor little Dan. He’s an awful good dog, and he plays with the baby all day, but father’s deaf, and mother’s sick, and I can’t raise money to get a license.” Then turning to the dog the boy lifted him up tenderly and stroked him, saying : “Poor Dan ! how Billy will cry when I tell him you are dead !” Great big tears rolled down the boy’s face, and in a little time those around him made up a purse sufficient to save his dog, and a person went with him after the license. The boy’s eyes fairly sparkled at his unexpected luck, and speaking to the dog he cried out : “You’re saved, Dan ! You’re saved ; let’s go right home to Billy !”

“I CAN’T REACH THE BRAKE.”—Gordon was one of the most celebrated drivers on the Pacific coast. He could handle a coach-and-six to perfection. But he was not less celebrated for his profanity than his excellent driving. Indeed, swearing seemed to be a passion with him, and we never shall know in this world how many younger drivers he trained to the same awful sin. One day another driver being questioned as to the cause of so much profanity among stage drivers, replied very indifferently, “O, Gordon, does it, and so we all swear professionally.” Gordon’s end was a sad one. Just before he breathed his last, he suddenly began clutching at the bedclothes, and reaching down with his feet as if in search of something to rest them on. His wife asked the dying man the cause of his trouble. “Oh,” said he, “I’m going down a terrible grade, and I can’t reach the brake.” Ah, that “terrible grade” that opens before the dying eyes of the ungodly.

## *Editor's Drawer.*

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ADVERSITY borrows its sharpest sting from our impatience.—*Bishop Horne.*

A LARGE mass of error is easily embalmed and perpetuated by a little truth.—*Mackay.*

IT is not until we have passed through the furnace that we are made to know how much dross was in our composition.

THROUGHOUT Russia on Easter morning, the salutation is “Christ is risen ;” to which the reply is returned : “He has risen indeed.”

As Dr. Dwight once passed through a region of very poor land, he said to a farmer, “Sir, I see your land here is not very productive.” “No, sir,” said the honest farmer, “our land is just like self-righteousness.” “How is that?” “Why the more a man has of it the poorer he is.”

EXCEPT a living man, there is nothing more wonderful than a book ! a message to us from the dead—from human souls we never saw, who lived, perhaps, thousands of miles away. And yet these, in those little sheets of paper, speak to us, arouse us, terrify us, teach us, comfort us, open their hearts to us as brothers.—*Charles Kingsley.*

TENNYSON, says a London gossip writer, grows more and more popular among his old friends, and adds : “For, much as it is to say, the man is better than his poetry. Plain as a Quaker, in his garb, blunt but cordial in his speech, humorous and full of good stories, kindly and truthful, his annual sojourn in London—he is here now—is looked forward to as a literary, and social festivity, and the sight of his long head and genial face, and his curious long cloak, is enough even to make one forget the fogs, which just now are thick and cold enough to increase the traffic in razors.”

PROVIDENTIAL DETENTION.—At one time, when John Wesley was travelling in Ireland, his carriage became fixed in the mire, and the harness broke. While he and his companion were laboring to extricate it, a poor man passed in great distress. Mr. Wesley called to him, and inquired the cause of his distress. He said that he had been unable, through misfortune, to pay his rent of twenty shillings, and his family were just being turned out of doors. “Is that all you need?” said Mr. Wesley, handing him the amount—“here, go and be happy.” Then, turning to his companion, he said, pleasantly, “You see, now, why our carriage stopped here in the mud.”

THE following old receipt for the choice of a wife is none the worse for being old :

As much of beauty as preserves affection,  
Of modest diffidence as claims protection ;  
A docile mind, subservient to correction,  
A temper led by reason and reflection,  
And every passion kept in due subjection ;  
Just faults enough to keep her from perfection.  
Find this, my friend, and then make your selection.

**DON'T BE TOO CRITICAL.**—If you don't like any one's nose, or object to any one's chin don't put your feelings into words. If any one's manners don't please you, remember your own. People are not all made to suit one taste ; recollect that. Take things as you find them. Even a dinner, after it is swallowed, can not be made any better. Continual fault finding, continual criticism of the conduct of this one and the speech of that one, the dress of the other and the opinions of t'other, will make home the unhappiest place under the sun: If you are never pleased with any one, no one will ever be pleased with you. And if it is known that you are hard to suit, few will take pains to suit you.—*Hearth and Home.*

**WHOSE FORTUNES HAVE PERISHED?**—If a man loses his property at thirty or forty years of age, it is only a sharp discipline generally by which later he comes to larger success. It is all folly for a man to sit down in mid-life discouraged. The marshals of Napoleon came to their commander and said : "We have lost the battle and we are being cut to pieces." Napoleon took his watch from his pocket, and said : "It is only two o'clock in the afternoon. You have lost the battle, but we have time enough to win another. Charge upon the foe!" Though the meridian of life has passed with you, and you have been routed in many a conflict, give not up in discouragement. There are victories yet for you to gain.

**THE Seymour (Ind.) Times**, thus describes a young lady who has no difficulty in finding something to do in the world : Miss Lulie A. Monroe, the pet daughter of the wretched "heditor" of this paper, becoming disgusted with the troop of gentlemanly roving and unstable printers whom we have employed during the past few months, swapping one for another every few days and weeks, cleared the last one out last week and determined to do all the work herself. Every type of this issue was set up by her nimble fingers, including the new advertisements since our last issue, and she has three columns for next week. And, besides all this, she did a big washing, read about fifty newspapers, and took two days' recreation at the Mitchell fair; and this active and spunky little "printress" declares her intention to set up the whole paper herself hereafter.

**THINGS WE DO NOT WANT.**—We read of a philosopher who, passing through a mart filled with articles of taste and luxury, made himself quite happy with this simple yet sage reflection : "How many things there are here that I do not want!" Now this is just the reflection with which the earnest believer passes happily through the world. It is richly furnished with what are called *good things*. It has posts of honor and power, to tempt the restless aspirings of ambition of every grade. It has gold and gems, houses and lands, for the covetous and ostentatious. It has innumerable bowers of taste and luxury, where self-indulgence may revel. But the Christian, whose piety is deep-toned, and whose spiritual perceptions are clear, looks over the world and exclaims : "How much there is here that I do not want! I have what is far better. My treasure is in heaven."

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Devoted to the Social, Literary and Religious Interests of  
Young Men and Ladies.

**Rev. B. BAUSMAN, D. D., Editor.**

THE GUARDIAN enters upon its XXVth volume, on the first of January 1874. It has a sufficient history to establish its character, and to show its fruits. In its principles, purposes and general spirit, no changes are proposed. The True, the Beautiful, and the Good are unchangeable—error and sin are always the same. Its editorial management is committed, as heretofore, to the Rev. B. BAUSMAN, D. D., whose name, of itself, the publishers regard as the most satisfactory guarantee of the high tone and general interest which should characterize the family magazine.

THE GUARDIAN continues to be published by the REFORMED CHURCH PUBLICATION BOARD. It compares favorably with other publications of the kind, and has earned for itself a reputation which may well be coveted. The January number will be embellished with a beautiful Steel Engraving, and the publication continue to appear with a handsome ornamental cover title. The publishers will continue to use a superior quality of paper; and do all in their power, in co-operating with the Editor, to render THE GUARDIAN acceptable to its subscribers.

This Magazine will be, as heretofore, devoted to the highest interests of the young, at the most solemn and interesting period of their life. It will offer its friendly counsels to them in an earnest, though free and cheerful way. It will solemnly seek to warn them against the wrong, and affectionately lure them to the right. The Editor will endeavor to make its contents true, pure, fresh, and healthy as the morning of life. It will particularly urge self-culture and early piety as of the highest importance, and cultivate the home feeling as a sacred element in social purity and peace. It will seek to move in the element of its motto:—“Life—Light—Love.”

THE GUARDIAN has no denominational or party bias. It is its ambition to take the quiet way of peace and love. It would turn the attention of its readers to that first and greatest of duties, the cultivation of the heart, mind, social feelings and pious affections. It will have its reward if it can be the means of making Hearts better, Homes happier, and Heaven surer. The evidence that it has in a degree done this, which the experience of years has furnished, is more precious to us than gain or gold. Cheerfully, hopefully, and believably we take our pilgrim-staff in hand to travel another year.

THE GUARDIAN contains thirty-two pages monthly, making a handsome Volume of three hundred and eighty-four pages at the end of the year.

Pastors who receive this Prospectus are requested to hand it to some active member of the Church, who will procure subscribers for THE GUARDIAN. If ten subscribers are obtained, we will send one copy to the person obtaining them and one to the pastor gratis.

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No. 4.

“LIFE, LIGHT, LOVE.”

THE

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SOCIAL, LITERARY, AND RELIGIOUS INTERESTS

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PHILADELPHIA:  
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# THE GUARDIAN.

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Vol. XXV.

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No. 4.

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## REMINISCENCES OF THE WAR.

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BY THE EDITOR.

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### *Homeward Bound.*

"By the drum's dull muffled sound,  
By the arms that sweep the ground,  
By the volleying musket's tone,  
Speak ye of a soldier gone  
In his manhood's pride."

Nearly all our soldiers were at first unused to war. Untrained, undrilled, and unhardened. The exposure, diet and privations soon gathered a corps of invalids. This was rapidly recruited by the battles around us. Some of our large public buildings were turned into hospitals. The railroad and ambulance trains brought the wounded and dying, and ere long filled every available space in these buildings. Soon an army of sympathizing nurses, the Christian ladies of Chambersburg, took them in charge. No son nor brother could be more tenderly cared for, than these cared for the suffering soldiers. Our busy ladies were all astir with acts of soothing kindness. Every delicacy, luscious fruit, (grapes, peaches, apples), or nourishing dish within reach was brought to our brave boys. Around the cots of pain they softly moved, bestowing a kind act and word on each. Soon the faces and voices of the sick soldiers became familiar to us, and they seemed no longer strangers but brothers. The clergy, too, paid them daily visits, and "tasted the luxury of doing good." Our ministry among these brave sufferers taught us new lessons. Many hearts considered hard and unsympathetic were melted into tenderness at the sight of them.

One day a poor old woman accosted me in one of the wards of the hospital. Toil-worn and aged, she needed her little money to

buy bread and clothing. By hard work she had procured a little cottage home and a small patch of ground in the country. Her few peach trees, of her own planting, bore as luscious fruit as those of her wealthier neighbors. Instead of selling these, she carried with much labor, a half a bushel to town, a distance of several miles, to distribute them among the sick soldiers. How pressingly she needs the money that these nice peaches would sell for! But here are men, strangers to her, who had their limbs shot off to defend her little home. Was not that kind? She reads no papers, and knows little of the immense issues at stake in the bloody conflict. Only this much, perhaps: she had come to this country, to train up her children as industrious citizens in this land of freedom. And a kind Providence helped her to do it. But, as she picked up the blushing peaches in the early morning, she muttered to herself, "I will take them to the wounded soldiers. How glad they will be to eat such nice peaches."

Seeing me at the bedside of a sufferer, she came with both her large hands filled with the tempting fruit, and pressed me to accept it. "No, no," I replied, "these soldiers deserve your peaches more than I." Then she went on with her sweet work, dragging her heavy basket from one cot to another, stammering in broken English a blessing upon the soldiers as she handed them her fruit.

Ere long a feeling of mutual confidence was established between the sick and her attending friends. They would tell the nurses and pastors their secret troubles; how one felt concerned about his wife and little ones at home; now and then one would draw a photograph from under his pillow to show the face of some little or loved one. Another felt concerned about his widowed mother. What would become of her if he should die? And then we would write letters home for them. And often the writer could hardly keep his tears from soiling the paper, as the warm words of love, dictated by the sick one, were written down.

Full well I remember Robert Cunningham, a pious youth, who had his arm shot off. "Never have I seen a more winning young man," said his surgeon. "In all his severe sufferings, even during the amputation of his arm, I never heard a murmur of impatience fall from his lips."

Shortly before his death he sent for me. "I have tried to be a Christian," he faintly whispered. "Have prayed much, and tried to be faithful to Christ. Now I am too weak to pray. I want you to pray for me."

"Yes, Robert, when I was here last you were too sick to know me. Since then I prayed for you." At the side of the dying youth I knelt, and besought God to be with him in death's cold flood. Two hours later he fell gently asleep. Turning away from

his corpse, I met one of the Angels of Mercy who had nursed him day and night for weeks, to whom I said : " Robert is dead." She walked away to the other side of the ward, and wept as if her child or brother had died. All these things and more I wrote to his mother after his burial.

The Confederate sick were less accessible than our soldiers. A Col. —— of North Carolina, evidently a man of great influence in his own State, was brought from the battle-field, fatally wounded. His colored servant waited on him. He was a man of intelligence and refinement. For the little acts of kindness bestowed on him he was very grateful. His desponding state of mind helped to hasten his death. "I have no desire to live," he said to me one day. "Life has no more attraction for me. My wife and children, save one, are dead. My property is gone. My home and family broken up. My only living child I can commit to its grandparents. I have no wish to get well." When he found that I sincerely sympathized with him, he became still more open and frank. He was kindly cared for till his death. I felt tenderly drawn towards the Southern officer, and regretted that my absence from home prevented the bestowment of a last kind office at his burial.

Day after day I found a lady dressed in black, at the bedside of her suffering husband, fanning him. There she sat by day and by night, refusing to be relieved. Their home was in Western Pennsylvania. A few weeks previous she had heard that he and her son were engaged in the Antietam battle. She hurried thither, and reached the field on the last day of the bloody conflict. Father and son fought side by side. With careful, steady aim, they fired and fought. At length the father sank aside of the son, from the effects of several wounds. As the latter tried to carry his father from the field, the order was given to charge the enemy. Dropping the bleeding, helpless soldier, the son seized his bayonet and hastened to the charge. Yonder woman, the wife and mother, with trembling anxiety watched them during the fight. She is near enough to see her wounded, forsaken husband. She rushes in among the fallen, fighting and dying, where balls and shells fly thickly around her. A short distance she dragged her bleeding spouse, as best she could, then with the help of others he was borne to a place of safety. She followed him to our hospital, and attends to him. At first she read to him out of the Good Book, and after he had gained some strength he read to her. And a beautiful sight it was, to watch this patient, grateful couple—she fanning him while he read to her out of the Scriptures.

With equal devotion, a pale, intelligent lady from Philadelphia, beguiled the tedious, trying hours of her wounded husband, now

reading a book, then a paper, then in a subdued tone of voice conversing about this and that agreeable topic. Her manner and conversation showed that she was accustomed to move in refined circles. Hearing that her husband had been killed at Antietam, she hastened thither in search of his body. Alone she climbed up and down the rough, steep hills of the battle-field. With trembling anxiety she stopped at every fresh grave, and examined the names on the grave-boards. And when there were no more graves to be found, she turned away from the field with a bleeding heart. Even the melancholy satisfaction of taking her dead husband back to their Philadelphia burial-place was denied her. Must she leave him lie uncoffined and unwept in an unknown grave?

Perhaps, after all, he might be living yet; lie wounded in some hospital. Through all the wards of the Hagerstown hospitals she vainly searched for him. On her homeward way she stopped at Chambersburg, and sought him whom her soul loved, though with little hope of finding him. With a crushed heart she entered this room. A few moments brought her to the lost one. Thirty brave men, unused to tears, lying around him, sobbed like little children as they saw her rush to his arms whom she had sought in a soldier's grave, and kneel by his bedside in thankful prayer for the merciful Providence of God which gave her back her husband. For weeks she patiently nursed him in this uninviting room. And she did it so cheerfully. "The people are so very kind here," she said to me one day. "They could not be more so. I would rather remain here for a while longer, for my husband is better cared for here than he possibly could be in Philadelphia."

One day I paused by the bedside of a young man, consumed by a burning fever. Large drops of sweat stood on his brow, as he strove, with his lean, bony hands, to keep the flies off his face.

"Have you any parents living?" I inquired.

"No."

"No friends anywhere?"

"Yes. A sister far away, but no friends near."

Then, crouching down at his side, I softly whispered to him, "I will be a friend to you. Does your sister know that you are sick here?"

"No. I am too weak to write to her."

"Then I will write to her for you. Shall I tell her to come to see you?"

"Oh, she is too poor."

"Then I will ask her to write you a letter. And I will promise her that I and my friends will be to you a sister and a brother. Have you ever given your heart to the Saviour?"

"No."

"Let me assure you, He is the best friend that I have. He wants to be your friend, and help you. Pray Him to give you a new heart, and to make you a Christian. He is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother."

Then the poor youth wept—wept tears of sorrow and of joy. I left him, sobbing out the burdens of his penitent heart. In the beautiful valley of Wyoming the kind sister had for sorrowful weeks feared to hear of the death of this brother. Not long after she found him alive and getting well.

Most touching were the words of love these sick and dying soldiers spoke and wrote to their loved ones at home. Even when dying some would give you a last kind word or prayer to send to them. As one passed through the dark valley he stared from one side of the room to the other, then pointed with his finger to the wall, as if he had seen some dear one coming, beckoning them to hasten their approach.

"Mother! I may not hear thy voice again;  
Sisters! ye watch to greet my step in vain;  
Young brother, fare thee well! On each dear head  
Blessing and love a thousand fold be shed,  
My soul's last earthly breathings! May your home  
Smile for you ever! I may not sleep  
Amidst our fathers, where your tears might shine  
Over my slumbers. The dark night falls,  
And I depart. The brave are gone to rest,  
The brothers of my combats, on the breast  
Of the red field they reaped;—their work is done."

To care the better for them some of our families took one or more wounded soldiers to their homes. By tenderly caring for them they learned to love them. It was a melancholy sight when parents, who had come to nurse their sons, had naught but their lifeless remains to take home with them. In such cases a pastor and a group of sympathizing soldiers and citizens gathered around the coffin. A hymn was sung, a prayer offered, a few words of kindness and hope spoken. Then a procession was formed to take the mourners and their sad burden to the depot, and start them on their mournful journey homeward.

Very touching were some of these soldier-funerals. The coffin was often wrapped in the folds of a large flag. Then the couplet was very popular,

"For none can have a name so proud,  
As he whose flag becomes his shroud."

The highest and best name attainable is that of a Christian. One or more of the clergy led the procession. They were led by a band. Soldiers who were well enough to walk, formed a

military escort. Often a goodly number of citizens would join the procession. The military marched with their rifle muzzles turned earthward. Downward is the tendency of strife. In the grave the warlike Indian buries his tomahawk. Here let all enmities be buried. The drums were always muffled. Their slow beat timed the solemn tread of the procession. Thus

“Our hearts though stout and brave,  
Still like muffled drums are beating  
Funeral marches to the grave.”

The first year of the war the band always played, “Homeward Bound” on the march to the grave. A stranger soldier, far from home, borne to the place appointed for all living, to this tune; this, too, gave us something to think about. For if the dead have died in Christ, then dying is a home going. Often the streets were lined with people, as the procession passed. At doors and windows women held their aprons to their faces and wept, though they had never seen the soldier. And around the grave, though not a relative to the dead was there, tears fell freely. They thought of their husbands, sons and brothers in the army, whom others, in some far-off State, might sooner or later, thus bear to their rest. With kindly sympathy, too, we had to think of the family or friends of the deceased—of parents, wife and children, who could not be present. Thankful, too, we felt to the departed. They fell for our homes, no less than for theirs. Many felt that they were our friends, though unknown to us—that they died for us. A man’s life is of more value than all riches. If he gives that to his country, and for the good of others, he gives more than the treasures of Croesus. And there was something sad in their being strangers. In a great crowd around a grave there was but one who had known the deceased. By his grave stood a care-worn, wounded soldier, the comrade and friend of his youth; his one arm hung in a sling, the other held his cap, as I prayed for sorrowing friends of the dead in their far-off home. At the close of the burial service, the military fired over the open grave of the warrior; it was their parting salute.

A man may die for his country, and yet not be a Christian. Very sad was it to see brave men shedding their blood for others, whose souls were untouched with the blood of Christ. Alas for those who love not Him who tasted death for all men! The soldier of Christ, only, has the promise of the great victory and the unfading crown. Many are his battles, but thanks be to God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.

"Wildly the storm sweeps us on as it roars,  
We're homeward bound;  
Look, yonder lie the bright heavenly shores,  
We're homeward bound;  
Steady, O pilot! stand firm at the wheel,  
Steady, we soon shall outweather the gale,  
O how we fly 'neath the loud, creaking sail,  
We're homeward bound."

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### THE WITCH OF ENDOR. NUMBER II.

#### *The Witch and the Apparition.*

BY REV. J. H. DUBBS.

In our former article, we followed King Saul in his mysterious nocturnal journey to the abode of the witch of Endor. It was yet by no means a pleasant journey; but the most trying moment was to come. No doubt the king of Israel, though he was undoubtedly brave in the day of battle, shivered like an aspen leaf when he entered the presence of that solitary sorceress.

We cannot describe the scene which now presented itself. Though the Scriptures tell us at length what occurred at that remarkable interview, we have no description of the parties who were present. We do not know whether the sorceress was young or old, beautiful or hideous. It is perhaps but natural that we should be influenced to such an extent by ancient legends and superstitions, as well as by the works of great poets, such as Shakespeare and Goethe, as to imagine her to have been a horrible old hag, stirring a cauldron full of unnamable materials,

"So withered, and so wild in her attire,  
She seems not of the earth though dwelling on it."

It is, however, not necessary to remind you that the Scriptures say nothing of the kind. Were it not for the fact that a life of wickedness is apt to leave its impress on the features of the criminal, we might suppose her to have been as beautiful as Hebe for all the Scriptures have to say to the contrary.

*Who was the witch of Endor?* We do not know her lineage and degree. Not even her name is recorded—and it is perhaps well that it is so; for it is the will of the Almighty that the fame of the wicked should be lost in oblivion, or in the language of

Scripture, that "the name of the wicked should rot." We have, therefore, nothing at all to do with the witch of Endor as an individual. Personally she was perhaps not as repulsive as we are apt to imagine. She seems, at any rate, to have been hospitable, for she did not esteem it a hardship to prepare a supper in the dead of night for her bitterest enemy.

*But what was the crime which this solitary woman had committed?* Why was she an outcast according to the laws of God and man, and compelled to hide herself in obscure places in order to save her miserable life? Let it be remembered that though we call her the *witch* of Endor, this term is not applied to her in Scripture. She is called a woman with "a familiar spirit," or according to the original, a spirit of Ob or darkness, and though she probably was a witch in the ancient Scriptural sense of the word, there is not a particle of proof that she was one of the fierce, malignant, and yet utterly contemptible beings which modern superstition has painted.

It is hard to tell whence our ancestors derived their ideas of witchcraft—certainly not from the Bible. The strange notions on the subject that prevailed universally a comparatively short time ago—that wicked people often sold themselves to Satan, in order that they might injure and annoy their neighbors—would be ludicrous if they were not so sad. Yet we know that less than two hundred years ago, in the now enlightened commonwealth of Massachusetts not less than twenty persons were executed and one hundred and fifty imprisoned for the crime of witchcraft. The history of that delusion is one of the most remarkable on record, and we cannot account for it in any other way than by supposing it to have been a kind of mental epidemic, in consequence of which some people became so infatuated as to confess themselves witches, though by so doing they were certain to be condemned to a shameful death.

If then the witch of Endor was not a witch in the modern sense of the word, the question naturally arises, in what did her criminality consist? Was she an innocent victim to the superstition of the age, as some writers have supposed? We answer unhesitatingly, no! In the language of a recent writer in the *London Quarterly*, "It is too strong a tax upon our credulity to have us imagine, that all the statutes against witchcraft and kindred evils which fill the legal codes of all nations, from the days of Moses almost down to the present time should have been directed against a crime which never existed."

With reference to things of this kind the law of Moses speaks with no uncertain sound. The Lord not only condemns those who deal in unlawful arts, but also all such as countenance them

by seeking their assistance and direction. Thus we read, "The soul that turneth after such as have familiar spirits and after wizards, I will set my face against that soul, and I will cut him off from among his people." And again, "There shall not be found among you a charmer, or a consulter with familiar spirits, or a wizard, or a necromancer: for all these things are an abomination to the Lord."

Yet notwithstanding the strict commandments of the law of Moses, we find in all ages of Israelite history men and women who professed to have dealings with the spirit world, and who by their unhallowed arts professed to be able to divine the future or to advance the temporal interests of their votaries. Even as late as the days of the apostles there were such men as Simon Magus, and "seven sons of Sceva, the chief priest," who attempted by magical arts to imitate the miracles of Christ and His apostles. "And," as the Scriptures tell us, "many of them also which used curious arts brought their books together, and burned them before all men, and they counted the price of it and found it fifty thousand pieces of silver."

The Scriptures nowhere condescend to tell us how these enchantments were accomplished. They do not furnish the opportunity for sin by indicating the means of indulging in it. Nor do they even tell us to what extent the pretensions of these magicians and sorcerers were founded on a basis of fact, and to what extent they consisted of mere charlatanry and deception.

So much however is clear, that all seeking for communication with the spirit world, all attempts to divine the future, whether by dreams or omens—in short, that all the arts of superstition are sinful in the extreme. It does not matter whether the witch of Endor was a mere deceiver, or whether she actually possessed a certain degree of Satanic power—her pretensions in themselves brand her as a very wicked woman.

She was an idolater, and induced others to commit that dreadful sin. I do not doubt that she was literally a heathen, for in her incantations she speaks of "gods," but has not a word to say concerning the omnipotent Jehovah. But apart from idolatry of this kind, we know that everything that leads men away from the worship of the one true God is idolatry. Hence the prophet Isaiah exclaims: "When they shall say unto you, Seek unto them that have familiar spirits, and unto wizards that peep and that mutter: should not a people seek unto their God?"

Superstition of every kind lessens our confidence in God, inasmuch as it leads us to put our trust in something outside of His glorious Providence. The blessed confidence of the Christian is supplanted by a suspicious and doubtful reliance on objects which

in their very nature are uncertain and deceptive. Incantations take the place of prayer, and the means of grace which the Almighty has instituted are cast aside to make room for rites which the word of God declares to be equivalent to the worship of devils. To persons who indulge in such sins, and there are thousands who do so even at the present day, applies with tremendous force the denunciation of the Lord, "Cursed be the man that trusteth in man, and maketh flesh his arm, and whose heart departeth from the Lord." Besides this tendency to idolatry, there was always much conscious deception practised by those men and women of whom the witch of Endor was a type. Even though Satan may have to a certain extent assisted them in their blasphemous rites, he is himself the "father of lies," and urged them on to words and deeds of falsehood. Those who assumed magic as a "profession," if it be proper to dignify their craft by such a term, were naturally anxious to extend their influence by every possible means, and hence did not hesitate to deceive the people by tricks of legerdemain. In those days it was not difficult to deceive the populace in such matters, and modern researches have in many instances shown how this was accomplished. When anxious inquirers applied for guidance at the oracle of Apollo, they were not aware that the statue was hollow, and that the priest spoke through the lips of their marble god. When the statue of Memnon emitted a musical note at the rising of the sun the crowd of worshipers did not imagine that there was some one hidden behind the statue, who at the precise moment struck a peculiar stone with a hammer and thus caused the sound at which they wondered. Even in modern times we know how whole communities were deceived by artifices which to us seem so transparent that we cannot help smiling at the wonderful effect which they produced.

We remember, for instance, having heard in boyhood how a certain man acquired the reputation of being a wizard. It was a cold winter night, and the hills close to his house were covered with a smooth, spotless sheet of snow. Several young people had spent the evening at his house, and had been very cordially invited to remain until morning, but they insisted on returning home that night. "Never mind," said their host, "you may try to go, but you will be glad to return." Laughing they left the house, but soon returned in great terror. "There are lions and tigers, and giants in the way," they cried. Their host assured them that no evil should befall them, and guided them safely home. The lions and tigers were seen no more.

Of course, in an ignorant community this occurrence produced an intense excitement, and the man was at once set down as a sorcerer of the first-class. But how simple the whole affair appears to

us. Even our children could hardly be frightened in this way, for the whole secret undoubtedly was that the man had a magic-lantern, with which he cast pictures out of his window on the snow. Who can tell how many thousands of the alleged wonders of magic and sorcery were produced in a similar manner? As all kinds of falsehood and deception are an abomination to the Lord, it is plain that the tricks and illusions practised by the sorcerers and magicians of ancient times rather added to their criminality than decreased it.

The witch of Endor plainly undertook a task at the request of Saul which she knew herself unable to perform. Whatever communications she may have received from evil spirits, it is utterly incredible that she should, by her incantations, have been able to call the *pious* dead from their quiet resting-place. No Christian writer has ever ventured the assertion that the minions of Satan have power to bring back the souls of the righteous and force them to answer their impertinent questions. How was it then with the apparition of Samuel which appeared to Saul on the occasion of his interview with the witch of Endor? Was it a mere juggler's trick, such as have been played by charlatans on innumerable similar instances?

At first sight it would seem as though the apparition of Samuel had been such a delusion, and it is indeed likely that the sorceress started out with the intention of deceiving Saul. But it is plain from the whole tenor of the passage that the apparition was genuine, and that the sorceress was herself greatly terrified when Samuel appeared. If there were nothing before us but the words of Saul and the sorceress we might be justified in believing the whole affair to have been a mere deception, but it is plain that the communication of Saul to Samuel was of such a nature as would never have entered the mind of the sorceress, and the whole of the internal evidence is therefore in favor of its genuineness. Besides this, the text plainly tells us that it was Samuel who spoke to Saul, and this statement surely dare not be called in question, so long as we hold that all Scripture was written by inspiration of God.

That apparitions may appear on great occasions, whenever God in His Providence deems them necessary, is evident from the account in the New Testament of the transfiguration of Christ, when Moses and Elias appeared and conversed with Him, as well as from many other passages of Holy Writ. We therefore do not hesitate to express our conviction that Samuel actually appeared to Saul, but it was not in consequence of the incantations of the sorceress, but through the Almighty power of God that this was accomplished. Both Saul and the witch of Endor were put to

shame. The witch was terrified and cried with a loud voice when she beheld the results of a power greater than her own—when she saw him who had always been most earnest in his denunciation of her ungodly conduct. Saul heard the judgment of the Lord, and fell straightway on the earth. It is indeed said “there was no strength in him, for he had eaten no bread all the day and all the night,” but it was not until the judgment of the Lord was pronounced upon him that he fell down on the earth. If he had sought God’s pardon and assistance by penitence and prayer he might have obtained them; but by thus seeking aid from the prince of darkness he sealed his condemnation, and going into battle on the following day like a criminal going to execution, he was not only defeated by his enemies, but in the extremity of his despair fell upon his sword, and thus died by his own hand.

This brief account of the visit of King Saul to the witch of Endor teaches us how utterly vain it is to seek for spiritual enlightenment and guidance elsewhere than in the Word of God, and the other means of grace which He has established. Every other light is but an *ignis fatuus* that lures men to destruction. “Even though we or an angel from heaven should preach any other gospel to you than that ye have received let him be accursed.”

We may safely trust God’s Providence to guide us in every time of difficulty and danger. “My times are in thy hand,” says the Psalmist, and as it is the height of folly to rebel against His omnipotence, so it is the greatest wisdom to have faith in His Providence and to trust in His mercy. Let us consequently avoid everything that trenches on the domain of superstition, which is idolatry. “Wherefore, my beloved,” as says the apostle, “flee from idolatry. I speak to wise men, judge ye what I say.”

### AT THE FOOT OF THE CROSS.

(O WELT, SIEH HIER DEIN LEBEN.)

Oh, world ! beloved upon the tree  
 Thy Life is hanging now for thee,  
     Thy Saviour yields His dying breath.  
 The mighty Prince of glory now,  
 For thee does unresisting bow  
     To cruel stripes, to scorn and death.

Draw near, O world, and mark Him well,  
 Behold the drops of blood that tell  
     How sore His conflict with the foe :  
 And hark ! how from that noble heart,  
 Sigh after sigh doth slowly s art  
     From depths of yet unfathom’d woe.

I and my sins, that number more  
 Than yonder sands upon the shore,  
     Have brought to pass this agony.  
 'Tis I have caused the floods of woe  
 That now Thy dying soul o'erflow,  
     And those sad hearts that watch by Thee.

'Tis I to whom these pains belong,  
 'Tis I should suffer for my wrong,  
     Bound hand and foot in heavy chains ;  
 Thy scourge, Thy fetters, whatsoe'er  
 Thou bearest, 'tis my soul should bear,  
     For she hath well deserved such pains.

To save me from the monster's power,  
 The death that all things would devour,  
     Thyself into his jaws dost leap ;  
 My death Thou takest thus away,  
 And buriest in thy grave for aye,  
     O love most strangely true and deep !

From henceforth there is naught of mine  
 But I would seek to make it Thine,  
     Since all myself to Thee I owe.  
 Whate'er my utmost powers can do,  
 To Thee to render service true,  
     Here at Thy feet I lay it low.

Ah ! little have I Lord to give,  
 So poor, so base the life I live,  
     But yet, till soul and body part,  
 This one thing I will do for Thee—  
 The love, the death endured for me  
     I'll cherish in my inmost heart.

Thy cross shall be before my sight,  
 My hope, my joy, by day and night,  
     Whate'er I do, where'er I rove ;  
 And gazing I will gather thence  
 The form of spotless innocence,  
     The seal of faultless truth and love.

Thy heavy groans, Thy bitter sighs,  
 The tears that from Thy dying eyes  
     Were shed when Thou wert sore oppress'd,  
 Shall be with me when at the last  
 Myself on Thee I wholly cast,  
     And enter with Thee into rest.

*Paul Gerhart, 1659.*

## DOROTHEA TRUDEL.

BY THE EDITOR.

"Did you visit Pastor Blumhart, at Möttlingen?" asked a friend on my return from Europe.

"No. Who is Pastor Blumhart?"

"A godly pastor of a secluded village in the Black Forest, who heals all manner of diseases by prayer and the laying on of hands."

"Surely, such a man I should have gone a great ways to see."

"Afflicted people flock to him from all parts of the world, sufferers in body and mind, who go away healed and in their right mind."

"Did you visit Madam Trudel, of Männedorf?" asked another.

"No. Much I heard about her, but failed to see her."

"Were you not at Zurich?"

"Yes."

"In an hour's ride on the steamer of the Lake you could have reached the place."

How sorry I was that I neglected to see and commune with these two people. For greater than the Alps and the Coliseum is a soul possessed of such power. Greater than Dante or Tasso, Raphael or Michael Angelo, is one to whom God giveth the gift to cast out the demon of disease, and restore the temple of the immortal spirit to soundness and beauty.

Many of the following facts I glean from a volume, entitled "Dorothea Trudel, or the Prayer of Faith." By the way a most excellent Sunday-school book.

Strange that both these healers should live in obscure little villages, away from the great cities and thoroughfares of travel.

Männedorf consists of a small group of humble cottages, the homes of hard-working, and mostly poor people. It lies on the left bank of Lake Zurich, some eight or ten miles from the city of the same name. It is one of the many Swiss hamlets, which dot this picturesque region. On the rising ground that recedes from the Lake, these can be seen from a great distance, and present an outlook, such as seldom charms the eye of the tourist.

Here lived Dorothea Trudel, here, too, lived her parents and grand-parents. For in the old country people do not move from place to place as in the new. From generation to generation the

dear old home is sacredly kept in the family, with a determination which neither love nor money can conquer. She descended from a sorrowful tribe. The godly grandmother was a child of sorrow, afflicted with a passionate husband. Once he very nearly killed her in a fit of rage. Left an orphan in her twelfth year, she tasted the cup of poverty at an early age. On the point of getting a divorce from her husband, he declared before the Judges : "If my wife refuses to return to me this day, I will commit suicide." Rather would she be unhappy for life than be the cause of such a crime. In later life he committed this crime of self-murder. For consenting to live with him her father drove her from his home. Dorothea's mother, too, lost her mother at the age of twelve years. At sixteen she lost her father. For a while she supported herself by spinning. At twenty-four she married Dorothea's father. Thitherto he had been given to sinful habits, but had to promise amendment, before his father would consent to the marriage. He became a scourge to his pious, gentle wife. She meekly bore his passionate treatment, with unmurmuring patience, and prayed for him. She said : "If I had been permitted to have all my own way through life, I might not have been able to give my children to God so entirely as I can now. My duty is to pray that this rod, which now smites us, may not itself be cast into the fire at last. But for this rod I will give thanks to God all my life long."

Herr Trudel, had his streaks of good nature and his bursts of furious passion. His home had its seasons of peace, but never of plenty. He spent much of his earnings and time at the tavern instead of providing for his family. And in process of time this had become large. Of his eleven children, Dorothea was the youngest —the eleventh child. She was born in 1813. Such a family would have kept even a sober, industrious man busy. As for Herr Trudel, he was more of a burden than a help. His godly wife prayed and worked. "Pray, but do not beg," she used to say to her children. When they wept in great distress, she said : "Children, it is written, 'They that put their trust in the Lord shall never be confounded.' 'He will satisfy the poor with bread.' "

Till their confirmation, they got but one pair of shoes a year, and they lasted the full time. They thought the shoemaker had made them of extraordinary good material, for they were a lively set, whose feet rarely rested during the day. In later life they learned that they had been "made of the same material as other people's."

Dorothea Trudel's education began early. It was very simple. She says :

"We knew the Bible very well ; it was the only book we had. We learned to read by it, and its stories were soon so dear to us that we loved to peruse them over and over again. This was of great benefit to us; more particu-

larly as we had few educational advantages, none of us being able to remain long at school. The Bible was unspeakably precious to our mother. During the week she was too busy for reading, but she prayed continually whilst in the midst of her daily occupations."

Dorothea was not nine years old when she had to sit all day at work. Seldom did these children have any recreation. A romp in the fresh air made them as merry as other children. The mother never used idle words; would allow none of her children to retail the village gossip and scandal. Yet her rule was mild. She spoke little needlessly. "Her example ruled us, and her spirit of prayer seemed like an electric cord of peace among us noisy children." She warned, exhorted and advised in the power of the Lord. From early childhood she taught them to help her in her household duties. Dorothea always remembered how often her mother, in her fervent prayers, besought God: "Let none of my children be missing in the last day."

Many were the tests Mother Trudel's faith had to undergo. She and her children told their sorrows only to God. A certain neighboring pastor, however, indirectly heard of the poverty of her family. He urged them to have the father arrested for neglect and cruelty. The reply was: "God will permit nothing that is not meant to do us good. As long as you pray you need never beg."

The pastor replied: "But we must be governed by reason. God permitted Napoleon to do many things which were not right."

"Nothing is said in the Bible about reason. It is written: He that believeth shall not be confounded."

"O, children, follow my example," exclaimed the mother. "Turn not to man for help, but to God. They who always get help just at the right time, are those who never study circumstances, but who look in steadfast faith to God." Afterwards the pastor found from experience that dame Trudel's Theology was better than his own.

These people had two cows, with which they partly supported the family. They helped them to farm their little patch of ground, instead of horses, besides giving them milk to sell. The father sold one of them, spent the proceeds, and left the family for several years. A rich neighbor lent them money to buy another. In his kind act the Mother and children saw "the finger of God." It was not long till they could pay the debt. At length the father returned. Their joy with the faithful cow so enraged him, that he offered it for sale at half its value. The children were afraid to see any one approach the house, lest he might take the cow from them. The mother calmly said; "God has given us this cow, He will keep it for us as long as we need it." Her prophecy became true. At length a certain man heard of its excellent properties, and bought it at a high price. After he got it "the wonder ceased, and this cow became no better than any other."

As the children grew up they kindly provided for their mother. They "now tried who could the best take care of her, and the most sweeten her remaining days, so that she often shed tears of joy, exclaiming, "Children, why do you try so to make me happy?" After her death, in his old age, the father, too, was "brought to the knowledge of the truth."

A family of eleven children will naturally have its share of sickness. When any of the Trudel children were sick, the mother used no cure but prayer. And it is wonderful how the heavenly Physician heard and helped her. At four years of age Dorothea had a very severe spell of small-pox. She became blind for a while, and seemed at the door of death. For once she sent for a physician, who refused to come. The mother prayed for the doctor and for Dorothea. The girl at once began to get well. One of the boys was subject to violent attacks of epilepsy. The good mother kept on praying, and the boy was cured. Thirty-four years later, after both parents were dead, the disease returned on him.

Some one has said, "If there were more Hannahs, there would be more Samuels." Mother Trudel proves the saying true. In spite of her unbelieving husband and her poverty, "like a true Hannah," she brought her eleven children into the courts of the temple through baptism; she laid them on the arms of the merciful Father in heaven in prayer, and taught and trained them by her pure doctrines, her meek, gentle spirit and beautiful example, to walk in wisdom's ways. She died poor, bequeathing to her children no great fortune, but what was far better, making them the heirs of her godly life and character,—heirs of a mother, "passed into the skies."

Still, her children were by no means angelic beings. Not even Dorothea. "She had her father's, not her mother's disposition, and resembled him in his features, and in his violent temper," from which the rest of the family had often to suffer. "She used to say to herself, 'What can I do? I have inherited these passions?'" Many a hard and sorrowful fight she had with the evil power which her father had entailed upon her.

A few years' schooling was all she got. She was well instructed in religion, by her mother. And later she was instructed in the Heidelberg Catechism, and confirmed as a member of the Reformed Church by her pastor. The good seed sown by her mother and pastor, did not fully develop until her twenty-second year. Up to this time she was fond of amusements. Loved to dance, indeed attended dances even on Sunday. For in Switzerland as in Germany and France, it is a common thing to have dances on Sunday afternoon. One of the neighbor girls, and an intimate friend, used to join her in these Sunday amusements, whose mother vainly pro-

tested against it. Her companion "died suddenly of hemorrhage." This made a solemn impression on Dorothea Trudel, and brought her to know her "sins and miseries." Without unburdening herself to her mother, she shut herself up in a room, and prayed day and night for the forgiveness of her sins. At length worn out with weeping and watching, she fell sick. It was thought she would die. So to her mother she confessed the burden of her sins—chief among which was that of having danced on Sunday. The death of her friend led the future healer humbly to the Saviour's feet.

Mother Trudel and her daughters had a world of trouble with the intemperate head of the family. Among other annoyances was his habit of bringing young men, after his own tastes, into the house evening after evening, to visit his daughters. These he entertained liberally, according to his rude notions. It is said that his object was to find husbands for his girls. Happily the daughters had no liking for such beaux. One of these visitors was the means of inflicting on Dorothea a life-long affliction. We are told it happened thus :

"She had grown into a tall, nice-looking girl, whose appearance pleased everybody. One day as she was returning from a visit, a young man from the village met her, and wished not only to accompany her, but actually to embrace her. She had a horror of all sentimental affection, though she was afterwards to receive such warm tokens of love from those to whose salvation she had been made instrumental by the hand of God ! Although slender and of slight strength, she defended herself bravely, but bore away from the struggle an injury which she regarded as the commencement of a weakness in her back."

This injury caused a curved spine. Her spinal disease continued through life. "My fine figure vanished, and I became a crooked, dwarfed, withered being, so that those to whom I had been formerly known, and who had not seen me for the last two years, could not recognize me."

Truly, through much tribulation was Dorothea Trudel prepared for her work of healing. The heir of poverty and of a perverse passionate temper ; compelled to witness the cruel, inhuman conduct of a dissipated father ; deprived of the benefits of education by the poverty of the family ; suddenly bereft of a dear and devoted companion, and at length, by resisting the evil desires of a wicked youth, she received a spinal injury that disfigured her fair and graceful form, and sent her through life a dwarfed, withered being. It was the schooling she most needed.

She had been proud, now her proud spirit was broken ; her self-willed temper was conquered. She saw and felt how empty and valueless was her self-righteousness. Humbly she sought and learned to trust in Christ. Through sorrow she learned practical humility and submission to the will of God. By it her crushed spirit was trained to that meek and gentle sympathy which she afterwards needed and exercised in relieving and healing the sick.

**EASTER DAY.**

O Glorious Head, Thou livest now!  
 Let us Thy members share Thy life;  
 Canst Thou behold their need, nor bow  
     To raise Thy children from the strife,  
 With self and sin, with death and dark distress,  
 That they may live to Thee in holiness?

Earth knows Thee not, but evermore  
     Thou livest in Paradise, in peace;  
 Thither my soul would also soar,  
     Let me from all the creatures cease:  
 Dead to the world, but to Thy Spirit known,  
 I live to Thee, O Prince of Life, alone.

Break through my bonds whate'er it cost,  
     What is not Thine within me slay,  
 Give me the lot I covet most,  
     To rise as Thou hast risen to-day.  
 Naught can I do, a slave to death I pine,  
 Work Thou in me, O Power and Life Divine!

Work Thou in me, and heavenward guide  
     My thoughts and wishes, that my heart  
 Waver no more nor turn aside,  
     But fix forever where Thou art.  
 Thou art not far from us; who love Thee well,  
 While yet on earth in heaven with Thee may dwell.

TERSTEEGEN, 1731.

**SOMETHING ABOUT READING.**

Francis Wayland, when but eighteen years of age, had excellent ideas of the use to be made of books. In a letter to his sister, found in pages 45-47 of the first volume of his life, he thus writes: "Do not care so much to read a good deal, as to read well and thoughtfully." We should usually take notes and make comments as we read. A good deal of thought should be expended as we go over the pages. Wayland recommended the habit of copying beautiful passages and memorizing the choicest of them.

But reading hastily and rushing from book to book, we receive very little if any benefit. The torrent rushes through the mind

and leaves nothing behind. By reading slowly—stopping often to think, to analyze, criticise, the mind has time to absorb and digest. The seeds of thought settle on the bottom, and take root. In reading the more solid books it is well to go over some of the pages two or three times. Their contents should be mastered before we pass on. A single page of Coleridge's prose may claim an hour's time. Miss Martineau read the pages of more than one author at that slow pace. She read to strengthen her mind, and not to amuse herself or to kill time.

It is said that Comte, the French positivist, read but few books; what he did read "laid there fructifying, and came out a living tree with leaves and fruit." "It is not always the most wholesome fruit, but it is the product of a mind inured to strong meat." It is safer to recommend Comte's method of reading, than his philosophy or his religion.

John Foster was not, I believe, a literary gourmand. The staple of his mental aliment was of the beef-steak order. The great thoughts of the best authors were deposited in his own mind, and what fruit they yielded! He was not only an original, but a grand thinker, and his thoughts to-day are seed corn in thousands of minds.

The late F. W. Robertson was a very slow reader of the very choicest works. The kings of thought, from Plato to Butler and Jonathan Edwards, had front seats in his library.

Too many people read simply for amusement. No higher aim prompts them to indulge in their books. They want to kill time, and they use "light reading" for that purpose. In some instances Christian people do this. But time is too precious a boon to be killed. Who gave anybody authority to thus dispose of it?

Others read simply for the imaginary adornment of the mind. I say imaginary, for such readers hurry through a volume, with little reflection and no annotations, and the benefit is trifling. Their intellectual cutlery is white-washed, and very soon makes a poor show. To really adorn the mind by reading, we must give most of our spare time to such books as Bacon said should be chewed and digested.

People sometimes boast of the number of books they have read, as though their intellectual wealth could be gauged by the length of the list. But let us remember what Dr. Parr, a prodigy of learning, yet a slow reader, once said to a person who boasted of his multifarious reading: "You have read a great deal; you have thought very little, and you know nothing." Robert Hall said that Dr. Kippis "laid so many books on his head that his brains could not move."—*Methodist.*

## MY DOG "JACK."

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BY R. S. M.

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[We take pleasure in inserting the following article from a young Reader of the GUARDIAN, just verging into her teens. It contains good plain writing, good sense, and shows a kind sympathizing heart.—ED.]

"Jack" was a pet dog of mine. We got him from the city of Philadelphia, and paid *one dollar* for him. We had him a very long time.

He was mostly in the house, day and night, and always behind the stove. Aside of him was his bed and water. He was very particular in what he ate. He did not like bread; but any thing that I ate he was sure to eat too. Such was his fancy.

He used to go with me to the store, and felt much disappointed if he was obliged to stay at home. How he skipped along! Papa and I used to take walks together, when he always accompanied us. Sometimes we went to the Mocoby. Jack would wade into the water. Towards the last he got too old; he would have to lie down and rest. It made him too tired to walk so far. Dogs will grow old.

Every evening I gave him his rug and dish of water. He was not satisfied till he had them; then he seemed content for the night. Sometimes he would howl at night, if Grandpapa was not at home. One night Grandpapa was absent, and he commenced his howling. The next morning we saw that the whole stair-way that extended out under the door, was bitten away. Papa whipped him a little and after that he seldom tried it again. I guess he was afraid, poor fellow!

When I recited my lessons, in the morning, he would go with me up stairs; but he was so stiff, that he could hardly come. Several times I carried him up. When I read, he used to come and sit before me. If I read too badly, he would go and sit aside of Papa.

He was in the house every night as long as we had him. One night he was not here when we went to bed; so we closed the porch. About midnight he came; Papa had to get up and let him in.

He either was in the kitchen, or dining-room, or up in Grandpapa's room. He was a real house-dog.

Every morning he took a walk about the yard. When I came down stairs he would come to me, wagging his tail, and laughing. Some say, dogs *cannot* laugh, but I think "Jack" could.

One day my companion, Louisa M. and I went to the Post Office. He followed us, and that is something he had never done before. I did not see him until we were half way down. I scolded him but he just never minded it. We went into the Post Office, and by the time we came out he was gone. We followed him down street; but could not see him. We came home and told it. Then Papa went to hunt him; but neither could he find him. After dinner, Lousia and I went on the hunt of him again. We asked at several places; and only one person said "he had seen a little black dog pass there, in the forenoon." So we continued our search a good ways; but still we heard, and saw nothing of him. A few days after we heard that he was shot below the village for *mad*.

This is the last of poor old "Jack." I guess he was 13 years old—just my age.

All who have had pet dogs, and lost them, will know how I feel over the loss of "Jack." I regarded him as a good friend, and shall not soon forget him.

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### THE FATAL FLOWER.

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Travellers who visit the Falls of Niagara are directed to a spot on the margin of the precipice below, where a gay young lady, a few years since, lost her life. She was delighted with the wonders of the unrivaled scene, and ambitious to pluck a flower from a cliff where no human hand had before ventured, as a memorial of the cataract and her own daring. She leaned over the verge and caught a glimpse of the surging waters, far down the battlement of rocks, while fear for a moment darkened her excited mind. But there hung the lovely blossom, upon which her heart was fixed; and she leaned, in a delirium of intense desire and anticipation, over the brink. Her arm was outstretched to grasp it, the turf yielded to the pressure of her feet, and with a shriek, she descended like a falling star to the rocky shore, and was borne away gasping in death.

How impressively does this tragical event illustrate the way in which a majority of impenitent sinners perish forever. It is not a deliberate purpose to neglect salvation, but in pursuit of imaginary good, fascinated with pleasing objects just in the future, they lightly,

ambitiously, and insanely venture *too far*. They sometimes fear the result of desired wealth or pleasure, they seem to hear the thunder of eternity's deep, and recoil a moment from the allurements of sin ; but the solemn pause is brief, the onward step is taken, the fancied treasure is in the grasp, when a despairing cry comes up from Jordan's wave, and the soul sinks into the arms of the *second death*.

Oh, every hour life's sands are sliding from beneath incautious feet, and with sin's fatal flower in the unconscious hand, the trifler goes to his doom. The requiem of each departure is an echo of the Saviour's question, "What shall a man give in *exchange* for his *soul?*"

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### "THE DOOR WAS SHUT."

How sudden, how complete the change. One moment the light streams out from the scene of gladness within, through the open door ; the next, the blackness, the darkness, the gloom of midnight ; the darkness the more profound by reason of the light so bright but the moment before. Such is the picture presented in our Saviour's words. How profound and original His teachings that could find in the simple closing of a door a lesson so solemn as this. It is the door of salvation. It is the Lord Jesus, the Master of the feast, who Himself shuts the door ; and when He shuts no man can open.

But when is it shut? When is mercy's door shut? No question more important can be asked by a sin-laden son of Adam.

"How far may we go on in sin?  
How long will God forbear?  
Where does hope end, and where begin  
The confines of despair?"

No man knows when this door will be closed to any soul. Always at the end of life, but whenever the soul is finally left of the Holy Spirit the seal is set. No more strivings of the Spirit ; no more hope.

Thank God if you have not already grieved away His Holy Spirit, and hasten to enter in. If the door is closed and you are *within*, think how blessed your state. A guest at the marriage supper of the Lamb, you will walk in the light and share its eternal joys. Nothing from without can get in to break the peace of your soul. No foe can assail, no sin disturb, no care becloud your soul forever. But if *without*, then no ray of light breaks in upon the gloomy darkness. No hope cheers the soul ; but bitter regrets for opportunities lost will add intensity to all its misery.—*American Messenger.*

## REMARKABLE ESCAPES OF EMINENT MEN.

Some years ago a young man holding a subordinate position in the East India Company's service, twice attempted to deprive himself of life by snapping a loaded pistol at his head. Each time the pistol missed fire. A friend entering his room shortly afterward, he requested him to fire it out of the window; it then went off without any difficulty. Satisfied thus that the weapon had been duly primed and loaded, the young man sprang up, exclaiming, "I must be reserved for something great," and from that moment gave up the idea of suicide, which for some time previous had been uppermost in his thoughts. That young man afterward became Lord Clive.

Two brothers were on one occasion walking together, when a violent storm of thunder and lightning overtook them. One was struck dead on the spot, the other was spared, else would the name of the great reformer, Martin Luther, have been unknown to mankind.

The holy St. Augustine, having to preach in a distant town, took with him a guide, who by some unaccountable means mistook the usual road and fell into a by-path. He afterward discovered that his enemies, having heard of his movements, had placed themselves in the proper road with the design of murdering him.

Bacon, the sculptor, when a tender boy of five years old, fell into the pit of a soap-boiler, and must have perished had not a workman, just entering the yard, observed the top of his head, and delivered him.

When Oliver Cromwell was an infant, a monkey snatched him from his cradle, leaped with him through a garret window, and ran along the leads of the house. The utmost alarm was excited among the inmates, and various were the devices used to rescue the child from the guardianship of his newly-found protector. All were unavailing; his would-be rescuers had lost courage, and were in despair of ever seeing the baby alive again, when the monkey quietly retraced its steps and deposited its burden safely on the bed. On a subsequent occasion the waters had well-nigh quenched his insatiable ambition. He fell into a deep pond, from drowning in which a clergyman named Johnson was the sole instrument of his rescue.

At the siege of Leicester a young soldier, about seventeen years of age, was drawn out for sentry duty. One of his comrades was

very anxious to take his place. No objection was made, and this man went. He was shot dead while on guard. The young man first drawn afterward became the author of the "Pilgrim's Progress."

Doddridge, when born, was so weakly an infant he was believed to be dead. A nurse standing by fancied she saw some signs of vitality. Thus the feeble spark of life was saved from being extinguished, and an eminent author and consistent Christian preserved to the world.

John Wesley, when a child, was only just preserved from fire. Almost the moment after he was rescued the roof of the house where he had been fell in. Of Philip Henry a similar instance is recorded.

John Knox, the renowned Scotch reformer, was always wont to sit at the head of the table with his back to the window. On one particular evening, without, however, being able to account for it, he would neither himself sit in the chair nor permit any one else to occupy his place. That very night a bullet was shot in at the window purposely to kill him; it grazed the chair in which he sat, and made a hole in the foot of a candlestick on the table.

Many years have now elapsed since three subalterns might have been seen struggling in the water off St. Helena; one of them, peculiarly helpless, was fast succumbing. He was saved to live as Arthur Wellesley, Duke of Wellington.

The life of John Newton is but the history of a series of marvellous deliverances. As a youth he had agreed to accompany some friends on board of a man-of-war. He arrived too late; the boat in which his friends had gone was capsized, and all its occupants drowned. On another occasion, when tide surveyor in the port of Liverpool, some business had detained him, so that he came much later than usual, to the great surprise of those who were in the habit of observing his undeviating punctuality. He went out in the boat as heretofore to inspect a ship, which blew up before he reached her. Had he left the shore a few minutes sooner, he must have perished with the rest on board.

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WHAT WE WORK FOR—If we work upon marble, it will perish; if we work upon brass, it will crumble into dust; but if we work upon immortal minds—if we imbue them with principles, with the just fear of God and our fellow-men—we engrave on those tablets something which will brighten to all eternity.

### AN ANGEL STANDING BY.

We have read of a certain youth in the early days of Christianity, (those periods of historic suffering and heroic patience and legendary wonder, to which I call your attention)—we read of a Christian youth on whom his persecutors put in practice a more than common share of their ingenuity, that by his torments (let those who can or will go through the horrible details), they might compel him to deny his Lord and Saviour.

After a long endurance of these pains they released him, in wonder at his obstinacy. His Christian brethren are said to have wondered too, and to have asked him by what mighty faith he could so strangely subdue the violence of the fire, as that neither cry nor groan escaped him.

"It was indeed most painful," was the noble youth's reply, "but an angel stood by me when my anguish was at the worst, and with his finger pointed to heaven."

O thou, whoever thou art, that are tempted to commit sin, do thou think on death, and that thought will be an angel to thee! The hope of heaven will raise thy courage above the fire-cased threatenings of the world; the fear of hell will rob its persuasions of all their enchantment; and the very extremity of their trial may itself contribute to animate thy exertions by the thought that the greater will be thy reward hereafter.—*Bishop Heber.*

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### VALUE OF A SINGLE SOUL.

It was but a few weeks ago that I visited the tower in London. We were shown through its various rooms, and called to examine the various mementoes of by-gone ages that are there preserved, and as we were passing out the guide asked us if we would not like to visit the jewel-room. We told him yes, and were conducted thither. There we saw the crown with which Queen Victoria—God bless her—(cries, hear, hear) was crowned. We saw all the royal plate, and, with Yankee inquisitiveness, we asked the person in attendance what the present value of those jewels and that plate was. He replied, £4,000,000 sterling, or \$20,000,000 in gold. The next day, in company with two beloved ministers, I visited schools for ragged children, where there were gathered 1,300 chil-

dren from the worst dens in London ; and as I stood at the desk of the principal, there sat before me a little girl,—she may have been thirteen years of age,—bare-footed, bare-headed, uncombed hair, and unwashed face, and, as I looked down into her bright eyes, and thought of the jewels in Queen Victoria's crown, I said to myself, "That little girl is the possessor of that which is of more value than all the crown-jewels of England;" for I saw in those eyes a gleam that told me she had faith in Jesus, and that shall remain when all else has passed away from earth.—*George H. Stuart, at the Meeting of the Evangelical Alliance.*

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### A TOUCHING INCIDENT.

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We heard a story told the other day that made our eyes moisten. We have determined to tell it, just as we heard it, to our little ones. A company of poor children who had been gathered out of the alleys and garrets of the city, were preparing for their departure to new and distant homes in the West. Just before the time for starting of the cars, one of the boys was noticed aside from the others, and apparently very busy with a cast-off garment. The superintendent stepped up to him and found that he was cutting a small piece out of the patched linings. It proved to be his old jacket, which, having been replaced by a new one, had been thrown away. There was no time to be lost. "Come, John, come," said the superintendent; "what are you going to do with that old piece of calico?" "Please, sir," said John, "I am cutting it to take with me. My dead mother put the lining into this old jacket for me. This was a piece of her dress, and it is all I shall have to remember her by." And as the poor boy thought of that dear mother's love, and of the sad death-bed scene in the old garret where she died, he covered his face with his hands and sobbed as if his heart would break. But the train was about leaving, and John thrust the little piece of calico into his bosom to remember his mother by, hurried into a car, and was soon far away from the place where he had seen so much sorrow. We know many an eye will moisten as the story is told and retold throughout the country, and many a prayer will go to God for the fatherless and motherless in all great cities and in all places. Little readers, are your mothers still spared to you? Will you not show your love by obedience? That little boy who loved so well we are sure obeyed. Bear this in mind, that if you should one day have to look upon the face of a dear dead mother, no thought would be so bitter as to remember that you had given her pain by your willfulness or disobedience.—*Old-School Presbyterian.*

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## TWO PICTURES OF DEATH.

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In a scantily furnished chamber lies an old Scotch minister with thin, gray hair, and a wrinkled skin. But his brow is high and broad; his deep-set eyes are bright and piercing; a smile plays round his lips; and though feeble and dying, he looks calm and happy. Let us speak to him and say—

“Do you think yourself dying, dear sir?”

He fixes his eye calmly upon you, and slowly replies—

“Really, friend, I care not whether I am or not; for if I die, I shall be with God; if I live, He will be with me.”

Now let us step into yonder mansion. Entering a richly furnished chamber, we find a dignified personage enfolded in warm robes, and seated in a large easy-chair. He, too, is feeble and dying; but the light in his eyes is unsteady, and he looks like a man ill at ease with himself. Let us also ask him a question:

“Mr. Gibbon, how does the world appear to you now?”

The eloquent historian of the Roman Empire—for he it is—closes his eyes a moment, then opens them again, and with a deep sigh replies,

“All things are fleeting. When I look back I see they have been fleeting; when I look forward, *all is dark and doubtful!*”

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## OUR BOOK TABLE.

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EASY LESSONS IN NATURAL SCIENCE, designed for Schools and Families, with illustrations, by R. E. Kremer, author of “Bible Gems.” Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, 624, 626, and 628 Market Street, Philadelphia. Price, \$1.75.

This work, as its title imports, is designed to bring science down to the comprehension of scholars in the lower schools, in which ordinarily the Natural Sciences are not taught. This volume, of 294 pages, gives in simple, succinct questions and answers, a “General Outline of the Physical Constitution and Phenomena of the World, and an account of the most important and interesting Animals, Vegetables and Minerals.” In the writing and arrangement of this volume, Miss Kremer shows an extensive and accurate knowledge of the several branches of which it treats. The numerous illustrations will aid the scholars in their studies. The preparation of such a work is a difficult undertaking. It is no easy matter to compress the treatment of so vast a field of study into one volume. Of its kind, it is a work of decided merit, whose introduction into the common schools, and the family, we think, would accomplish much good.

# The Sunday-School Drawer.

---

MOTHER'S PRAYERS.—A lady prayed for her daughter thirty-nine years without receiving any answer. At length she came to die. Her death was the means used for her daughter's conversion. The daughter became a most eminent Christian, much used in the turning of sinners to Christ.

One hundred American students who were converted met together to speak of their conversion. Ninety of them traced their blessings to their mother's prayers.

At another meeting in England, nearly one hundred who had been blessed of God said they had praying parents to pray for their children; the majority of the petitions began, "A mother asks prayer," etc.; only one or two "A father asks prayer," etc.

Many a one has learned of late the blessing of having a praying mother. We trace every blessing to God's fathomless grace. Still He is pleased to use means, and He says, "For all these things I will be inquired of."

Christian mothers, pray on—God answers prayer.

EARLY INFLUENCES.—There can be no greater blessing than to be born in the light and air of a cheerful, loving home. It not only ensures a happy childhood—if there be health and a good constitution—but it almost makes sure a virtuous and happy manhood, and a fresh young heart in old age. We think it every parent's duty to try to make their children's childhood full of love and of childhood's proper joyousness; and we never see children destitute of them through the poverty, faulty tempers, or wrong notions of their parents, without a heartache. Not that all the appliances which wealth can buy are necessary to the free and happy unfolding of childhood in body, mind or heart—quite otherwise, God be thanked; but children must at least have love inside the house, and fresh air and good play, and some good companionship outside—otherwise young life runs the greatest danger in the world of withering or growing stunted, or sour and wrong, or at least prematurely old, and turned inward on itself.

AN old Minister arose in a certain meeting and said he wanted to say something for the comfort of those mothers:

"When I was three years old," said he, "I lost one of the best of fathers. He was a valued and devoted minister of the gospel. We were nine children in all, and he had consecrated us to the service of Jesus Christ. We were given up to be the Lord's. My mother was a holy, godly woman, and she entered into covenant with Jesus that we should all be His. She was left, as ministers' wives often are, without much means of support. But, oh!

how faithfully did God provide for us ! We never lacked for any good thing. All these nine children were converted in very early life. Seven of us became preachers of the gospel, and thousands have been converted under the ministry of these seven preachers. It is marvellous how the Lord has blessed us, but we believe it is in answer to the prayers and faith of pious, godly parents. I want to say to these praying mothers, do not doubt a covenant-keeping God.

BICKERSTETH states, upon careful examination, that at least one verse in thirty of the New Testament points onward to the resurrection life.

A MISSIONARY in the East-Indies was called to visit one of the native Christians in a dying state. He inquired how she felt. "Happy, happy !" was her reply; and laying her hand on the Bible, she added, "I have Christ here," and pressing it to her heart, "and Christ here," and, pointing to heaven, "and Christ there ! "

"I TAKE CARE OF MY LAMBS."—Let teachers and parents weigh well the significance of the following :

A gentleman in England was walking over his farm with a friend, exhibiting his crops, herds of cattle, and flocks of sheep, with all of which his friend was highly pleased, but with nothing so much as his splendid sheep. He had seen the same breed frequently before, but had never seen such noble specimens ; and with great earnestness, he asked how he succeeded in producing such flocks. His simple answer was: "*I take care of my lambs, Sir.*" Here was all the secret of his large, heavy-fleeced, fat sheep; he took care of them, when they were lambs.

STICK TO THE TEXT.—Rev. T. L. Cuyler, addressing the Brooklyn Sabbath-school Teachers' Association, enforced the duty of causing the Scripture to be committed to memory by these pertinent considerations :

"Nothing can ever come in the place of a literal learning and committing of the Word of God. What has kept the Jews through all the centuries? They have taught their children the very letter of the Hebrew Scriptures. They are the sum and substance of their education. They understand every jot and tittle. Of such importance is understanding the Word of God exactly, that I do not wonder that very often people feel themselves fortified as to their faith and conduct on doubtful points, by calling back the literally exact statement of the inspired word. There are all manner of incorrect quotations of the sacred text in public speaking, and, in the prayer meeting, patchings, and interpolations, and glosses, which the Spirit never taught. You hear people making use in prayer of pretended quotations from the Bible, but they cannot improve upon God's own word. Stick to the text"

LET every pious parent regard his family as a little school for the Church, and act as a teacher designated by the Saviour, on purpose to train the children for His service, and we shall see a glorious result. Let parents neglect this duty, and their children will prove incompetent to meet the responsibilities awaiting them, and the parents must answer for the ruin that will ensue. The laws of Lycurgus required that all the children of Sparta should be trained for the State. Jesus teaches His subjects to believe that children are a heritage of the Lord, and to train them for the Church.

## Editor's Drawer.

---

WE mount to heaven mostly on the ruins of our cherished schemes, finding our failures were successes.—*Alcott.*

A SIDE SCENE.—The Edinburgh *Daily Review* records an amusing conversation which took place in the galleries during the late sessions of the Free Church Assembly :

Young Lady—There's old Dr. A.—going to speak Isn't he a bore ?

Old Lady (laughing)—Well, I suppose he is ; but do you know I rather like him.

Young Lady—I can't bear him !

Old Lady (after some time)—Who is that nice old gentleman speaking ?

Young Lady—Ah ! that's Mr. B— of C—.

Old Lady (hesitatingly)—Don't you think he is—rather prosy ?

Young Lady (indignantly)—No, indeed, I do not. Allow me to inform you that that is my father.

Old Lady—O indeed ! Then I am glad I hit the mark so gently, because “old Dr. A—” is my husband. So I suppose we have both got a lesson, my dear, don't you think ?

### THE WEATHER.—

“Dark and dismal, direful, doleful,  
Drizzly, dirty, dingy weather!  
Mud and water every holeful,  
Earth and sky all mixed together.

“Snow, and sleet, and rain, and sloshing,  
Frogs and freezes, awful thaws ;  
Everlasting, wholesale washing,  
Will there ever be a pause ?”

BOILS AND SMALL-POX.—Josh Billings long ago decided that the best place for a boil is on some other man. Equally true is it that the best place for a small pox hospital is anywhere except near our own house.

SMART MAID.—An Irish housemaid, boasting of her industrial habits, said, quite innocently, that she rose at four in the morning, made a fire, put on the kettle, prepared the breakfast, and made all the beds “before a single soul was up in the house.”

A young man, decidedly inebriated, walked into the Executive Chamber of New York recently, and asked for the Governor. "What do you want of him?" inquired the secretary. "O! I want an office with a good salary—a sinecure." "Well," replied the secretary, "I can tell you something better than a sinecure; you had better go and try a *water cure*."

**WELL SAID.**—The will of Patrick Henry closed with the following significant testimony to the value of the Christian religion: "I have now disposed of all my property to my family. There is one more thing I wish I could give them, and that is the Christian religion. If they had that, and I had not given them one shilling, they would be rich; and if they had not that, and I had given them all the world, they would be poor."

**A GENTLE REBUKE.**—A lady riding in a car on the New York Central Railroad was disturbed in her reading by the conversation of two gentlemen occupying the seat just before her. One of them seemed to be a student of some college on his way home for a vacation. He used much profane language, greatly to the annoyance of the lady. She thought she would rebuke him, and on begging pardon for interrupting them, asked the young student if he had studied the languages.

"Yes, madam, I have mastered the languages quite well."

"Do you read and speak Hebrew?"

"Quite fluently."

"Will you be so kind as to do me a small favor?"

"With great pleasure; I am at your service."

"Will you be so kind as to do your swearing in Hebrew?"

We may well suppose the lady was not annoyed any more.

**SCOTTISH PIETY.**—One day recently the Hutchinson's steamer was sailing around Cape Wrath, England, carrying some five hundred Lewis men from Stornoway to the herring fishing at Wick. In the evening the captain was "chaffed" by a tourist about the Scottish strictness of view in relation to the Sabbath—it was Saturday evening—as a really impractical strictness. The captain said of the five hundred Lewis men "aft," not one landing at Thurso late on Saturday night, would take a step toward Wick till Monday morning; that if the weather proved fine they would spend the night in the open air; if it proved bad, they would seek shelter in outhouses; and that on the Sabbath day they would worship in groups, led by their headmen. About ten o'clock at night the captain's statement was strikingly illustrated by a solemn act of joint worship—singing, Bible reading, and prayer—on the part of the whole five hundred: their grand shaggy heads, surmounting broad shoulders, being laid bare to the pelting wind and rain. Any one seeing those heads and shoulders of men worshiping God would have felt that so long as men of their class people our country districts, we are not in the sight of the poet's,

"Woe to that land, to hasty ills a prey,  
Where wealth accumulates and men decay."

Dean Swift said, with much truth, "It is useless for us to attempt to reason a man out of a thing he has never been reasoned into."

When Socrates was asked why he had built for himself so small a house, he replied: "Small as it is, I wish I could fill it with friends."

In every journey there are some tedious passages, the very remembrance of which is wearying; and in the pilgrimage of life the analogy holds good.

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# PROSPECTUS FOR 1874

## THE GUARDIAN: A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

Devoted to the Social, Literary and Religious Interests of  
Young Men and Ladies.

Rev. B. BAUSMAN, D. D., Editor.

THE GUARDIAN enters upon its XXVth volume, on the first of January 1874. It has a sufficient history to establish its character, and to show its fruits. In its principles, purposes and general spirit, no changes are proposed. The True, the Beautiful, and the Good are unchangeable—error and sin are always the same. Its editorial management is committed, as heretofore, to the Rev. B. BAUSMAN, D. D., whose name, of itself, the publishers regard as the most satisfactory guarantee of the high tone and general interest which should characterize the family magazine.

THE GUARDIAN continues to be published by the REFORMED CHURCH PUBLICATION BOARD. It compares favorably with other publications of the kind, and has earned for itself a reputation which may well be coveted. The January number will be embellished with a beautiful Steel Engraving, and the publication continue to appear with a handsome ornamental cover title. The publishers will continue to use a superior quality of paper; and do all in their power, in co-operating with the Editor, to render THE GUARDIAN acceptable to its subscribers.

This Magazine will be, as heretofore, devoted to the highest interests of the young, at the most solemn and interesting period of their life. It will offer its friendly counsels to them in an earnest, though free and cheerful way. It will solemnly seek to warn them against the wrong, and affectionately lure them to the right. The Editor will endeavor to make its contents true, pure, fresh, and healthy as the morning of life. It will particularly urge self-culture and early piety as of the highest importance, and cultivate the home feeling as a sacred element in social purity and peace. It will seek to move in the element of its motto:—"Life—Light—Love."

THE GUARDIAN has no denominational or party bias. It is its ambition to take the quiet way of peace and love. It would turn the attention of its readers to that first and greatest of duties, the cultivation of the heart, mind, social feelings and pious affections. It will have its reward if it can be the means of making Hearts better, Homes happier, and Heaven surer. The evidence that it has in a degree done this, which the experience of years has furnished, is more precious to us than gain or gold. Cheerfully, hopefully, and believably we take our pilgrim-staff in hand to travel another year.

THE GUARDIAN contains thirty-two pages monthly, making a handsome Volume of three hundred and eighty-four pages at the end of the year.

Pastors who receive this Prospectus are requested to hand it to some active member of the Church, who will procure subscribers for THE GUARDIAN. If ten subscribers are obtained, we will send one copy to the person obtaining them and one to the pastor gratis.

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No. 907 Arch Street, Philadelphia

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No. 5.

“LIFE, LIGHT, LOVE.”

THE

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SOCIAL, LITERARY, AND RELIGIOUS INTERESTS

OF

YOUNG MEN AND LADIES.

Rev. B. Bausman, D.D., Editor.

PHILADELPHIA:  
REFORMED CHURCH PUBLICATION BOARD,  
No. 907 Arch Street.

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### LETTERS RECEIVED.

W. J. Schroyer, S. W. Wire, (1 sub). Rev. J. Beck, D. D., Rev. J. E. Hiester, Rev. D. B. Lady, A. K. Uhler, H. M. Cocklin, E. Cram, W. J. Schroyer, Rev. L. Rike, J. B. Kerschner, Rev. O. L. Ashenfelter, Rev. J. D. Zehring, Rev. S. M. K. Huber, A. A. Heller, W. C. Hicks, Mrs. K. Heller, M. C. Hottenstein, S. J. Pontious, (1 sub). I. Cassel, Rev. W. H. Fenneman, J. H. Weitzel, L. Deatrick, S. Young.

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## GUARDIAN, MAY, 1874.

### MONIES RECEIVED.

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Lilian Lawall, Easton, Pa.	1.50	25	ville, Pa. 3.00 23 & 24
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# THE GUARDIAN.

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Vol. XXV.

MAY, 1874.

No. 5.

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## REMINISCENCES OF THE CIVIL WAR.

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BY THE EDITOR.

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### *The Battle of Antietam.*

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It happened in the middle of September, 1862, as all our readers know. How those felt within sight and hearing of it, all may not know. Like the premonitions of a volcanic eruption, were the few days previous to the battle. One seemed to feel a coming calamity in the atmosphere. Toward the end of the week a vast multitude of soldiers thronged past our town, and around it, whom the government hastened to bring hither as a reserve force; upon whose help the army could fall back in case of defeat. Many of them were "Emergency men," who offered their services during the impending battle. Thousands of heroic men, the bone and sinew of Pennsylvania's best population, thus bravely stepped into the perilous ranks. Quite a number of ministers joined in the Death March. A company from Carlisle, Pa., had six clergymen, one of whom, Rev. George E. Adams, (Reformed) now of Mifflinburg, Pa., was its captain. A noble-looking officer he was, and as brave as he was noble. Sure I am, that if he had felt disposed to enter the service regularly, he would have achieved a noble career. Strolling through a certain camp, in search of friends, I was suddenly stopped by a venerable picket. "Halt!" was his stern command. He was dressed in plain soldier's clothes, indeed, looked like a plain earnest soldier, looked the very picture of an old warrior, with rifle and bayonet in hand as he patiently took his turn on guard. Beneath his long gray beard I thought I saw features I had seen before. Which features, at first stern, ere long relaxed into a friendly smile. "Why Dr. Loomis," I exclaimed, "is it possible? You a private, on picket duty?" With

a hearty laugh, the distinguished President of Lewisburg University, (Pa.) warmly grasped my hand, and bade me pass. Rev. Mr. James, Prof. of Mathematics in the same institution, was first lieutenant of a company.

On Sunday our churches were open, and well filled. I tried to preach on 1 Cor. xvi. 13 : "Quit you like men, be strong." On Monday we faintly heard the distant reports of the heavy army guns. I had often heard the firing of cannon, but never in battle. These far off reports announced that the deadly work had begun. They set earnest people to solemn thinking, and fervent praying. In the afternoon a train of some ninety wagons, captured from the southern army, were brought through town. They made a long column. Surely, said some, our army is gaining the day.

On Tuesday, Dr. S., kindly invited me to accompany him to the field of carnage. As we were both inexperienced in tours like this, we pursued our way cautiously. At Waynesboro, we ascertained the locality of the battle field. The following day, the principal and decisive day of the battle, we reached the ground. My mind was greatly exercised as to how such a dangerous place could be approached. Where guns threw their shells a great distance, one had better keep beyond their reach. Along the northern edge of the battle field we found a crowd of anxious spectators, early in the afternoon.

For several hours we stood on this hill top, one of the many hills of the Antietam battle field. Part of the time, I leaned against a hay stack, or against one of a group of apple trees, then found here. How strange the noise of war, heard for the first time—the sharp rapid cracking of rifles, the peals of cannon, making the earth tremble beneath your feet.

How does an army in battle look? is a question that had often occurred to my mind. A few miles off, around the village of Keedysville, whole fields were packed with thousands of army wagons, which we all see from one point. Is it possible from any one place to see one or two hundred thousand men, engaged in deadly combat? Only in very rare cases, where the armies would be in a single valley, and the point of view would be from a near, lofty mountain top.

The Antietam battle field is about thirty miles south of Chambersburg, and about ten miles from Hagerstown. It is a hilly region of country. The armies were scattered over an area of about ten miles long, and six miles wide. But a comparatively small part of the army could be seen from any point. The place where we stood, was from one to two miles from the heaviest batteries, and the hardest fighting. Some of these were plainly in

view. For a while they would hurl their heavy shot at each other. Suddenly a little cloud would appear above a battery, in a second or two came the report of an exploded shell. Heavy shots plowed up the ground around the cannon, filling the air with clouds of dust and earth. Surely the men at the guns have been killed. With nervous anxiety, I look for them when the cloud vanishes. Most likely you will see several lying on the earth, whilst the few remaining on their feet, try to work their guns. At one battery the Rebels were on the point of outflanking them. Quickly one of the men at the gun leaped on the saddle horse, the other on the cannon, and away they galloped as speedily as they could over a plowed field. The columns of infantry were mostly drawn along the narrow valleys, along the base of these hills. A large part of these we could see, a confused tumultuous world of beings. Now a part of the enemy's army seeks shelter in a piece of woodland. Our men charge them behind the trees, with a terrific loss. Out of a corn-field they assault our boys. Many a northern, and many a southern home mourned the loss of a brave one, fallen in the bayonet charge in that corn-field. I could never see two men bruising each other's faces in fight; the moment they began I would turn out of sight of the brutal business as speedily as possible. Yet for an hour, I watched this wholesale slaughter on that hill top, seemingly insensible to the horror of the scene. The most timid soon catch the excitement of the engagement, and witness it with intense interest.

This part of the battle field extended over farms owned mainly by members of the Reformed Church, whose pastor then was Rev. M. A. Shuford. Among these were Mr. Samuel Fry and Mr. Cost, living at the foot of this hill. About 5 P. M., I strolled down the hill; amid the excitement I strayed away from my friend. Soon after, trains of ambulances, packed with the wounded and dying, began to bring their sorrowful burdens to these two farm-houses. Where should they lay them? Who would help to carry them tenderly to some place of safety, if not of comfort? The most of the ambulances had no one to help the driver in his painful task. Somehow, half unconsciously, before I knew what I was about, I found myself at the head of an army hospital. First I helped the drivers to carry the wounded into the barns and barn-yards. Being short of help, I called several others to my aid. An officer passing along, watching me for a moment said: "Will you please, sir, and for the present take charge of this hospital? You see how these men are suffering. Call others to your aid, and do for the poor fellows what you can."

Some men, otherwise courageous enough in some respects, are

constitutionally "chicken-hearted." I could not, without turning the key on me, be forced to remain in a dentist's room, when he pulls a tooth. And as for helping to amputate a limb, that would require still greater constraint. Yet, amid the surroundings of the battle field, one's nerves are wonderfully toned up. Although surgically ignorant, to relieve a brave soldier you would not stop to amputate his limb yourself.

Two barns, two farm-houses, barn-yards, sheds, a carpenter shop and a mill, were filled with the wounded and dying. We laid them on straw, spread on a dung hill, on a large hay mow. On a wagon shed we found unthrashed rye straw. This a half a dozen of us carried into the barn floor and out-buildings, so as not to lay them on the bare hard wood and earth.

The ambulances were furnished with stretchers, just wide enough for one person to lay on, like the berths of a boat, which could be pushed out and in, somewhat after the manner of drawers. On these we carried them to their places. Many could not be helped off without the most excruciating pain. Some ambulances were without stretchers. From these we bore the mangled bodies on blankets. Oh such screams! I can still hear the heart-rending shrieks of those soldiers, riddled with balls, and their limbs cut from their bodies. Some begged most piteously to be gently handled, as they saw you approach them; not to bend that part of the body bored through with the ball.

Amid such work, one is unconscious of time and place. Still the battle raged, the boom of the heavy guns shook the earth. In the evening the Division nearest to us, surprised by a flank movement of a part of Lee's army, was on the point of being driven from its position. In that event the Rebel columns would have swung around us in a circle. In other words captured us, and what then? Of all this we were at the time ignorant. The places are crowded with the wounded—around the straw-stack in the barn-yard, and two floors of the grist mill. Meanwhile it grows dark, dark as pitch. Still the ambulances bring their ghastly loads. We cannot see where to lay them down. The impatient drivers shout after us in the dark: "Take these men off of the wagon quickly."

The families have fled from the neighboring houses. Their stock of living is exhausted. No one to give us a candle, lamp or lantern. At length we find one of the old style lard lamps. How thankful we are. Now we can go on with our work. Into a small carpenter shop, across the way from the farm-house, we carry a poor fellow terribly torn. Just as we get him to the door the light is blown out. Alas, what now! Even a match wherewith

to light a lamp, is hard to find here. Again it is lighted. Still the ambulances crowd around us, and the drivers shout: "Where shall we put these men?" Where, oh where shall we softly lay these brave sufferers? They deserve a better fate. Many of them have cozy homes, far away. Oh, that a wish or a prayer could transport them thither, to the kind, nursing care of their families and friends! Under the overshot of a large barn, and out on the damp ground of an open field, we lay them. At length, impatient with our slow progress, the ambulance men drive on to Keedysville. Till midnight, we hear them heavily rumbling past on their doleful errands.

By this time, about three hundred men have been laid in this hospital. Some were wounded two days before. On the hot field they have lain from two hours to two days. Not a wound has been dressed. Many of them have not had a morsel to eat, or a drop to drink since they have fallen. The dried clotted blood has pasted the coarse garments fast to their wounded limbs. The lard in our lamp is exhausted, but I cannot stay away. Cautiously I feel my way along among the lines of the wounded. Some moan, some weep, some pray, some are dying. Some call upon God, some in their delirious pain call on a father or mother at home. Some, seeing or feeling my presence in the darkness, call: "Doctor, O doctor, please give me a drink of water." One cries: "Just a few drops, if you please. I have been lying on the field two days without water." How can we relieve them in this darkness?

Thank God, some one has found a piece of tallow candle, and a lantern. Now we can move about in the sheds, and barns, without the risk of setting fire to the hay and straw, and burning up these hundreds of helpless beings before we would have time to remove them. We fill several canteens, not with fresh water, for the wells hereabouts are all dry, but with the impure cloudy water that flows in the Antietam, a stream right below the barn. One holds the lantern, the rest move about as best they can with canteens and small cups. As they see us move along, with the dim lantern-light, the cry comes from all directions, in faint and stronger voices: "Only a drop of water, if you please. Please put a drop of water on my wound, it burns me so."

Pardon me, dear reader, for dwelling thus on this dark unpleasant picture. It will not hurt us, in these days of peace and plenty, occasionally to be reminded of the heroism with which others secured some of the blessings we now enjoy.

We make slow progress, for these wounded and dying need something more than water. Here one begs to be turned, his sore limb paining him so badly. "O raise me up, I am dying," exclaims

another. I raise him softly, and lean him against the board partition of the hay-mow, and for a moment bend over him in prayer. Some are gasping for breath, others fainting away seemingly in a dying state. "Where is the surgeon?" some cry. "I was wounded early this morning, and my wound has not been dressed yet. Will you please send the surgeon to me." "Can you not give us something to eat? We have not had a morsel to eat since yesterday."

Where can we find food? The female portion of the neighboring families have fled; their larders are exhausted. After night-fall a few of them return. The kind-hearted souls, frightened and plundered, are troubled because they can do so little for the sufferers. The lady of a house told me:

"We have no bread left, only a small quantity of rice."

"Could you not make soup of the rice?"

"Yes, we will get it ready as soon as possible."

Meanwhile I go in search of a surgeon; for there is neither surgeon nor chaplain here. Can it be possible, that the chaplains have deserted their regiments in time of danger? Surgeon Wilcox has just arrived. But he refuses to go near the wounded. Studiously he keeps away from them. I explain their condition and wants, but he gruffly turns away from me, with the remark that he would attend to the men the next morning.

"Yes, but half of them may die before to-morrow morning."

"That will be all the same. If they are to die, they will die at all events, whether I see them to-night yet or not."

How I pitied the poor fellows, with shattered limbs limping about in the dark, hunting the surgeon to attend to their undressed wounds, when every step gave them a pang.

The farmer's wife, the kind soul, soon had her tin kettle full of rice soup prepared. One man carries the kettle, and two of us, each with a table spoon, deal out the food. "But what is this among so many?" We give each one, two spoons full. Never have I seen men more thankful for a trifling kindness. "Thank you, thank you," each tried to say. One said: "We have eaten nothing since yesterday, and fought nearly this whole day."

The tin kettle is soon emptied. As the kind lady is about preparing a second supply, the cruel surgeon forbids the comforting act. Why?

"The men need sleep more than food," was his surly reason. As if men riddled with bullets, and almost starving, could sleep. Many a poor hungry soldier with painful disappointment, watched that night for hours, wondering why we did not bring him too, a little food, and perhaps blamed me for the cruelty.

It is near midnight. We return to bathe the wounds, and soothe the sorrowing as best we can. In most pitiful terms, some plead for any kind of medicine, to give them a slight relief. At the risk of being insulted, I again appeal to the surgeon.

"Their wounds have been mostly attended to. It is of no use to attempt it to-night."

"But, surgeon, some of these men are in great agony. Can you not do something to relieve them?"

"No, sir."

Alas, but one surgeon among so many, and he unwilling to afford his trifling services! During more than twenty-four hours that I was here, I did not see him dress a wound. At length he handed me a phial of opium pills.

"But, surgeon, I am ignorant of your art, and know not to whom to give the pills."

"Use your own judgment. Give from one to two pills, according to the severity of the pain."

Come on, my helpers in mercy, let us to our sad work, and may the All-Merciful Father direct us. We deal out the pills. The poor fellows ask no questions, think it is all right, only so it is medicine. Indeed, now they take me for a surgeon, and soon overwhelm me with appeals, which I cannot satisfy. The opium blunts the pain, and puts some to the sleep that knows no waking this side the grave. Again we fill the canteens, and hand them water.

Meanwhile, the tallow candle burns into the socket. When this is consumed our ministry for the night must cease. The groans of the dying appeal to us for spiritual consolation. Here and there, I crouch down aside of an expiring soldier; I whisper a few verses of truth, a few words of advice, a short prayer, into the ear of the dying, and his Saviour; tell Him of the blood shed to take away our sin. The tallow candle has expired.

In a neighboring farm-house, I tried vainly to get a few hours rest on a carpeted floor. What thoughts crowded into those few sleepless hours, as I lay on the floor. Over one hundred thousand warriors, lay scattered over these surrounding hills. Ten thousand of them bruised and mangled. Hundreds of them in great agony, with no kind hand gently to soothe their pain; longing for the relief of death. Despite their great weariness, hundreds walk their dreary beats on guard, in the dark dismal night. Could one take in the whole scene with one view, both armies asleep, friend and foe lying promiscuously on the damp earth, wounded, helpless and dying? Is it a wonder that sleep deserts one's pillow? The next morning, three of the wounded had their coarse army blankets drawn over their faces. They slept their last sleep. A few hours

later they were buried, a short distance from where they died, near the bank of the Antietam.

On the floor of the mill, lay a largely-built gray-headed man, in great pain. I had given him a few pills, without effect. Would I not lift him up, and help him to walk a few paces over the floor, if possible to gain a little relief? He would perhaps faint, but could we not still try to raise him up? Of course I helped him. The next morning he was dead. I can still see him lying before a pile of flour barrels, his face half-hid beneath his long, bushy gray hair. And his entreating voice still seems to follow me.

"Blessed Jesus," cried one as I approached him. He was breathing through a bullet hole in his breast.

"Are you a Christian?" I asked.

"No," he faintly replied.

A few words of counsel, and a prayerful sigh, was all I could give him. The next morning I lifted the blanket from his face, cold and pallid in death. Thus, men without hope in Christ, prayed for the untried remedy of death, caring little whither it would lead them, only so they would get relief from their present bodily pain.

"Have you a family?" I inquired of one.

"No, but a brother and sister dependent on me for support?"

Tears filled his eyes as he feebly tried to unburden his heart to me. He said: "I always prayed before going into battle." The cold drops of death stood on his forehead, when I last saw him. Somewhere in Western Pennsylvania, a widowed mother and devoted sister were that night bereft of their last earthly support. Far from home, his last thoughts were given to them and to his Saviour.

"I was once a faithful follower of Christ, but alas! I have deserted Him," said a young man. O how he grieved over his folly! Would there be any hope for him in his last extremity? Take warning ye deserters from Christ's army.

Most touching was the tender kindness shown by these poor fellows, lying side by side. Many a one gave the last drop of water in his canteen to a suffering comrade.

A young Lieutenant from York, Pa., asked me to cut the boot from his wounded, swollen foot. The stocking, being stiff and hard with clotted blood, had to be cut off too. A young fellow, lying not far away, hearing me ask for a stocking, pulled off his shoes and sent me both his stockings, the only pair he had in the world.

"One will do, thank you, only one," said the Lieutenant.

"No, sir, I will give you both," was the generous reply.

After the battle, six soldiers were found sitting in the Market House at Hagerstown, all weeping. What is the matter? They were asked. "We are the only men left from our Company. Our Captain has been killed. Every one of us would cheerfully have died, if we could only have saved our Captain."

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### THE WITCH OF ENDOR. NUMBER III.

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#### *Prophetic Dreams.*

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BY REV. J. H. DUBBS.

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THE main object of the midnight journey of King Saul had been accomplished. His unfortunate desire to communicate with the spirit of Samuel, had been granted. There stood before him the weird, shadowy figure of an old man wearing a mantle, and he heard, in sepulchral tones, the solemn question: "Wherefore hast thou disquieted me to bring me up?"

Saul was terrified and bowed his face to the earth—not because he was a coward, for he had proved his bravery on many a battle-field; but because it is natural for man to feel a thrill of terror when he supposes himself to be in the presence of a being that is beyond the limitations of time and space. Shakspeare represents Hamlet as a brave prince, and yet his first expression on beholding what he believes to be the ghost of his murdered father is, "Angels and ministers of grace defend us!" Saul had no faith in angels and ministers of grace, and we cannot, therefore, be surprised that at the appearance of the spirit of Samuel he should have fallen to the earth in the extremity of terror. Still, notwithstanding his fear, he had an excuse ready when the seer demanded his reason for calling him up from Hades. Excuses, we know, are as old as sin itself, and there has never been a criminal who was not ready with extenuating circumstances which in his opinion almost excused his crime. Hence it was that when Samuel demanded the reason why the King of Israel, in direct opposition to the laws of God and man, sought to raise the dead by unrighteous incantations, he attempted to justify himself by pleading that he could not obtain supernatural guidance in any other way. "God is departed from me and answereth me no more neither by prophets nor by dreams."

What the King meant by his not receiving supernatural guidance by prophets is reasonably explained. Since the death of

Samuel the oracles were silent, for the Lord had withdrawn His favor from Israel. It is not necessary then that we should on this occasion occupy ourselves with the nature of prophecy—a subject which is so frequently treated in the pulpit that it is comparatively familiar to all careful students of the Word of God. It is, however, far different with prophetic dreams—the deprivation of which the king laments. These constitute a subject which is in many respects interesting and important—and yet by reason of its obscurity it is one which is greatly neglected both in the pulpit and by men of science. It is related by one of the Church Fathers that Geunadrin, a distinguished physician, was converted to Christianity by a dream, in which a young man argued with him on the immortality of the soul, insisting that as he could see when his bodily eyes were closed in sleep, so he would find that when his bodily senses were extinct in death he would see and hear and feel with the senses of the spirit. A state in which such results may be accomplished certainly cannot be unworthy of our attention.

Dreaming is generally defined as the involuntary action of the soul—a state in which we are neither wholly asleep nor wholly awake, in which vague, immature ideas project themselves upon the mind in such a way that we can no longer distinguish between them and the actual realities of the objective world. As a general thing, we know, dreams are “but the reflection of our waking hours,” and, as Shakspeare tells us, they

“are the children of an idle brain,  
Begot of nothing but vain fantasy.”

On this question we are, I trust, all agreed. There have been, I am aware, writers of no mean eminence who held that every dream was worthy of study as a type or symbol of some mysterious reality; but surely we have all found by personal experience that many of our most vivid dreams were suggested by the most trivial causes. The celebrated Dr. Gregory frequently dreamed he had gone on an Arctic expedition, and was freezing to death at the North Pole, but on awaking he always found that in his sleep he had thrown off a portion of the bed-clothes. The question however still remains as to whether there is a class of dreams which deserves to be called prophetic?—and here let it be remembered that we use the word “prophetic” in the widest sense, as pertaining to the foretelling of events or revealing of mysteries, and not merely in the more restricted general sense of Scripture as indicating an inspired revelation of the secret will of God.

There can be no doubt from the language of King Saul that he firmly believed in prophetic dreams, especially at important crises

of national history. His language would seem to denote that he had been formerly favored with such dreams, and that the fact that they did not occur at the present juncture confirmed him in his opinion that God had departed from him. We think he had good reason to be of this opinion—for in those days dreams were a recognized means by which He communicated with His people. Thus we read in the book of Job, “God speaketh once, yea twice, yet man perceiveth it not, in a dream, in a vision of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon men, in slumbering upon the bed, then he openeth the ears of men and sealeth their instruction; that He may withdraw man from his purpose, and hide pride from man.” The Scriptures are full of accounts of remarkable dreams, which in many instances became the pivots on which turned the subsequent history of the nation.

Take for instance, the wonderful dream which Jacob had at Bethel, in that memorable night when he slept under the canopy of heaven with no pillow but a stone. The ladder which he beheld in his dream, reaching from earth to heaven, has become the symbol of the Church of all ages—apparently light and fragile and swaying with every wind, and yet strong enough to bear the countless hosts of saints and angels that are constantly ascending and descending—and, above all, the glorious promise that in his seed should all the nations of the earth be blessed have given to the dream of Jacob an unrivalled position in the history of God’s kingdom.

We cannot undertake even to mention all the prophetic dreams recorded in the Scriptures. We remember, for instance, how Abimelech was prevented by a dream from doing Abraham a grievous wrong, and how Laban was warned not to injure Jacob. How wonderful too were the dreams of Joseph, which presaged his future greatness, and the dreams of Pharaoh which by Divine inspiration he explained. Then we have the remarkable dreams of Nebuchadnezzar, as explained by Daniel; and, in the New Testament, the dream by which Joseph was warned to flee with the infant Jesus, from the wrath of Herod, and the dream of the wife of Pontius Pilate, in consequence of which she warned her husband not to have anything to do with the unjust condemnation of Christ. Each one of these remarkable dreams would be well worth a prolonged examination; but this we think is hardly necessary for our present purpose, as there can be no question but that in Bible times God did frequently make known His will and disclose His purposes in dreams; but the question is, whether these things have ceased?

In answering this question Dr. Kitto, who is generally consider-

ed a Biblical authority of the first class, remarks: "It may be so? In a certain sense, miracles have ceased; prophecy has closed; why may not significant dreams also have ceased? They may, but have they?"

He does not answer the last question; and perhaps it were the part of prudence to imitate his example. It is plain, of course, that prophetic dreams in the higher Scriptural sense have ceased. The closing of prophecy involves their cessation. Since God has revealed through Christ everything which it is essential for man to know, He no longer confirms His covenant by dreams, as He did of old time; and it would now be the height of folly to judge of the favor of God by the character of our dreams. Still, the phenomena of dreaming, even at the present time, are so remarkable, that we can hardly resist the conclusion that there are still occasional instances of prophetic dreams in the second sense which we have indicated—dreams by which mysteries are revealed or future events foreshadowed.

To sneer at things of this kind, is much more easy than to attempt to understand them.

It cannot be denied, however, that there are many instances on record when the minds of dreamers appeared to be preternaturally active. Possibly every one of us might supply some examples from personal knowledge. We have heard of a minister who in his youth frequently preached sermons while asleep, and it was suggested that he was more eloquent in his bed than in his pulpit. I have read of a clergyman who had a habit of getting up at the dead of night, and writing excellent sermons in his sleep, and when he awoke in the morning he was delightfully surprised to find a sermon ready to his hand. No doubt, if he could have transmitted his faculty to others he would have had no lack of pupils. It is recorded of Coleridge that he composed in his sleep the beautiful poem beginning,

"In Hanada did Kubla Khan  
A lofty pleasure-house decree—"

On awaking he wrote down a considerable portion of the poem, but, being disturbed, forgot the remainder, and was never able to recall it.

Such instances which are comparatively numerous, are, however, not strictly prophetic. They merely show that sometimes the mind of the sleeper becomes preternaturally active—clairvoyant, if you choose—from which there would seem to be but a single step to what is known as "second sight" or the power of beholding things to come. Of a similar character are instances of extraordinary

memory in dreams—such as that of the Bank Cashier who according to Dr. Abercrombie, discovered in a dream the cause of an error in his accounts, after having puzzled his brains about the matter for nearly a year.

Besides these, there are however many instances on record, in which dreams would seem to have foreshadowed future events. Some of these occurred on such trifling occasions that we are almost forced to the conclusion, that there is in the mind of man a faculty somewhat akin to memory but reaching in an opposite direction, which usually lies dormant, but sometimes becomes active, especially in dreams, by means of which future events, often of the most trivial character, are prefigured or portrayed.

Thus, for instance, a clergyman of our acquaintance insists that he once foresaw in a dream a great freshet on the river Susquehanna, and told his family all about it, even down to the most minute particular, a whole day before its occurrence.

A similar instance is related and vouched for by Robert Dale Owen; and with all his strange notions, we do not believe that Mr. Owen would knowingly relate a falsehood. He had a friend engaged in a retail store on 2d St. in this city, who on one occasion dreamed that the next day he would sell \$150 worth of drap de'te, or summer cloth to a single customer. Next morning he related his dream in the store. "Nonsense!" was the reply; the thing is impossible. You know we do not sell so large a lot of drap de'te to one customer in ten years." Mr.—, the gentleman who had related the dream assented to the truth of this, but became very nervous as the time approached, and his agitation increased when some time before mid-day the salesman who usually sold the kind of goods referred to in the dream, was called off, and Mr.—, had to supply his place. Almost exactly at 12 a customer entered, and asked for drap de'te. It turned out that the article was required for clothing in a public institution, and the amount purchased amounted to \$148 or \$152; Mr.— does not now recollect which."

In both these cases the object of the dreams was so trivial as utterly to exclude the idea of supernatural influence. They would seem to indicate no more than that there is a hidden law of nature by which under certain circumstances "coming events cast their shadows before."

If, however, we accept the statements of many great men, who have recorded their own experiences, there have been occasional instances of dreams that seemed to be prophetic in a higher form. There are accounts as old as the days of Cicero, and others as new as the present generation, in which the clue to the discovery of a fearful crime was furnished in a dream. So also there are numer-

ous instances in which Christians are said to have in a similar manner been warned of approaching danger.

But as it is better from a Christian point of view to relieve others than to be yourself relieved, we will adduce but one more prophetic dream—which comes to us on no less an authority than that of Rev. Dr. Bushnell, of the North Congregational Church of Hartford, who relates it in his book entitled “Nature and the Supernatural,” and so far as I know no one has ever called the facts in question. He says: “Captain Yount, of California, in a mid-winter’s night had a dream, in which he saw what appeared to be a company of emigrants, arrested by the snows of the mountains, and perishing rapidly by cold and hunger. He noted the very cast of the scenery marked by a huge perpendicular front of white rock cliff: he saw the men cutting off what appeared to be tree-tops rising out of the deep gulfs of snow; he distinguished the very features of the persons, and the look of their particular distress. He woke particularly impressed with the apparent reality of the dream. At length he fell asleep, and dreamed exactly the same dream again. In the morning he could not expel it from his mind. Falling in with an old hunter comrade he told him the story; and was only the more impressed by his recognizing without hesitation the scenery of the dream. This comrade came over the Sierra by the Carson Valley Pass, and declared that a spot in the Pass answered exactly to his description. By this the unsophisticated Patriarch was decided. He immediately collected a company of men with mules and blankets, and all necessary provisions. The neighbors were laughing, meantime at his credulity. ‘No matter,’ said he, ‘I am able to do this and I will, for I verily believe that the fact is according to my dream.’ The men were sent into the mountains, one hundred and fifty miles distant, directly to the Carson Valley Pass. And there they found the company in exactly the condition of the dream, and brought in the remnant alive.”

Dr. Bushnell continues: “A gentleman present when the Captain told me, said, ‘You need not doubt this for we Californians all know the facts, and the names of the families brought in, who look upon our venerable friend as a kind of saviour.’ Their names he gave and the places where they reside, and I afterwards found, that the California people were everywhere ready to second his testimony.”

Facts, it is said, are stubborn things—and if the instances we have related are facts—of which every person must judge for himself, they go far to show that dreams are not always vain; and that it is not impossible that the Lord still sometimes employs them for the purpose of guiding His people.

But it is necessary to remark, that if it has always been conceded even by their most strenuous advocates, that prophetic dreams are among the rarest of occurrences—so rare, indeed, that most of us know nothing of them from personal experience. No one can explain their causes or the laws of their occurrence, and if they should happen to a Christian he would accept them as he would any other wonderful dispensation of Divine Providence.

As for oneiromancy or the foretelling of the future by means of dreams, it bears no more resemblance to prophetic dreams than incantations for the purpose of attempting to raise the dead bear to the visits of angels. Like every other form of divination, it is not only foolish but sinful—inasmuch as it destroys our confidence in God's Providence, and makes an idol of our own imagination. Hence both in the Laws of Moses and in the Prophets we are warned not to put our trust in those who divine by dreaming, and Solomon exclaims: "In the multitude of dreams there are also divers vanities. But fear thou God!"

Dreams constantly remind us of the final separation of the soul from the body. Night after night the soul appears to take flight from the body, and while we rest in our beds we imagine ourselves thousands of miles away. Poor Byron thought of this, and shrank back from the idea of an eternal dream of horror; but the Christian is glad to be reminded that he is "a day's march nearer home."

Still another thought in conclusion: "A French writer has said, If you would dream gloriously, you must act gloriously when you are awake, and to bring angels down to converse with you when you are asleep, you must labor in virtue during the day. So if you would die gloriously, you must live gloriously, for only he who falls asleep in the Lord can cheerfully say: "Good Night!"

### MY PHOTOGRAPH.

My mother dressed me neat and clean,  
 My sister pinned my collar,  
 And tied a ribbon on my neck,  
 Then handed me a dollar;  
 And sent me to the likeness man,  
 To have him take my picture;  
 And now before you here I stand;  
 You see I'm quite a fixture.

The artist placed me on a stool,  
 And said, "Stand still and steady,  
 And when I take the cover off,  
 You'll know that I am ready."

But O, dear me, it is so hard  
 For one to keep so quiet;  
 And if you don't believe it, boys,  
 I only wish you'd try it.

At first 'twas all that I could do  
 To keep my head from shaking;  
 And when at last I got it stilled,  
 I found my hands were quaking.  
 And then it seemed that every limb  
 Did want to go a jogging,  
 And something seemed to say to me,  
 " You ought to have a flogging "

But never mind; I'm over that;  
 It was a silly notion;  
 The thing was done, and I was free  
 Again to make a motion.  
 I breathed, I gaped, I laughed aloud,  
 And flourished with my stick,  
 And down the stairs I ran, and gave  
 An extra jump and kick.

*Young Folks' News.*

### DOROTHEA TRUDEL.

BY THE EDITOR.

#### *In Search of a Calling.*

What is the proper mission of woman? This is a question which confronts us on all sides. To be a good daughter, sister, wife, mother? Yes, but what of the daughter, once the parents are dead; or if one or both are bad, and abandoned, as the case may be? Simply to be a good sister confines her sphere to very narrow limits. What of her whom God never allows to become a wife and a mother? Of her who is childless or a widow? Home is her sphere? But many a one has no home; will never get one. Must the whole sex be confined to home duties, domestic service, and the needle? The queen of the home circle, woman certainly is. But that is a throne which not every woman can reach. Many a queen walks sadly and uncrowned through life, vainly seeking an empire for her hands and her affectionate heart. Is Law, Medicine, Theology a proper sphere for her? I know lawyers' wives who have mastered the principles of law better, and have a clearer perception of justice than their husbands. I know physicians

whose wives can treat a patient more successfully than their husbands. I know ministers, whose wives are better theologians, and better spiritual comforters and counsellors than their husbands. I am not pleading for lady doctors, lawyers and ministers; I am simply stating a fact. Of one thing I feel convinced, that "the woman of the future" will take more part in these three professions, than the woman of the past has done. More part too, will she take in many other spheres from which she has hitherto been excluded. For many kinds of labor she is physically disqualified. In many parts of Europe, she is literally a hod-carrier, and a bearer of heavy burdens. I have seen her mowing grass, driving a team, wheeling the barrow, and even digging the earth, in building railroads. All that is unnatural. But she is by nature as skillful in telegraphing, printing, clerking, teaching, as man is. The Creator has endowed woman with aptitudes, peculiar to herself; aptitudes which man can never claim nor acquire. Man, too, has some which she does not possess. The qualities of both are needed to advance the well-being of humanity, and the glory of God. The Christian world has lost immensely by not utilizing the intuitive, quick perception, practical common sense, tact and tender sympathy of woman, in the more general departments of public improvements. Fliedner felt this, when he established his noted Institution of Deaconesses at Kaiserswerth, in Europe. And the best solution which this question has received was given by him. His hundreds of disciples are quietly fulfilling their heaven-born mission in the four quarters of the globe. Not for female doctors, lawyers and ministers do I plead, but for work in these and other spheres, which woman can perform better than or as well as man, without unsexing herself.

Dorothea Trudel was twenty-two years of age. She had become devotedly pious. Her mother needed her help, but a crippled, delicate girl, is of little use in housework. Her mind naturally strong, and active, was poorly educated. What can such a poor body do? Has the kind Father in heaven no use for her, but to set her down in some charitable institution, a sullen pauper, all her days? She was taken sick. The doctor said she would die of consumption. She wished to die, "longed to go home." The poor soul! No wonder. Of what use can such a helpless person be. Only a burden to herself and her friends. God knew better. She partly recovered. Unable to stoop, she tried to make herself useful to her friends in weaving silk. Amid all her sufferings, she was peaceful and happy, whilst she expected to spend her remaining days at silk-weaving. She was timid and shy, and shrank from society. In 1840 her uncle, Dr. Trudel, after a long practice

in Holland, returned to Mannedorf. He was in his seventy-fifth year, without a family, and possessing considerable means. Soon after Dorothea's mother died. Thereafter Dr. Trudel took her, and her three sisters away from their wayward father, into his house. He kindly provided for them, as his adopted children. He soon learned that silk weaving was not the proper work for Dorothea. He had her instructed in flower making. After ten years, the uncle died, leaving them a large part of his property, and a second time leaving them orphans. By this time her business had made it necessary for her to have a number of workers under her. Her "earnings were considerable." Her business prospered. She was no longer poor in money, but very poor in spirit. In her uncle's house lived a brother and sister. In 1852, she made her home with them. She says:

"I persevered in working at my trade for a year, during which time the Lord continued to show me much that tended to my self-abasement. I learned that bodily suffering cannot produce conformity to God, even when it is borne with patience; that the only way in which that grace can be obtained, is by the outpouring of the love of God in the heart. I did not know before, what was meant by being 'nothing,' and yet I had considered myself converted. But now the Lord opened my eyes, and showed me that the annoyance I felt to this hour, when tried by any difficulty, arose from the presence of the 'old man,' and that if I possessed the love described in 1 Cor. xiii., which 'is not easily provoked,' and 'seeketh not her own,' I should be no longer provoked to such irritation; from that time, the Lord has so strengthened me, night and day, that the wonders which have taken place in accordance with God's word, will be less marvelled at, than that I am still spared and enabled to labor."

As before stated, Dorothea's mother was her own family physician. She healed her sick children by prayer. Now the daughter learns to wield a similar power. Her sorrowful life brought her into tender sympathy with the suffering and the erring. In all their afflictions she was afflicted with the warmest affection; she was continually drawn towards them. Her powers of healing were first tested in this wise:

"Four of our working people fell ill, and, as each could do as he pleased, all four summoned a doctor. It was remarked, however, that they got worse after taking the medicine, until, at last, the necessity became so pressing, that I went as a worm to the Lord, and laid our distress before him. I told him how willingly I would send for an elder, as is commanded in James v. 14, 15: (Is any sick among you? Let him call for the elders of the Church; and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord, &c.) but as there was not one, I must go to my sick

ones in the faith of the Canaanitish woman, and without trusting to any virtue in my hand, I would lay it upon them. I did so, and by the Lord's blessing, all four recovered. Most powerfully did the sin of disobeying God's word then strike me, and most vividly did the simple life of faith, the carrying out just what God orders, stand before me."

Instead of feeling elated, she felt deeply humbled by the cure of these sufferers. She had been their nurse. She felt herself irresistibly driven to do something for their relief. What that something was she was not certain. The passage in James was familiar to her. Was not that still the word of God, and therefore as true now as in the days of the apostles? If medical skill was unavailing, would not prayer avail? There was a time when God's healing power was directly exercised in answer to prayer, might it not be thus exercised still? "The doctors were at fault; but was not faith in God perhaps more at fault?" With such questions in her mind, she knelt beside the sick, and prayed for them. God in mercy heard her pleadings, and healed the sick. "The thought that at first startled her now became her settled conviction for life." A sickness broke out in the village. Many sick were healed in answer to her prayers. And in this way Dorothea Trudel sought and found her calling as a healer of the sick.

Her subsequent fame was unsought. She was uninspiring, meek and retiring. Nothing of the unwomanly boldness, so often found in female physicians and advocates of woman's rights, marred her character. She was no religious fanatic, no medical quack, to humbug the people; but an humble Christian, whose heart yearned to relieve the suffering. She learned her art from her mother. As she, the meek sorrowing wife of a brutal husband, had cured her sick children by kneeling in prayer for them at their bedside, so Dorothea uses the laying on of hands, anointing with oil and prayer as a remedy. Others may practice Allopathy, Homeopathy or any other pathy, she is a poor ignorant woman, and knows nothing about the medical systems and learning found in books. She has studied with One, the great Physician, who says: "Whosoever ye shall ask in my name, that will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son." (John xiv. 13). Her efforts at healing were unstudied and artless. Her favorite idea was: "My name is unknown to the world, but it is written above; here I am unacknowledged and despised, but there I shall be confessed before the Father's throne." Not every pious person can heal thus, by means of prayer. For every one, claiming to be a Christian, to set up as a healer of this sort, would be a stupid blunder. God hears the prayers of His people, and answers them as will be most expedient for them. But not every praying one, has the mission of Madam Trudel to fulfill.

**BEECHER ON PLANTING TREES AND COUNTRY LIFE.**

At the late meeting of the New York Rural Club, the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher was called out by President Parsons, and responded as follows :

I knew that you all understood I was a farmer, but speaking not being my vocation, I did not know that you would call upon me to speak. I expect when I die to have on my tombstone "The Farmer of Westchester county." As such I want it to be remembered I lived a life of usefulness. I have a farm of some thirty or forty acres, and I am often asked whether my farm pays. I always say "Yes, everybody but myself." It has set up three or four men in business ; they have built houses off of my farm, and there are several more who are just going to build. Yet, although it has not taken care of me, as near as I can remember, I have always taken care of it. If I have not derived much from it in pocket, I am sure I have derived enough in enjoyment to make it a profitable investment. I look forward to the day when I may be released from the contaminations of city life, and may retire to the trees on my farm in the country. I can say truly that when I go among trees I am better pleased with my company for the most part than I am when among men. I find I never had a tree that lied to me, and, although they do a great deal of whispering among themselves, I have never had reason to suppose there was any scandal in it. I find in the communion of nature neither peevishness nor trouble-making, but much instruction and much comfort. After a man has been in the excitement of active life, I think there is nothing more wholesome than the bath which he gets by going into the country. I think there is no inheritance, there is no blessing that anybody can confer upon his children, no money, no name that can compare with a gift of a taste for natural scenery and rural occupation. The gift of being in the presence of nature is a greater gift than any fortune that can be imagined. More than all the books of a library, more than paintings, more than the scenes of active life, it seems to me that to the heart that knows nature, she solicits and haunts each one of the senses ; the reason, the affection, the imagination, the whole body. I am sorry to say that this is a gift less often found among those who live in the country than anywhere else. I see a great many persons who

talk about the country a great deal indeed, but they know very little about it, not so much with the inward man as with the outward man. But to love it, until soliciting it, it loves you ; until when you go there the trees lay bare their shrines, and bend and welcome you, until nature herself perceives you and wants to be the almoner of God's bounty—that is a pleasure which we cannot expect everybody to have. The New York merchant has got to be worth several hundred thousand dollars if he is going in the country to live and be a farmer. He buys a place, and I look over to see what he does with it. He has been reading books and taking advice from men, and he begins on it to lay off his ground and build fences, stone walls, or hedges, and he goes on to drain it and square it up and deepen it, and to buy manure infinite and transport it without regard to cost to enrich the whole soil, and he builds a fine barn and then a fine house, and at last "slicks up" everything around about him ; and when he has got to that point nature lets go of him, and he yawns and begins to be restless, for he has nothing more to do. The fact is, he has been mechanical, and the only thing in nature is, that it gives him something to do, and so at last he sells the place for about one-half what he gave for it, and goes back to the city and says, " You tell me about farming. I have tried it ; I know what that is." In future time you often find that some man who has a genuine taste for it, falls into the possession of the place, which has been fixed up by the man who sold. However, I don't want to say any more about this phase of rural matters.

I want to scold your nurserymen because they don't keep more trees, and their customers because they don't buy more trees, and the public generally, because they run on two or three trees. A foreigner might travel through the country, if he didn't go out of the towns, and think we didn't have more than two or three trees. A man will say, " Let us put out trees." Then when he has put out two or three or four kinds he is satisfied. Now, there never was such a country in which to do decorative work. Suppose we were to select in some concerted way the different shade trees, so that from town to town there should be avenues of all the finest trees ; here a three mile road shaded with our fine tulip tree, here an avenue of oaks, spreading their branches from village to village, and here an avenue of magnolias. If this was to be done we should have on every hand an example of the noblest architecture that nature indulges in. For a tree is the noblest work of nature, although some have thought man was [Mr. Bryant, interrupting, "inanimate nature"]. But the tree is not inanimate. If a tree has not a soul I don't know what has. Take that elm at Fishkill

Landing. Its history has never been written. I have never seen any reporters there; no notes have ever been taken about it. I do not doubt but what you, sir (addressing Mr. Bryant), have had many things told you by the trees—or else I have read your earlier poems with poor success.

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### THE LITTLE BOY THAT DIED.

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[Dr. Chalmers is sa'd to have been the author of the following beautiful l'nes, written on the occasion of the death of a young son whom he greatly loved :]

I am alone in the chamber now,  
And the midnight hour is near,  
And the fagot's crack, and the clock's dull tick  
Are the only sounds I hear;  
And over my soul, in its solitude,  
Sweet feelings of sadness glide:  
For my heart and my eyes are full when I think  
Of the little boy that died.

I went home one night to my father's house—  
Went home to the dear ones all—  
And softly I opened the garden gate  
And softly the door of the hall;  
My mother came out to meet her son;  
She kiss'd me, and then she sighed,  
And her head fell on my neck, and she wept  
For the little boy that died.

I shall miss him when the flowers come  
In the garden where he played;  
I shall miss him more by the fireside  
When the flowers are all decayed;  
I shall see his toys in his empty chair,  
And the horse he used to ride,  
And they will speak with a silent speech  
Of the little boy that died.

We shall go home to our Father's house—  
To our Father's house in the skies—  
Where the hope of souls shall have no blight,  
Or love no broken ties;  
We shall roam on the banks of the river of peace;  
And b. the in its blissful tide;  
And one of the joys of life shall be  
The little boy that died.

## A USEFUL AND HAPPY OLD AGE.

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BY THE EDITOR.

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“ ‘Tis the sunset of life, gives us mystical lore,  
And coming events cast their shadows before.”

A busy, active life, like a train of cars, shocks and is shocked when suddenly stopped. When strength fails, and the weakening powers of age signal “down brakes,” you must slacken the speed gradually. On the same old track of toil, the hard-working man rounds off his useful life, with work suited to his age. The mind trained to active habits for half a century, chafes in misery under the yoke of idleness. The wisest plan is to “work *while* it is called to-day.” Many old people of leisure are very unhappy. They are impatient, ill-humored, morbid, desponding, and generally view things darkly. The mind that has wrought for many years with manly might, is unwilling and unhappy to be laid on the shelf before its time. Wealth, without work, and without faith, brings woe.

“ A want of occupation is not rest;  
A mind quite vacant is a mind distressed.”

Wise people, however wealthy, will not stop life’s work abruptly. Old saints, in order to be peaceful and happy—“fat and flourishing”—must have been “planted in the house of the Lord.” Thus they will still bring forth fruit in old age—find their happiness in using their remaining strength.

It is interesting to study the amusements and employments of old age. Dugald Stewart, says that the celebrated English writer, Adam Smith, in his old age, observed to him that of all the amusements of old age, “the most grateful and soothing is a renewal of acquaintance with the favorite studies, and favorite authors of youth. I heard him repeat the observation more than once, while Sophocles and Euripides lay open upon his table. These Greek authors he had studied when a youth, and now returned to them with pleasure.” What Smith sought in the pagan Classics, pious old people seek in the Bible, and devotional books of their early Hymns, and passages of Scripture, which they committed to memory in childhood and youth, are now recalled with a new

meaning, and a blessing of which before they had not had the remotest conception.

Cicero's dissertation on Old Age, describes the trials and peculiarities of this class of people, and from a heathen stand-point, tries to teach the secret of a serene happy old age. Old people, he holds, who have outlived friends and kindred, should be treated with gentle forbearance and charity. We should bear with their infirmities, and profit by their lessons of life's long experience. So reasons the greatest of Roman Orators. At best his reasoning lacks "the one thing needful."

Good Isaac Walton is a pleasing instance of a green old age. After a sober, cheerful, pious life, his last days were unclouded. At eighty-three, he traveled a distance of more than a hundred miles to visit a friend. In his eighty-fifth year he wrote the life of Dr. Sanderson. At ninety, the year of his death, he wrote a preface for a work edited by him. His genial benevolent life was rounded off by a fitting end. It reminds us of Dryden's wish:

"So would I live, such gradual death to find,  
Like timely fruit, not shaken by the wind,  
But ripely dropping from the sapless bough ;  
And dying, nothing to myself would owe.  
Thus, daily changing with a duller taste  
Of lessening joys, I by degrees would waste ;  
Still quitting ground by unperceived decay,  
And steal myself from life and melt away."

Dr. Gardiner Spring wrote his autobiography of two volumes, at eighty years of age. He says the spirit of the following anecdote, found in "Ferguson's Essay, on the History of Civil Society," gave the first impulse to this work of his closing life: "It is said of Spinola, a famous commander in the service of Spain, in the sixteenth century, on being told that Sir Francis De Vere, who served under Leicester in the expedition to Holland, *died of having nothing to do.*" To which Spinola replied: "That was enough to kill a general."

Dr. Spring adds :

"Nature, not less in the intellectual and moral, than the physical world, abhors a 'vacuum.' I have never aimed at cessation from labor, but rather at incentives to action. While I retain my relation as the senior pastor of the Church, whose pulpit I have been permitted so long to occupy, I have, at my own request, been released from the more weighty responsibilities of the pulpit and the pastorate, and am exposed to the depression of *having nothing to do.* Four-score years of my pilgrimage, have passed away: not without many a struggle I have, for the most part, relinquished a ministry which has been my joy, and am disposed to feel that my work is done. It is indeed a sad hour. To resort to unemployed repose, neither

suits my habits nor my taste. My intellect and my affections require stimulus. There is not even embellishment in listlessness. The inventive powers are unstrung ; the imagination has lost its promptitude, and is slow and hesitating ; and there is no quickness of apprehension, where the mind has nothing upon which to exercise itself, or where there are few, if any, subjects that interest it. Though descended from a vigorous and long-lived stock, I have never anticipated old age ; I have never looked for it. But I realize it now, and am contemplating it, not so much with sadness, as with the apprehension that I shall be a cumberer of the ground. This is just the state of mind in which I commence these personal reminiscences (his autobiography). Now that the wintry blast of age has come upon me, I have ventured to summon memory and reflection, to compensate me for the ardor of youth, and the vigor of riper years. Yet, at the best, it is but the mournful swell of the night-wind, the solemn wail of days that are with the ‘years beyond the flood.’ . . . . I love to look back upon the past. Memory lives there, and in treasuring up what we have acquired or observed, it expatiates upon the resources of infinite goodness. I love, too, to look forward to the future. Faith lives there ; and in her brightest anticipations sees Him whose presence and love are the joy of earth and time, and also the everlasting joy of heaven and eternity. It is a delightful thought that God is there, God our own God. There are sombre hues in the past; but there is radiance even on the darkest cloud. Time is but a dream. ‘What shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue !’ There is a *reality* only in the future, and therefore there is gladness—‘joy and gladness, thanksgiving and the voice of melody.’ ”

Few of our public men led a more active busy life than the late William H. Seward. As a lawyer, a statesman, and a Cabinet minister, he took to toil as the hungry man takes to his daily bread. When, at an old age, he withdrew from public life, his friends thought that he would spend the evening of his stirring life, in quiet and rest at Auburn, N. Y. Instead of that, he at once projected a journey around the world. On starting, a thousand neighbors and friends gathered around him, to bring him their parting blessing. All expressed their surprise that he should embark on such a journey at his time of life. He replied :

“Travel improves health instead of exhausting it. The journey, though long, is now made easy by steam on land and sea. When I come back, remember to meet me at the eastern door of the railway station, though we part at the western one.”

Fourteen months later, the same friends welcomed him home, on his return from the long tour. In a short address he said :

“I have had a long journey, which in its inception, seemed to many to be eccentric, but I trust that all my neighbors and friends, are now satisfied that it was reasonable. I found that in returning home to the occupations, which were before me, I was expected to enjoy rest from labors, and cares which were thought to have been oppressive and severe. I found that at my age, and in my condition of health, ‘rest was rust,’ and nothing remained to prevent rust but to keep in motion. I selected the way that would do the least harm, give the least offence, enable me to acquire the most knowledge, and increase the power, if any remained to do good.”

Guizot, the celebrated French statesman and author, is eighty-seven years of age. At twenty-five, he married a lady thirty-nine years of age. After her death, he married her niece. From that time, to the present he has been one of the hardest working, and happiest men in France. He has written dozens of works, which have become standards in Literature and science, and filled some of the highest offices in the gift of his country. He enjoys a green, hardy old age, and works with youthful vigor. In his eighty-eight year, having finished recently, his history of France, he is about to commence his "Universal History." He recently remarked, that he could still see, hear and work well, and that Pius IX., could do the same. "We are the hardiest old men in Europe, and will outlive many who are yet young, if God pleases." He is actively interested in the erection of a new Reformed Church in Paris, which will ere long be dedicated. He is the most prominent and influential layman of the Reformed Church in France, and has for many years, taken an active part in its synodical meetings.

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### AVOID CHECKING PERSPIRATION.

BY DR. W. W. HALL.

Which means, do not cool off too soon after any form of exercise. The lesson may be more clearly and impressively taught by startling facts.

Mr. Everett had been testifying in an overheated court-room, and went over to Faneuil Hall to make a speech; the apartment was cold, and while he was waiting his turn to speak, he sat still in a draught of air, his head uncovered. He said afterwards, that when he began to speak, "My hands and feet were ice, my lungs on fire." He died of pneumonia in five days.

Professor Mitchell, the most eloquent astronomical lecturer who ever addressed a New York audience, died within twenty-four hours, as a result of getting into a cold bed while perspiring.

The good Bishop McIlvaine became a little overheated in walking through the streets of Florence; he stepped into a barber's shop for a shave, and while waiting his turn took off his overcoat, became chilled, pneumonia followed, and he died in a few days.

A gentleman of wealth and culture and high social position took a leisure walk to the Central Park, within half a mile of his splendid Fifth avenue mansion. It was a balmy day in April. Taking a seat in the Mall, he noticed that the wind was a little

fresh, and before he knew it a chill ran over him, and in a few days he was in his grave.

Circumstances compelled an energetic lady to take her cook's place for four days. There was a draught through the kitchen where the work was done. Weary and overheated, she repaired to her chamber and lay down to rest with nothing over her. This was repeated several times a day; on the fifth day she was attacked with lung fever. After suffering for six months, consumptive disease made its appearance, ending fatally in a short time.

A ship-owner finding some work needed on one of his vessels in Boston harbor, laid aside his coat and "lent a hand" for an hour or more; this threw him into a perspiration; he sat down to enjoy the delicious breeze. On attempting to rise he found he needed assistance. His joints seemed to be stiffened, making it necessary to carry him home. He was promptly put to bed and did not leave it for two years, when he was barely able to hobble down to the wharf on two crutches.

Multitudes of women lose health, and life itself, every year in attempting more than they can safely perform; in being too much in a hurry to get through with their work; in taking too long walks; in spending too much time in shopping, coming home weary and tired in body and brain, and, as a matter of course, overheated; the next thing is to change the better dress, warm, for a common, but cold garment; then to lounge on a sofa or bed, fall asleep, without extra cover, wake up chilled, resulting in painful and expensive sickness.

Very many clergymen are heated in body and lungs, considerably above the natural standard, by the effort of preaching. Some, at the end of their sermons, are bathed in perspiration. If, in such a condition, they have to drive or ride several miles, even in summer, facing a brisk wind, and much more in winter, pneumonia is almost inevitable. Many a devoted missionary, whose duty has compelled him to preach at points miles apart on the same day, has found an over-early grave by having to face a cold wind on bleak prairies and along low, damp water courses. Surely the Great Head of the church is not so poorly off for instrumentalities for the promotion of his cause and kingdom as to make it cost the lives of his faithful servants.

Fatal pneumonias often result from sitting still in a cold or damp apartment until the body is chilled through and through. A gentleman was engaged until a late hour of the night in posting books. Feeling a little chilly, he noticed that the fire had gone out, but thinking that he would get through in a few minutes, he did not replenish it and kept at his work until taken with a chill.

Pneumonia followed next day, then consumption, and death in the prime of life.

A seasonable attention to three rules would save many valuable lives every year. Let each man notice what is most likely to give him a cold and avoid it. Cool off very slowly after all forms of exercise, in a warm room with closed doors and windows; if not practicable, put on additional clothing and exercise enough to keep off a feeling of chilliness. Under all circumstances avoid sitting still in cold or damp apartments, or in windy places.

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### PLANT TREES.

BY DR. H. HARBAUGH.

"Be aye after planting a tree, when you ha na other work, it will be a growing while ye are sleepin." So says a Scotchman. We might add, you may some day sit in its shade, or eat of its fruit. If this will not be your privilege, it will be that of some one else, which will make the good deed all the more benevolent on your part.

Have you, reader, planted a tree this spring? If not, shame on you! You could not find any place for it? So. No fence corner? No space along the highway? In Germany the roads are lined with fruit trees. How refreshing to the traveler! And no one sustains any loss by the arrangement. It spoils no one's ground, and the country looks all the more beautiful, by being thus turned into a fruitful garden.

Then what a pleasure it is to plant a tree! To see how it grows! To know that we have had some hand in making the earth more beautiful, and fitter to be the abode of man! In this respect it "pays well" to plant a tree.

Are there no Church glebes and grave-yards, that are still bare, unshaded and dry? It always makes us shudder to see the graves of the dear departed, lie exposed to the burning sun of summer. No matter how unreasonable this shuddering of ours may be, it is nevertheless the truth. Somehow either God has made us so, or we have learned to be so. Why not have beautiful groves around our churches? Why not have our grave-yards shaded? There are a hundred reasons for having it done, which will suggest themselves to any reflecting mind. Suppose that instead of reading that Christ was buried in "a garden," we should read that He was buried on a grassless, treeless commons!

## The Sunday-School Drawer.

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RULES FOR DAILY LIFE.—Say nothing you would not like God to hear.  
Do nothing you would not like God to see.  
Write nothing you would not like God to read.  
Go to no place where you would not like God to find you.  
Read no book of which you would not like God to say, "Show it me."  
Never spend your time in such a way that you would not like God to say,  
"What art thou doing?"

THE CHILD'S REPROOF.—A man who was in the habit of going into his neighbor's corn-field to steal the ears, one day took his son with him, a boy of eight years of age. The father told him to hold the bag while he looked to see if any one was near to observe him. After standing on the fence, and peeping through all the rows of corn, he returned and took the bag from the child, and began his guilty work. "Father," said the boy, "you forgot to look somewhere else." The man dropped the bag in fright, and said, "Which way, child?" supposing he had seen some one. "You forgot to look up to the sky, to see if God was noticing you." The father felt the reproof so much that he left the corn, returned home, and never again went to steal.

MINISTERIAL PUNCTUALITY.—A correspondent of the *Methodist Advocate* writes, with regard to a preacher in the mountains of Georgia: "He always goes to his appointments. If it snows, he comes; if cold and blustering, he comes. If it is raining, you may look for him at his appointments." No wonder that the further statement is made: "He can get the largest congregations of any preacher that has visited the mountains since I have been acquainted with them." There are preachers, we fear, who never dream what an element of power drops away out of their ministry—how their hold loosens on the community, and what openings for usefulness close against them—for want of this punctuality. One's habit in that respect is often the pivot on which a life work turns toward success or failure. Oh! for the four pulpit P's—piety, prayer, perseverance, and punctuality.

THE old poets tell us, that when Ulysses returned with fond anticipations to his home in Ithaca, his family did not recognize him. Even his wife denied that it was her husband, so changed was he by twenty years' absence amid the hardships of war. He called for a bow that he had left at home when he bade farewell to his family. It was a bow so stout and tough that none but himself had ever been able to bend it. He seized it, and like a willow wand it bent in his hands. Seeing this, his wife recognized him, the husband of her youth. So when, after the resurrection of their Lord, his own disciples did not know him, he proved himself to them by unveiling his arm of power again as of old, in the miracle of the draught of fishes.

**THE EFFICACY OF PRAYER.**—When Robert Hall was a little boy he had a very passionate temper. He knew that he ought to try and conquer it, so he resolved that whenever he felt his temper rising he would run away to another room, and, kneeling down, would use this short prayer, “O Lamb of God, calm my mind,” and so completely, was he able, by the help of God, to overcome this, that he grew up to be a man of remarkably gentle temper. He was an earnest and devoted servant of God, and for many years faithfully preached the Gospel of Christ.

A POINTED illustration of the influence of a mother's training upon the character of her child is afforded by one of the English Blue-books. One of the inspectors of the parochial school unions in England and Wales reports, that in a large factory where many children were employed, the managers, before they engaged a boy, always inquired into the mother's character, and if it proved satisfactory, they were tolerably certain her children would conduct themselves creditably. This was the result of a long experience, upon which these manufacturers had acted with the most satisfactory results for a period of years. The incident carries its own moral, which Christian mothers should ponder.

**“THAT ONE VERSE.”**—An old negro in the West Indies was very anxious to learn to read the Bible. He lived a long way from the missionary's house, and yet he would come to learn a lesson whenever he had time. It was such hard work, and he made such little progress that the missionary got tired, and told him one day that he had better give it up.” “No, massa,” said he, with great earnestness, “me nebber give it up till me die.” And pointing with his finger to the beautiful words which he had just spelled out in John 3 : 16, “God so loved the world,” etc., he said, with tears in his eyes: “It's worth all de trouble, massa, to read dat one verse!”—*Earnest Worker.*

**POWER OF CONSCIENCE**—A follower of Pythagoras once bought a pair of shoes from a cobbler, for which he promised to pay him on a future day. On that day he took the money; but finding the cobbler was dead, he returned, secretly rejoicing that he could retain the money and get a pair of shoes for nothing. “His conscience, however,” says Seneca, “would allow him no rest, till, taking the money, he went back to the cobbler's shop, and casting in the money, said, ‘Go thy way: for though he is dead to all the world beside, yet *he is alive to me.*’”

**HOW TO TEACH.**—The *Examiner and Chronicle* tells the story of many a man's failure in the Sunday-school, when it describes a class of young men who could not be held by a would be teacher whose method of instruction was sermonizing. They left the class, one after another, because it did not meet their expectations and wants:

“They expected to study, but they were compelled to listen. They looked for a teacher, but found a preacher. And yet this good man was unaware of the true difficulty. He mourned over his unspirituality, when the trouble was in his method. He prayed over the perversity of the unregenerate souls who rejected his ministry; but his own pride of preaching was greater than their lack of interest. He wondered at his failure to interest, and gave more time and effort to preparation, but the reservoir was full enough, the trouble was in the pipes. He tried to fill narrow-necked bottles with dashes of water, rather than drop by drop.

“Don't preach. Question the lesson into the scholar's mind, and then question it out. Make the class do the greater part of the work. Be suggestive, rather than declamatory. In so doing you will not only attract, but truly instruct and permanently retain the members of your classes.”

## Editor's Drawer.

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THE conversation of too many, although it may be technically called religious, resembles the cloud and the well without water, so strongly reprobated by St. Jude. When such persons separate from each other, they feel no real good derived to their souls. And why? Because their conversation was destitute of that unction from the Holy One which is life and peace.

A PAPYRUS manuscript, found in an Egyptian tomb, has lately been translated by a scholar of Heidelberg. He pronounces it to be an address of Rameses III to all the nations of the earth, in which the king details minutely all the causes which led to the exodus of the Jews from the land of Egypt.

EVERY man is a missionary now and forever, for good or for evil, whether he intends or designs it or not. He may be a blot, radiating his dark influence outward to the very circumference of society; or he may be a blessing, spreading benediction over the length and breadth of the world; but a blank he cannot be. There are no moral blanks; there are no neutral characters. We are either the sower that sows and corrupts, or the light that splendidly illuminates, and the salt that silently operates; but being dead or alive, every man speaks.

A CHRISTIAN'S GAIN.—An impressive answer was that recently given by a converted Hindoo, when asked, "What did you gain by leaving Hindooism and becoming a Christian?" He replied, "I have a sweet peace in my heart, of which you can know nothing till, by the grace of God, you have felt it for yourself. You can never know the value of that 'pearl of great price' which I have found till you yourself have sought and found it. When you trust in my Saviour you will know the preciousness of the salvation which He stands ready to give."

FEAR OF GOD.—A man industrious in his calling, if without the fear of God, becomes a drudge to worldly ends; vexed when disappointed, overjoyed in success. Mingle but the fear of God with business, it will not abate a man's industry, but sweeten it; if he prosper, he is thankful to God that gives him power to get wealth; if he miscarry, he is patient under the will and dispensation of the God he fears. It turns the very employment of his calling to a kind of religious duty and exercise of his religion, without damage or detriment to it.—*Sir Matthew Hale.*

WEBSTER said : "If we work on marble it will perish ; if upon brass, time will efface it ; if we rear temples they will crumble into dust ; but if we work upon our immortal minds—if we imbue them with principles, with the just fear of God and love of our fellow-men—we engrave on these tablets something which will brighten through all eternity."

**THINK OF OTHERS.**—No Christian should live for himself alone ; he should consider his fellow Christian as a member of the same body, feel for him accordingly, and love, succor and protect him. When this is carefully attended to in religious society Satan finds it very difficult to make an inroad on the church : but when coldness, distance, and want of brotherly love take place, Satan can attack each singly ; and by successive victories over individuals, soon make an easy conquest of the whole.—*A. Clarke.*

**BREAKING BREAD.**—With some nations the rights of hospitality are held peculiarly sacred, and those who break bread together consider themselves firm friends and allies. In parts of Switzerland, when two men have quarreled with each other, and their friends are anxious to have them reconciled, they endeavor to bring them unawares under the same roof. If two men sit down at the same table, they are pledged to peace. They break a piece of bread together, and are friends once more.

**WAGES IN EUROPE.**—Sixty cents a day is considered good wages for a working man in any of the European countries, except Great Britain, where the wages are somewhat higher. In the Tyrol silk region and in Italy, they often do not get more than ten cents. In the country in Germany ten cents is the common pay. Women there often get but five cents. In Sweden, men often work from four o'clock in the morning till nine in the evening, and do not get any more. During the late war many poor off men in Berlin were hired to knit stockings for the soldiers for five cents. The profits of the poor who keep petty shops, sell trinkets in the streets, or act as sutlers, do not average more than three or four per cent. Barbers in Berlin, since the raising of their prices, get five cents for hair cutting and two and a-half cents for shaving. Servants at hotels get from three to eight dollars a month. Servant girls in private families often get but ten dollars a year. Sometimes these classes cannot get work at any price.—*Exchange.*

**QUEEN VICTORIA'S HABITS.**—When free from the cares of State, nothing can be simpler than the daily routine of life Queen Victoria leads at Balmoral Castle. She manages her household on very strict principles, servants according to merit—promotion always being held out. For a stupid act, one member of the royal household had to wait ten years for promotion. Her majesty rises at seven, takes breakfast at nine, and then attends to dispatches and private correspondence ; lunches at two, then drives out in her carriage. During meals a piper plays in front of the window. She has dinner at half-past eight in the library, not having used the large dining-hall since the death of her husband. There is no display in the library—the arrangements are of the simplest character. She spends much of her time in Prince Albert's room. She comes quietly in to her dinner, with her knitting in her hand, and retires early. She is a woman of great method. In all weather she is seen abroad. A rainy day does not keep her in ; with a water-proof and umbrella, she defies the elements. It is quite a common thing to see her walking in the grounds under a drizzling rain. She is a hearty woman, having no "fine lady" fancies. She dresses consistently with the climate and the weather, and a fresh, comely, sensible-looking lady she is, in her comfortable, plain jacket and broad-brimmed hat.

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# PROSPECTUS FOR 1874

## THE GUARDIAN:

# A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

Devoted to the Social, Literary and Religious Interests of  
Young Men and Ladies.

Rev. B. BAUSMAN, D. D., Editor.

THE GUARDIAN enters upon its XXVth volume, on the first of January 1874. It has a sufficient history to establish its character, and to show its fruits. In its principles, purposes and general spirit, no changes are proposed. The True, the Beautiful, and the Good are unchangeable—error and sin are always the same. Its editorial management is committed, as heretofore, to the Rev. B. BAUSMAN, D. D., whose name, of itself, the publishers regard as the most satisfactory guarantee of the high tone and general interest which should characterize the family magazine.

THE GUARDIAN continues to be published by the REFORMED CHURCH PUBLICATION BOARD. It compares favorably with other publications of the kind, and has earned for itself a reputation which may well be coveted. The January number will be embellished with a beautiful Steel Engraving, and the publication continue to appear with a handsome ornamental cover title. The publishers will continue to use a superior quality of paper; and do all in their power, in co-operating with the Editor, to render THE GUARDIAN acceptable to its subscribers.

This Magazine will be, as heretofore, devoted to the highest interests of the young, at the most solemn and interesting period of their life. It will offer its friendly counsels to them in an earnest, though free and cheerful way. It will solemnly seek to warn them against the wrong, and affectionately lure them to the right. The Editor will endeavor to make its contents true, pure, fresh, and healthy as the morning of life. It will particularly urge self-culture and early piety as of the highest importance, and cultivate the home feeling as a sacred element in social purity and peace. It will seek to move in the element of its motto:—"Life—Light—Love."

THE GUARDIAN has no denominational or party bias. It is its ambition to take the quiet way of peace and love. It would turn the attention of its readers to that first and greatest of duties, the cultivation of the heart, mind, social feelings and pious affections. It will have its reward if it can be the means of making Hearts better, Homes happier, and Heaven surer. The evidence that it has in a degree done this, which the experience of years has furnished, is more precious to us than gain or gold. Cheerfully, hopefully, and believingly we take our pilgrim-staff in hand to travel another year.

THE GUARDIAN contains thirty-two pages monthly, making a handsome Volume of three hundred and eighty-four pages at the end of the year.

Pastors who receive this Prospectus are requested to hand it to some active member of the Church, who will procure subscribers for THE GUARDIAN. If ten subscribers are obtained, we will send one copy to the person obtaining them and one to the pastor gratis.

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REFORMED CHURCH PUBLICATION BOARD, Publishers,  
No. 907 Arch Street, Philadelphia

Vol. XXV.

JUNE, 1874.

No. 6.

“LIFE, LIGHT, LOVE.”

THE

# GUARDIAN:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

DEVOTED TO THE

SOCIAL, LITERARY, AND RELIGIOUS INTERESTS

OF

YOUNG MEN AND LADIES.

Rev. B. Bausman, D.D., Editor.

PHILADELPHIA:  
REFORMED CHURCH PUBLICATION BOARD,  
No. 907 Arch Street.

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Rev. J. O. Johnson, Rev. J. J. Pennebaker, J. B. Kershner, W. R. Yeich, M. C. Foust, S. M. Reeder, R. K. McClellan, Office (1 sub.), D. Miller (1 sub.), D. Rowland, W. R. Yeich (1 sub.), Rev. S. B. Leiter.

## GUARDIAN, JUNE, 1874.

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# THE GUARDIAN.

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Vol. XXV.

JUNE, 1874.

No. 6.

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## REMINISCENCES OF THE CIVIL WAR.

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BY THE EDITOR.

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Although on the battle-field, we knew little of the result of Wednesday's battle until the middle of the following day. The army was hedged in by a cordon of pickets, keeping civilians and stragglers at a proper distance. Besides Gen. McClelland and his staff, very few had a complete idea of the day's decision. The common soldier usually got his first reliable news of the battles he helped to fight from the New York papers. Although the retreat of Lee's army began on Wednesday night, more or less fighting continued till Thursday noon.

About half a mile from our hospital, Gen. McClelland had his headquarters, at a farm-house. During the engagement he had them in the saddle. There I found him the morning after the battle, inside of a field, near a worm fence, his staff around him awaiting orders, he coolly smoking a cigar. One messenger after another, with gay shoulder-straps and in high boots and spurs, came dashing into the field from different points of the army bearing despatches. Without the least perceptible excitement, he glanced at their contents, penned an order on horseback as he composedly whiffed his cigar. The note may have reported the repulse or capture of a part of his army. It seems all the same to him. He keeps a steady, cool head here, and it is well that he does. Some bearers of despatches hasten out of the field, others arrive. This little man on horseback handles seventy thousand men, scattered over almost half a county, engaged in a terrific work. His hand is on the helm of this ship in a storm. It is a fearful power for one man to wield ; an overwhelming responsibility for one man to bear. Occasionally he looks through his field-glass at a distant position of his army, to see how this vast machine works.

After issuing his orders, he turns his horse into the road and gallops to another part of the field. Ere long we hear the shouts

of the soldiers hurrahing for "Little Mac" as he passes in sight of them. During the heat of Wednesday's battle the distant shouts of "the boys" kept one posted on the movements of the General-in-Chief over the field. In the heat of battle even, some would pause to give him a cheer, and some prostrate with painful wounds swung their caps when they had no strength left to shout. The seen presence of a military leader acts like a charm on his warriors.

But what became of the wounded in our hospitals? Surgeon Wilcox, so far as I could see, turned not a hand. Early the following morning physicians from Mercersburg, Hagerstown, and other places arrived. Discarding the rules of "red tape," they at once set to work. I can still see Dr. Negley, of Mercersburg, Pa., throwing aside his coat, rolling up his sleeves, and vigorously going about this painful business with such instruments as he had. He laid the subjects on a large wooden bench, and dressed, bandaged and amputated as the case might require. Meanwhile surgeons and nurses arrived, and we were relieved. This gave us an opportunity to visit other parts of the field. Every farm-house and the barn belonging to it had been converted into a hospital. At some of these from five to six hundred wounded lay scattered around. Arms and legs cut off were piled together like so much cord-wood. One's heart sickened at the sight.

An errand of mercy brought me to the battle-field again the following week. Meeting an ambulance near Keedysville, I discovered Surgeon Wilcox lying in it. He seemed to be in a stupor, perhaps from opium or whiskey, his mouth wide open, and his eyes vacantly staring heavenward. I felt relieved with the hope that he had been discharged from the service.

By this time the Government had removed the wounded to more comfortable hospitals. At the neighboring villages of Boonsboro', Keedysville and Sharpsburg the churches had been converted to hospital uses. The latter place fared the worst in the battle. For a while it lay between the two armies, in the range of their shell. Its buildings were riddled. Shot and shell flew through heavy brick and stone walls as if they had been half-inch boards. The citizens had great trouble to find a place of safety. Some, with closed shutters sought shelter in their dwellings, until the heavy shot bounced into their rooms. Some found a safe hiding-place in their cellars. Rev. M. A. Shuford, the pastor of the Reformed churches in this neighborhood, remained in his house, until a large shell flew through the window into his parlor. He had just left the spot where it entered. Fortunately it did not explode. With his wife and children he fled from their home. On the street they were still more exposed. Shells were whizzing and exploding overhead and pelting the walls of the buildings. In timid

prayerful helplessness the little group ascended a steep hill towards the Potomac. Near the river, with others, they found a place of safety in a cave, until the storm of battle had passed. During their absence their house was plundered of all that could be carried off. Table furniture, cooking utensils, even the photographs of the children were taken. Not a change of clothing, not even a pair of shoes or stockings was left.

Few buildings were so utterly demolished as a Dunker Meeting-house, about a mile from Sharpsburg. Before the heavy guns its thick walls were like board partitions. The exploding shells tore the unpainted benches inside into fragments, and turned the plain place of worship into chaos.

Very sad was the destruction of horses. Noble war horses, as fine as ever graced an army, lay thickly scattered over these Antietam hills. Sometimes they lay in groups of a half a dozen or more, indicating a hotly contested part of the battle. A glorious charger was kneeling in death, his shaggy neck, crested with a flowing mane, gracefully arched, as if still proud of the rider on his back. Tall forest trees, with thick, stately trunks, were mown down midway, like so many hemp-stocks. A tract of woodland had its tree tops thus mown off with this mighty scythe of death.

Almost every field had its graves. Corn-fields, still retaining part of their crops, had their large burial plots. In the middle of clover fields, in fence corners and by the wayside were the hillocks underneath which the dead rested. Wherever groups of the fallen had been found, the graves were dug near by, to save the labor of carrying them any distance. When it was possible, officers were buried in separate graves, their names and place of residence inscribed on a small head-board. Sometimes two, three, or half a dozen single graves were grouped together. But the most of the dead were buried in large holes, some of them from twenty to thirty feet in length. Usually only the number of persons buried there, without the names, was written on the grave board. On one of these boards I read that "One hundred and thirty Rebels" were buried beneath it. Since then the remains of some of the dead have been better cared for.

Many of these soldiers, of both armies, had been carefully and well raised. Not a few were Christians, and had Christian friends at some place they once called their home. Had they died there, their remains would have been tenderly wrapped in a white shroud, laid in a neat, painted coffin, and buried in a separate grave, aside of parents and friends, with a suitable tombstone to mark their last resting-place. Around their remains a Christian hymn would have been sung and a prayer offered, and tears of bereavement would have fallen around their open graves, such as usually drop

from the eye of sorrowing love. Here the burials, though sad, were performed as a cold and tearless task. Squads of men with spades were detailed to attend to the unpleasant duty. With faded, thread-bare, bloody clothing as their shroud, without coffin, funeral procession, burial rite, solemn song of hope or a tear of affection, they were promiscuously piled into these large burial pits,

“Unwept, uncoffin’d, and unsung.”

War is a cruel master. It makes sad havoc with the humane and tender proprieties of life.

Among the wounded were hundreds of Confederate soldiers. Personally, the soldiers of the two armies had no reason to hate or hurt one another. The cruel necessities of war compelled them to mangle and slay those who had never done them any harm. At Sharpsburg were twelve hundred wounded Southern soldiers. They were as well cared for as our own men ; and, as their health improved, not a few of them mingled in pleasant company with our men, and related many a sportive or painful story from the leaf of their experience.

A certain minister found a Confederate soldier in a dying state. At his side lay an open Bible. Among the underscored passages was the following : “If thine enemy hunger, feed him ; if he thirst, give him drink” (Romans xii. 20). Another was : “And hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth” (Acts xvii. 26). Before dying he spoke with touching tenderness to the wounded Union soldiers lying around him, telling them that he felt kindly towards them all, and asked them to forgive him if they had aught against him.

As in all great battles, the field of the Antietam engagement was left strewn with shot and shell, and with the arms and valuables of the defeated and the dead. Muskets, rifles, the costly swords of officers, tempted the infirmities of the relic-hunting visitors. Indeed it was hard to resist the desire of picking up some article or other, and preserving it as a *memento* of this historic battle. Among the numerous large shells lying about I selected one. It had not exploded, and therefore was a perfect article. To my unmilitary mind it seemed very harmless. True, it was heavy, weighing ten or fifteen pounds, but its weight was no hindrance to its transportation. It would be interesting to show to one’s friends long after this cruel war would be over. I took it along home. Of course then the most of us were innocently ignorant of the contents and properties of a shell. Surely it could hurt no one, unless when hurled from the mouth of a cannon. I laid it in my sleeping chamber, indeed, to get it out of the way, laid it under my bed. For a week or longer I slept as soundly as usual over the murder-

ous weapon. By that time the papers brought us the most startling reports of the unaccountable freaks of these shells in the several counties south of us, and indeed in our own neighborhood. A farmer was ploughing; some hidden power touched by his plowshare blew him and his horses to pieces. Many other accidents of a similar nature followed. A horse or wagon butted against the touchy end of a shell, and that put an end to the horse and the wagon, and usually to the driver too. Two little boys, near Funkstown, Franklin County, felt curious about the contents of a shell. In trying to open it the poor fellows were battered to death. The Bedouin definition of a revolver is: an instrument which, once the trigger is touched, will crack away and kill as long as there is a mortal within reach. Thus the shells of both armies kept on killing people after the soldiers ceased fighting. It was said that it required a stroke on the end of the shell to make it explode, but there were explosions without any known cause.

One morning as I awoke the thought flashed on my mind that I had for a week past been sleeping over one of these terrific weapons, corked full of slaughter, worse than a keg of powder. Of course I slept little after that. What if some night it should take a freak and lift one out of bed into eternity! Somehow my mind, not easily frightened, refused any longer calmly to consent to the harboring of such an eccentric instrument of death at that place. I need scarcely say that that day the shell was, with tender caution, carried to another place; the horrible monster, like the wooden horse that destroyed Troy, its deadly weapons in its bowels! I have somewhere read a story of two boys who were out hunting. They came upon a wild boar. Terribly frightened, one ran off and climbed up a tree. The other in his fright was overtaken by the boar, which ran between his legs. The boy caught the ferocious animal by both ears, and held it for a while with a firm grip. At length he cried to his brother on the tree,—

“John; come here.”

“What do you want?” cried John.

“Why, I want you to help me let this hog go!”

Thus I had caught this shell, and knew not how to let it go. I laid it away in the garret of the parsonage. Surely, there it could hurt no one. Could it not? Everybody knows that there are seasons when even that remote part of a house can not escape the diligent hand of the house-cleaner. What, if the touch of a brush or a foot should cause an explosion and some one be killed! I had no more rest with it overhead than under it. I will stow it away under the earth, I thought, that will settle the matter. With a grim, and somewhat grotesque, sense of my predicament, I bore it back into the parsonage lot. Had I stumbled or fallen down stairs with it,

what then! The plague on this shell! How softly I stepped as I bore it out of the house. Behind some currant bushes in the garden I dug a deep hole with a spade, and gently laid it therein, and with equal gentleness covered it with earth. Surely now I am rid of it. In a day or two it occurred to me that some day it might become necessary to dig a post hole there, or a well, and touch the fatal end of the shell with the spade or pick. Such a thing would not be impossible; though it should happen after my death, I would be morally responsible for the destruction of human life. In spite of strenuous efforts to throw aside these troublesome thoughts, they refused to give me rest.

At length a fortunate idea, as I thought, struck me. I would sink it beneath the waters of the Conococheague, flowing along the edge of Chambersburg. One evening, about dusk, I started out on this singular mission. Through a certain back street, across several town lots, down a steep hillside, to the banks of the stream I bore it, meanwhile musing over this singular dilemma into which my fondness for relics had brought me. The reader may smile at it, but it was to me a strangely serious errand. I still remember how I occasionally paused on the way, holding the heavy thing in my tired hands, and listened to the throbbing of my heart and to the hush of evening, as here and there an insect began its occasional chirruping. With a long stick I sounded for a place sufficiently deep, then waded into the stream, thrust my arms under the water, and carefully laid my burden down. In going away I noted some objects near by, wherewith to mark the spot, so that in case of another demand of conscience I would know where to find it. Leisurely I strolled homeward, moralizing over the future probabilities in the conduct of this shell. Surely there it can harm no one, I tried to think; indeed for a day or two I felt pretty well convinced of it. Alas for my treacherous peace! For do not the cattle and horses pass through here to water, from the neighboring fields and roads? One touch from the hoof of a horse may explode the shell and kill him and his rider. In summer people fish in this stream with stirring nets. The man that stirs with a pole, or he that holds the net may kick the shell into deadly action. Such a turn of affairs is possible. Even to be the indirect occasion of a fellow-being's death would grieve one to the end of his life, if not longer.

Again I proceeded to the river bank at nightfall. Somehow, troubled as I was, I felt that other persons, my friends even, had cause to laugh at me. I preferred not to be watched by people who could not sympathize with my situation. Perhaps some of these would have run the risk, and let the shell rest or ruin somebody. I could not. The spot, and the shell a few feet under

water were readily found. It seemed a very heavy burden, somehow heavier than before, as I bore it homeward. What now? Before I temporarily laid it in a corner, I held it before me, seated on a chair. To my mind the coarse piece of metal got to possess a mysterious and unconquerable power. But for the power of attraction, I would have sought to hurl it on some unpeopled planet. Is there no possibility to annihilate it without risking any one's life?

In the same square with the parsonage lived an humble gunsmith. Alas! I have forgotten his name, as we so easily forget the names of our greatest benefactors. With little hope of relief I consulted him. Could he not tell me what to do with this shell? How to make it absolutely harmless?

"Take out the contents," was his reply. "Show me the shell. I can empty it—know all about it."

"Suppose it will kill you! How do you know it won't?"

"Let me see to that; I know all about it."

The next time I called he showed me a lot of powder, balls, pieces of iron, &c., which he had extracted. Now it was perfectly empty and perfectly safe. This story may seem to the reader like much ado about nothing. So be it. I felt thankful to a kind Providence, who through this gunsmith took a heavy and very annoying burden off of my hands and heart. And though hereafter cruel war should rain shells around our doors, which may God in mercy prevent, I shall never bear another loaded shell from a battle-field. For its deadly freaks there let those be responsible who are the agents in creating wars.

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#### THE WITCH OF ENDOR. NUMBER IV.

##### *Omens and Amulets.*

BY REV. J. H. DUBBS.

In the course of our articles on the remarkable history of Saul and the witch of Endor, we have had occasion to speak of the mysterious dread with which the wicked regard the future. The same feeling of dependence on an unseen power which in the righteous is the condition of faith, is in the case of the wicked the mother of superstition. It is, however, a great error to suppose, on this account, that faith and superstition are closely allied: on the contrary they mutually exclude each other, and are often in bitter opposition. Said an ancient author: "When men give up

the gods they are sure to believe in ghosts ;” and have we not ourselves known persons who, while they doubted the Scriptures, were thrown into an agony of apprehension of future evil by the fall of a mirror or the upsetting of a salt-cellar ?

I often picture to myself the Church as an intrenched army, attacked on the right hand and on the left. On the left is unbelief attempting to undermine the walls, while on the right is superstition trying its best to scale the battlements of Zion.

It is well, in the midst of such dangers, that the Christian is securely intrenched, for, in the words of the Psalmist, “ he can say of the Lord, He is my refuge and fortress, my God, in Him will I trust.” In the midst of darkness, he may feel that there is an awful terror in its gloom ; but he is not afraid, for he knows that the Lord has the keys of death and of hell ; and when in the full light of day dangers fly thick around him, like arrows sped from the archer’s quiver, he stands firm, for he is assured that God will be his shield and buckler.

It is far different with him who permits superstition to usurp the place of religion in his heart, while he has little or no faith in God’s promises, his soul is full of vague fears of threatening danger. He sees omens in the most ordinary occurrences of nature—the drifting cloud, the falling leaf, the moaning of the wind and the flight of birds, each speaks to him, in half articulate language, a warning of approaching evil.

We do not say that Christians are all free from superstition, but we have often observed that the power of superstition increases as faith grows weaker, until it culminates in those who believe in the power of spirits to communicate their desires through the rappings of a table, while they absolutely refuse to acknowledge the Providence of the Almighty Father of Spirits.

When we speak of omens we do not mean special providences. If God chooses to warn us of impending danger, who can say unto Him, Lord, what doest thou ? Should we not rather be thankful for the deliverance ? Instances of such special warnings are not rare in the history of the Church. Take, for instance, this remarkable incident which is recorded in the life of John Knox, the Scotch Reformer : “ He was accustomed to sit at the hearth-side with his family, his chair always occupying one particular spot. One evening, without being able to explain the reason, he would neither sit in that place himself nor allow any of his family to occupy it. The chair was in its accustomed place, but no one was suffered to fill it. In the course of the evening a shot was fired into the house and passed directly through the back of the empty chair. God had a work for His servant, and saved him from the hands of the assassin.”

Presentiments and warnings of this kind are, however, not omens in any proper sense of the word. By an omen we generally understand some natural occurrence—possibly a slight accident, or something of the kind—which is believed to prognosticate some future event, though there seems to be no relation of cause and effect between them. The ancients had at an early date elaborated a complete system of this kind of divination, and in its most palmy days Rome had its body of augurs, whose business it was to foretell the future by studying the flight of birds and examining the entrails of the animals offered as sacrifices. It is related of a Roman general that he deferred giving battle for two days because the flight of the birds was not auspicious; but on the third day, when the omens all were favorable, he attacked the enemy and—was terribly defeated. Those were the days when in some countries if the king sneezed it was regarded as a favorable omen, and was proclaimed throughout the whole land as a signal of general rejoicing.

All history is full of omens of this kind, which in former times were generally recorded with all the solemnity in the world. The Emperor Augustus one morning put on his shoes wrongly, and it was afterwards regarded by historians as presaging the mutiny from which he narrowly escaped with his life. When William the Conqueror on landing in England stumbled and fell, it was regarded as an evil omen, until, with rare presence of mind, he rendered it favorable by pretending to embrace the earth and exclaiming, “I greet thee, my kingdom!”

It would be strange if some relics of such ancient superstitions had not been handed down to the present age, though fortunately most of them are remembered only to be laughed at. Yet how many persons there are who dread to undertake any important enterprise on Friday, because Friday is an unlucky day. It seems useless to attempt to show such people the absurdity of their prejudice, to remind them that the crucifixion of Christ which occurred on Friday, so far from being an unlucky occurrence was the most fortunate event in the history of the world, and that in profane history many of the most auspicious events (as for instance the discovery of America by Columbus) have occurred on Friday, all is of no avail. Friday in their opinion is and must forever remain an unlucky day.

So, too, there are plenty of people whom the accidental breaking of a looking-glass distresses far beyond the value of the article destroyed. Popularly such an accident is believed to portend the death of a relative within a year, and we once knew an old lady to be miserable for almost a whole year on account of the breaking of a mirror on New Year's day. She really seemed relieved when she heard of the decease of a far-away cousin a few days before the close of the year, but just in time to save the omen.

However much we may boast of our intelligence, there are plenty of people who make their lives miserable by this species of divination ; and it is not therefore wonderful that charlatans have in all ages pretended to prepare charms and amulets which, by some mysterious power, might protect the possessor from all approaching danger.

Of this character were the Teraphim, or household gods, in the earliest ages of Israelite history. Though we have no evidence that they were ever worshiped, they were valued because they were believed to bring blessings to the family. When Rachel left her father's house she stole the teraphim, and her father followed her in the hope of regaining what he believed to be an inestimable treasure. At the most distant periods in the history of Israel, as well as of all ancient and modern nations, we find these *teraphim*, *penates*, amulets, or whatever else they may be called—for though these terms refer to different objects, they were all said to have a similar power in guarding the possessor against evil ; but in the Scriptures not a single word in acknowledgment of their pretended virtue can be found. They are everywhere regarded as fostering a refined form of idolatry, which decreases our faith in Divine Providence, and leads us to the path which Saul trod when he sought an interview with the witch of Endor.

But what shall we say of the system of blessing inanimate objects, in the hope that they will prove a means of securing Divine favor and protection, as it prevails in the Roman Catholic church ? However objectionable the word may be, I cannot see wherein Agnus Deis, Holy Water, Blest Scapularies, Miraculous Medals, and other things of the same kind, differ from amulets, when they are employed for the purpose of protecting their owners from danger, or “preserving them from the power of evil spirits,” as their catechism expresses it. I am aware that those who believe in things of this kind claim to base their faith on what they call the supernatural power of prayer, and assert that “daily experience confirms them in their belief in the efficacy of objects thus sanctified by the church.” But surely such arguments might as freely be urged in favor of charms and amulets, for superstition is always ready with pretended fulfilments of every sign and portent. Can it be necessary to secure the favor and protection of the Almighty by such means, which are nowhere commanded in the Word of God, and which, by inference at least, are everywhere condemned ? “Behold,” says Isaiah, “the Lord’s hand is not shortened, that it cannot save; neither is His ear heavy that it cannot hear.” He has told us to trust in Him for protection, and to come to Him for succor, and anything, however innocent it may appear to be, that has a tendency to distract our faith from Him who is our only Helper, is an evil and ought to be discarded.

The Church of Rome, we may remark by the way, claims to be unchangeable, though to an outside observer it seems to be changing all the while. Apart from the immense doctrinal changes, or, as they would call them, "definitions," instituted by the councils recently concerning the "immaculate conception" and "Papal infallibility," they are constantly toning down the asperities of their service. Twenty years ago, when the mass was served an assistant rang a bell under the priest's garment, which to a stranger appeared to be an almost ludicrous proceeding; now he simply strikes a gong, which has altogether a more solemn effect. A trifling difference, indeed; but "straws show how the wind blows." Why is it that the pope canonizes no American saints? Surely, if it were deemed advisable, he might find excellent material among the Jesuit missionaries who were martyred by the Indians. Why are not the relics of the saints exposed to adoration of the people? The Holy Coat of Treves or the head of John the Baptist might perhaps be borrowed on some great occasion. Why have we no Holy Wells in this country, where the afflicted can leave an offering and be healed of their maladies? Why have we no wonder-working image in Philadelphia, like the Babino at Naples, to be carried to the bedside of the sick to cure their diseases? Why do not the Catholics of this country make long processions to the places where the Blessed Virgin Mary has been pleased to appear to her worshipers?

When such questions are addressed to priests they generally reply with a smile, "These things are not essential to the faith, and they would never do in America." Well! there are other things which are not essential to the Catholic church, and will never do in America. Let the Roman church go a step further, and quietly discard all those things which gender superstition, without conduced to the glory of God. Let her suffer the relics of her saints and martyrs to rest in their graves, awaiting the resurrection, instead of distributing them piecemeal all over the earth. Let the pope stop issuing indulgences, for though we are told they are not indulgences to commit sin, there are very few persons who can be made to understand what they really are. Put away holy water, miraculous medals, and things of that kind, which, without accompanying faith in Christ, we make bold to say, the devil does not fear in the least. Throw aside these relics of mediæval superstition, and a brighter day will dawn over that ancient church, for whose Reformation all earnest Christians should never cease to pray.

In concluding the present series of articles, there is still another subject to which we have frequently incidentally referred, but on which we have a few more words to say. We mean *modern spiritualism*.

With regard to its phenomena we confess that we cannot explain them. Those who have seen them (which we have not) tell us that they are exceedingly marvellous, but we have almost ceased to marvel at anything. In fact "we know of nothing that seems more wonderful than the picture we carry in our pocket, painted by the light, or the message we send five thousand miles away by the fingers of the lightning." "For ourselves," says a recent English writer on the subject, "we are not very curious about it. With all the darkness we share in common with our race about the mystery of both worlds, we never regard ourselves as separated far from the sphere of spirit, and while we have no desire to lift the curtain till it shall be lifted for us by God's cheerful angel of death, we are satisfied with our faith in the communion of saints."

As for the distinctive doctrines of spiritualism, if such really exist, they are very hard to discover. Hardly two leading spiritualists hold the same views. It would be refreshing to discover a consistent system, however erroneous, like that of Swedenborg, for instance. Andrew J. Davis is said to be a Pantheist, R. D. Owen is perhaps a Deist, while Wm. Howitt claims, after a fashion of his own, to be an earnest Christian. When confronted with these differences, spiritualists are apt to assert that evil spirits have "lied" to those who think differently from themselves, which is very disrespectful to the spirits, though not very encouraging to the seeker after truth.

But of the Christian spiritualist, if such there be, we would inquire, with one who has given much attention to the subject, have you pondered the Divine denunciation against the "abominations of the users of divination;" against the "consulters with familiar spirits;" against wizards that peep and mutter, and that whisper out of the dust; against "those who in the latter times shall depart from the faith, giving heed to seducing spirits and doctrines of devils;" against the spirits of devils working miracles; against him whose coming is with signs and lying wonders; and against the false prophets that shall give signs and wonders?

If the spirit raisers and their patrons of former times were thus denounced, and were deemed worthy of death, what shall be the doom of the Christian who, in defiance of Holy Writ and contempt for the formularies of his church, pretends to call up the souls and bodies of the dead, and thus anticipate the day that is to fix the immortal destiny of man?

We believe that those who die in the Lord rest from their labors, and that the souls of the faithful, after they have been delivered from the burden of the flesh, are in joy and felicity. There let them rest—there shall no evil touch them.

As for ourselves, who are still in the flesh, let us trust in the

Lord, and we need not be afraid of the terror by night, nor of the arrow that flieth by day. He will preserve us from every danger, and, unworthy though we be, minister to us an entrance into His everlasting kingdom.

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### DOROTHEA TRUDEL.

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#### *Her Medical Practice.*

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BY THE EDITOR.

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Female "doctors" of medicine are of three classes. 1. Those of a regular medical education. For the training of such there are now Female Medical Colleges, whose graduates are furnished with the information necessary for their profession. 2. Pow-wowders and those who profess to have a certain kind of intercourse with "familiar spirits." Some of these may possess mesmeric or magnetic powers, by which they influence and give relief in certain diseases. Usually you find such possessing some old book treating of the influence of good and evil spirits, and how to control them. It is a blind effort to blow away some of the ills of life, which, with its little truth, imposes a vast deal of nonsense and superstition upon the gullible patients. 3. Doctors who know how to prepare certain salves, and how to use different herbs in healing sores and curing diseases. These, too, are usually persons of one book—in most cases a very old one, which has come down to them through many generations. It is kept under lock and key, lest some one might steal the knowledge of their secret art. As many an herb possesses excellent remedial properties, their teas sometimes give relief. And the salve, too, may have its healing effect. In some communities, uneducated female pow-wowders and herb doctors have more patients than the skillful and well-equipped graduates of the universities.

In my youth a little old woman of this sort, with a small, withered, wrinkled face, lived in Manheim, Pa. She was known far and wide as the "doctor woman." Although over seventy years of age, her numerous patients were scattered over the half of Lancaster county. She was always dressed with an old-fashioned, plain, little, white cap, without frills, petticoat and jacket, and lived in a faded, old frame-house. A cosy rag carpet covered the small rooms. In the kitchen was an open hearth or fireplace. An old Bible, hymn-book and prayer-book, evidently well worn, were lying on a shelf in the corner of the room. Her

home was arranged in the plainest, yet in a neat style. A maiden daughter attended to the home affairs, whilst the nimble old lady practised her profession. She spoke only German, and in that she spoke much and well. Gifted with a good memory, she knew and could graphically relate the woes, worries, and personal history of many people. For her patients and their friends she kept open house. However trifling their business, she always pressed her visitors to partake of her simple fare. No weather, however stormy or inclement, could prevent her from visiting her sick. Often when called she would watch with them all night. The moment she entered a house her clear voice and glib tongue would gather all the children around her in silent wonder. Even the sorrowful patient would sometimes be made to feel better by her cheerful talk. Her piety was as simple as that of a child. She would urge her sick to pray, saying, that without the help of God she could not do them any good. She disliked formal leave-taking, would never shake hands on going away. "I expect to come again," she used to say. "If I shake hands, it looks as if we were to part for ever." Her fees were very trifling. With her many journeyings she barely made enough to support her small family. Seldom does one find so cheerful and contented an old person as she was. To the gloomy complaints of the sufferers she always had a hopeful, cheering reply. For an uneducated practitioner she was well informed in certain diseases. Her knowledge she mainly derived from one or two old books and from observation in her practice. I will not say that she deserved her reputation by effecting many cures, nor do I approve of encouraging, as a rule, uneducated persons in the practice of medicine, be they men or women. She mostly treated chronic diseases, deep-rooted, stubborn maladies. Some people recovered while she treated them, whether from her herbs, prayers or other causes I do not know.

Dorothea Trudel's case is different from the foregoing. She rarely used any remedies, save oil, sympathy, prayer, and faith. Remembering the many answers to prayer in her mother's life, she humbly tried to relieve people in the same way. And as she effected one cure after another, many people besought her to leave her ordinary work and establish a healing institute. For a long time she refused, thinking that God had called her to spend her life in working in flowers. Every day some sick children came to her house. With these she prayed and read the Bible, and they got well. How could she refuse to pray with the sick who came to her house? From many directions, people variously afflicted came to Männedorf. It was a small hamlet, without the needful public accommodation for visitors, least of all for invalids. Against her previous determination she at length consented to take some

into her house. "This was at first out of mere compassion, when the sick had been brought from a distance, and could find no proper shelter or care if she turned them away. By degrees the one house grew into three, and her days were spent in superintendence and in constant prayer. Patients came from France and Germany, and even Great Britain. There came to be, in fact, a hospital at Männedorf."

In Europe every hospital is obliged to have a regular physician, approved by Government; and none but a regular graduate of a Medical Institution, who has stood an approved examination by the Medical Board of the Government is allowed to practise medicine. Madam Trudel's success provoked the jealousy of the neighboring physician. She had no physician for her hospital but herself, and she had no diploma. The Town Council of Zurich ordered the suppression of the Institute. What should she do with her many sick inmates? To turn these helpless sufferers out seemed to her clearly against the will of God. To call in a physician she could not do either, for he would not practice according to her system—prayer; for praying doctors were evidently scarce in that neighborhood. At length she concluded to pay a fine of a hundred francs and the costs. Afterwards the higher courts reversed the decision, and for a while she could go on unmolested in her merciful work.

It was not long until she was again prosecuted for practising medicine, in violation of the laws of the Canton, without the legal license to do this. Again she was fined, and ordered to send away the sick. Two of her patients died suddenly. As though it had been caused from the want of a physician, the Medical Board again ordered her establishment to be closed. During this trial some of the most distinguished men in Europe, such as Prelat Kapf and Dr. Tholuck, testified in her favor. After a long trial she was acquitted. Indeed, this healing of the sick by means of prayer was a question for which the laws of Zurich had made no provision. Both the law-makers and the lawyers seemed at a loss to know what to do with it. In one sense her mode of healing was a kind of quackery. She confessed that she knew nothing about medicine, was an uneducated woman; just the kind of person quacks are made of, who destroy human life by blindly dabbling in things they are ignorant of. The laws were intended to prevent this, and herein they were right. Would to God that our own country would make laws to rule quacks out of existence. Health and human life are too precious to be thus blindly tampered with. Dorothea healed people by praying for them, and thus prevented them from applying to the regular physicians. But where is the law to forbid or prevent one to pray for a child of sorrow? Clearly it was a case

hard to reach. Indeed a case which sensible people should not have meddled with, which, in spite of her lack of medical learning, could not be classed under the head of quackery.

The diseases which she treated and cured were seemingly of the most incurable character. The halt, the maimed, the blind, the deaf, all kinds of bodily deformity, she cured. Epileptics, persons possessed by evil spirits (mental derangement, some might call it), maniacs, who raved with uncontrollable madness, she calmed, soothed, and cured. One such in a fit bit her face; the wound caused a swelling as if she had been bitten by an adder. All night long she tenderly watched and prayed with the patient, and restored her to her right mind. Her experience was that "this kind goeth not out but by prayer and fasting." During one of the trials before court, some hundreds of cures she had effected were proven by reliable witnesses.

"There was one of a stiff knee that had been treated in vain by the best physicians in France, Germany and Switzerland; one of an elderly man who could not walk, and had also been given up by his physicians, but who soon dispensed with his crutches; a man came with a burned foot, and the surgeons said it was a case of either amputation or death, and he also was cured. One of the leading physicians of Wurtemberg testified to the cure of a hopeless patient of his own. Another remained six weeks, and says he saw all kinds of sicknesses healed. Cancer and fever had been treated with success; epilepsy and insanity more frequently than any other form of disease."

"The mode of treatment is exceedingly simple. The first and main object is to impress the heart; the cure of the body is secondary. There is a short service—a Bible hour—three times a day, and personal visitation of the patients besides. Prayer is made for them, hands are laid on them, and they are anointed with oil. There is no stress laid either upon the anointing or the laying on of hands, as if there were any virtue in either; they are merely retained from their connection with the apostolic word."

It is not professed to heal all, nor that the answer to prayer will be immediate. Some cases of insanity required a year before they recovered. She spent much time with her patients in reading the Scriptures and prayer. At the beginning of her labors she used to read a chapter from the Bible and pray with the sufferer, usually reading one of Hoffacker's sermons. Ere long she had too many sick people to do this with each one. When not engaged in the Bible lesson, usually from three to four P. M., she spent an hour in nursing the sick. Her first efforts seemed to be directed to the mind and heart of the patient, to get a knowledge of his spiritual state. With some no improvement could be seen until they had penitently looked into their own heart and asked themselves, "How fares it there?" When they confessed and repented of their sins, relief came. A lady had for weeks lain in great agony from an injured limb. Her doctor said that dropsy was inevitable. Twenty-

four hours after Madam Trudel had laid hands upon her she was cured.

A clergyman asked her, "How are these wonders performed?"

She replied, "Nothing is done by us. All these marvels, in bodies and souls, are wrought by the strength of Christ's blood."

Some ascribed these cures to mesmeric influence. The question caused her a great struggle. To test the matter, she prayed God not to heal a certain invalid through her means, if she employed mesmerism. Without entering the house of the sick person, she was healed. As a mesmerizer must be in the presence of his subject to produce the desired effect, this test was considered satisfactory proof that her healing was not done by mesmerism. Patients could call in their own physicians if they wished. They were not forbidden the use of the usual medicines. Still it was held that Christians could be restored without them.

How was this Home for the distressed supported? First she opened it in her small house. When this was crowded with patients, a lady, whom she had cured of a mental disease, besought her to open a second house. After much prayer she bought a second one, with the aid of her sister; and after the opposition of the Government had ceased a third was secured and filled. She charged no regular prices. Many paid her nothing. Those who were able paid a small sum, from four to ten francs (from 80 cents to \$2.00) a week. Even this would not cover expenses. Around her table as many as 80 persons sat at one time, besides those confined to their rooms. Often she had no money to make the needed purchases; yet help always came in some form or other. Once God made a bitter enemy send her money. At another time as she was sorely pressed for want of a certain sum, some one unexpectedly sent her 3,000 francs from Holland. In this way she often received help from the most unexpected quarters. Towards the end of her life the number of applicants was so large that she could find room for only a small proportion of them.

She was the head of her establishment, the superintendent, physician and chaplain. On week-days and Sundays she herself led the devotions, and explained the verses of Scripture as she read them. And it is surprising how correct, as a rule, her expositions are. She is grieved with the prevalent indifference and coldness of the pastors of her patients. From these sick people she learns how their souls have been neglected.

"I cannot describe to you how miserable it appears to me that so many shepherds are strangers to the fold; but do not think that I blame them. I pity them from my heart, and often say to my children (patients) who have such pastors, 'I would rather that they were swineherds than that a congregation of immortal souls should be confided to them'"

Madam Trudel throughout life showed traits of her early temperament; had to fight against sin and Satan to the end. Whilst her pious work is greatly to be commended, she seems to know little about other good and useful people in the Church of Christ. Although a confirmed member of the Church, she deems it a blessing not to have kept up her connection with it. She says,—

“I have often said to my Saviour in secret, ‘Do with me what Thou wilt; no pruning will be unwelcome to me; I will receive all with the greatest joy from Thee, if only Thou wilt not let me and my children be servants of sin.’ \* \* \*

“There is a distinction between Christ dwelling in us and working in us. \* \* \* To be able to conquer the wolves, we must first become lambs. \* \* \* The same Spirit which shows me my nothingness, gives me strength to conquer. \* \* \* We may sit in darkness, providing the darkness does not sit in us. \* \* \* Conversion and change of opinion are two different things. \* \* \* On the road to heaven there is only one command—‘Forward.’ \* \* \* Whoever desires the promises must follow the path of self-denial. \* \* \* Many pray that the Lord would use them as His instruments, who ought to pray first that they may become nothing. We must be empty vessels, that God may fill us with Himself. \* \* \* We must regard the world as nothing but a preparatory school for heaven.

“If God had not given me grace not to attach myself to the Moravians, or to any other sect, I should have been a reed shaken hither and thither by the wind. I do not think that they cannot find the way as well as we, if they are led by the Spirit of Christ. \* \* \* There are few fishers who understand what is meant by letting down the net on the right side, and I think we have such a poor ingathering because in many places men seek money rather than souls, while in others they concern themselves about the wool, and not about the sheep. \* \* \* The different opinions among Christians deeply harassed me for some years. I did not mind the Babel in the world, but the Babel among Christians, who chattered about the various ways and leadings of God’s grace, as revealed in Christ to sinners, and yet neither possess nor understand it.”

Dorothea Trudel died in the summer of 1862, aged 49 years. Pastor Kupfer said in his funeral sermon, on Psalm cvi. 3–16: “If any one asked advice from her, either by word or letter, they might be certain that she would give no false comfort, nor seek by flattery to gain love and affection, but would recommend the Word with power and truth. She resembled the battery of an electric machine. From the love of Jesus manifested in her a living power streamed out upon those who approached her. Sometimes the first interviews were not pleasant for the old man, yet the results were of the highest value to soul and body.”

Since her death, Samuel Zeller, son of the celebrated founder of the charitable Institute at Beugen, near Basle, is the head of the Männedorf Hospital. He conducts it on the same principles as Madam Trudel did. It is still a fountain of healing to the souls and bodies of sorrowing hundreds.

## MEMORY'S SPELL.

BY A. M. H.

Gladsome memories of the past,  
 Of the pleasures olden,  
 Joys that were too bright to last,  
 Scenes that were too golden,  
 Crowd upon my soul to-night  
 With their mellow hallowing light.

All around the deepening shadows,  
 Of the mystic twilight lie ;  
 Whilst within bright gladsome visions  
 Rise before my spirit's eye.  
 Some wierd power, unseen, unbidden,  
 Brings to view what's long been hidden.

Now upon my senses stealing  
 Scenes of by-gone days appear,  
 Fancy stands there, fast revealing,  
 Forms and faces once held dear ;  
 Whilst like music's gentle flow,  
 Come their love-tones soft and low.

Angel voices seem to echo,  
 Like some distant, silvery clime ;  
 And their white hands seem to beckon  
 From a far-off sunny clime ;  
 Thus to me sometimes are given  
 Moments sweet as dreams of heaven.

Oh, the Past ! what magic power  
 In its hidden bosom dwells,  
 Which in some unwonted hour  
 O'er the throbbing spirit swells ;  
 Notes awaking which may quiver  
 'Mid the streams "beyond the River."

PROPER INTERPRETATION.—The best interpretation of the Holy Scriptures is by the Scriptures themselves ; they must be explained in their connection. Dark passages are made clear by the light of others, if compared in their proper sense. The Bible, the Word of God, does not contradict itself, and is a miraculous work.

## JESUS AS "SHEPHERD."

BY X. Y. Z.

In one of the Gospel Lessons for the Easter season, Christ is brought before us as the "Good Shepherd." This at once suggests the existence of a "flock," of which He—the Lord—is the shepherd or pastor; and this still further implies certain intimate relations, and reciprocal rights and duties. As we profess to be members of this flock—the Church of Christ—we are personally interested in these implied relations and mutual rights and obligations.

Let us briefly look at the qualifications requisite to a "good shepherd," and see to what extent they are found in the person of our blessed Lord.

First, then, to be a good shepherd requires a certain natural capacity or aptitude. In every occupation, even the most ordinary, such a natural basis is required in order to insure success. All the efforts that can possibly be put forth must fail to qualify men for any line of duty or employment unless there is at hand a constitutional gift or natural capacity for such an occupation. So in reference to the calling of the mechanic, the farmer, or the man of letters. In all these various departments a certain amount of skill or expertness is required, which must have its ground in our constitution or natural endowments. The absence of these necessary pre-requisites to success, is sure to end in failure. So in the case of the "Good Shepherd" there must be some constitutional basis or qualification for His sacred office and its solemn duties. This is found in an eminent degree in the person of our adorable Redeemer. He is both God and man in one person, perfectly familiar with the character and will of God, in whose service He stands, and also of one nature with man, for whose spiritual good He came into the world. "Forasmuch, then, as the children are partakers of flesh and blood," says the apostle, "He also himself likewise took part of the same; that through death he might destroy him that had the power of death, that is, the devil; and deliver them who through fear of death were all their lifetime subject to bondage."

Then, again, practical knowledge, or experience of a certain kind, is necessary to qualify any one to act the part of a good shepherd. No amount of intellectual power or spiritual endowments, even,

will answer the purpose independent of personal effort, continued exercise, and large experience. The few exceptions to this rule are only stronger and clearer confirmations of the general principles here enunciated. The occasional lofty and spontaneous inspirations of genius are not in point here, as they are very rare and extraordinary appearances, and form no guide for ordinary men in the common walks of life. Wherever such lofty aspirations are found they indeed deserve our highest admiration and regard; but we must never rely upon them for the regulation of our own life and actions. Ordinary qualifications always come by experience. And, now, what kind and degree of experience had our blessed Saviour to qualify Him for acting the part of a good shepherd? Need we, at all, to answer this question? Was not His entire life generously spent in doing good and exercising Himself in the blessed work of saving souls from sin, and raising them up to a participation of the Divine nature, so far as this is possible for us poor mortals? Jesus, we are told, "went about doing good," and they who trust in Him have not only a loving SAVIOUR, but also an experienced friend and intercessor in the presence of God to care for their souls. "Wherefore in all things it behooved Him to be made like unto His brethren; that He might be a merciful and faithful high-priest in things pertaining to God, to make reconciliation for the sins of the people. For in that He himself hath suffered, being tempted, He is able to succor them that are tempted."

Again, the presence of an ardent and disinterested love and compassion forms an important and indispensable qualification of a good shepherd—a faithful pastor of the flock. He must be in deep and lively sympathy with the members of his flock, and must be able to have compassion on them when in any trouble. His own life must be to a certain extent identified with that of the persons for whom he lives and labors. And here again the qualification and perfect adaptedness of our Saviour to the office and work of a shepherd are clearly seen in that He so ardently "loved His own," and "loved them even unto the end." In every view of the case Jesus is seen to be pre-eminently qualified for the sacred office which is ascribed to Him in the oracles of Divine truth.

He indeed loved as no one ever loved before or ever can love hereafter. His deep, unfathomable love, and boundless compassion flowed out spontaneously towards all men universally. In His presence no one who needed His sympathy was ever overlooked or sent away unblest. His loving and benevolent heart always cherished the most kindly feelings towards the poor and needy of the earth; and all such universally experienced His sympathetic love and compassion—as the good shepherd of His sheep.

But what now is our relation to this good shepherd, and what

qualifications do we possess for being members of His flock? Are we in any important sense worthy of a name and a place among God's saints? Are we at all fit members of that highest and holiest family on earth—the Church of Christ—of which this good shepherd is the ever-living and glorious head?

These questions involve a great deal, and merit our most serious consideration. We need to examine ourselves carefully in order to see what is our real spiritual state, and what are our actual qualifications for the state of this "high calling of God" in Christ Jesus our Lord. Do we at all times recognize with sufficient and becoming gratitude the gracious relation which subsists between us and our Divine Lord? Do we continually bear about with us a realizing sense of His free love and boundless compassion; and are we thus prepared thankfully to respond to this love in the way of loving obedience, and cheerful, hearty service?

How very important is it for the young and inexperienced portion of the Church of Christ especially, to watch over their hearts—their feelings and sentiments! The sweet and deathless love of Christ should assuredly kindle in their bosom the flame of a fervent, cordial, and responsive love. While recalling that boundless compassion, which rescued them from a state of spiritual death, and brought them into the blessed communion of the saints, they should most assuredly feel grateful to their Divine Saviour. From the highways of sin and disobedience did the Lord of Life and Glory bring them back, and give them a place in His sheltered fold; and, oh, how much love do such owe the Divine physician of souls for healing their diseases, and restoring them to the favor of God and eternal life! Shall they forget all this unmerited love and wonder-working compassion? Can they disregard the call of duty, which comes to them from the lips of the blessed Saviour? Can they slight the strong and loving appeals of their Lord, the call to enter into His service, or, rather, to continue in this blessed service to which they have been called?

Let all men, therefore, and especially the young and inexperienced lay these things seriously to heart. Let them seriously ponder the paths of their feet, and seek earnestly to know the way of duty, the way of peace, the way of life! Let them give heed to the sweet voice within, which so lovingly urges on to duty the blessed sons of peace. Let them especially turn their spiritual eyes in the direction of the cross, and see in that meek and gentle sufferer, that hangs there between the two malefactors, the "good shepherd" who so willingly "giveth His life for the sheep." In doing so, they will be more willing to give their own life and service also to the dear one who so generously died for them upon the bloody cross!

## B U T .

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BY THE EDITOR.  
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"BUT, Mrs. Bowles, is a word that cools many a warm impulse, stifles many a kindly thought, puts a dead stop to many a brotherly deed. Nobody would ever love his neighbor as himself if he listened to all the *Buts* that could be said on the other side of the question."—*Bulwer*.

A good and great man, at whose feet we sat in our student years, had a very forcible way to use the little word *but*. In his lectures he would take up the theory held by a certain heretic. We students had reason to know that our professor considered his system of thought fundamentally unsound and pernicious. Yet such was his fairness, even towards a teacher of error, that he went to great trouble to show us what little truth there could be found in his theory. And sometimes he went a great way in seeking a few grains of wheat among a vast heap of chaff, seemingly out of pity for the sincere, though misguided false teacher. For five minutes or more he would approvingly take up one position after another, saying, "Our author holds this, that, and the other; which is correct? He teaches so and so; which is according to the facts in the case? Dr. Wiseacre in his work on the defence of his theory has severely assailed our author's view on the Relation of Reason to Science; in his vain attempt he only betrays the shallowness of his thinking." Thus with apparent enthusiasm he would be carried along in the sweep of his encomiums with accelerating speed, until at length toward the end of a very long sentence, he suddenly turned the tide with the little word *but*. This was the switch that turned the train of the argument on another track; the handle of the club with which he demolished the system of "our author." Heavy blows would follow with pitiless power and destructive effect. It seemed like giving a false system rope to hang itself—the peg on which it was hung was the little word *but*.

In a very different and more harmful way this little word is used by many others. Like an arrow, barbed with poison, is it wielded in the hands of the envious, slanderous, and backbiting. It is used with great effect by Mrs. Grundy: "Your son ought to cease his giddy, frivolous habits, and take to more rational and pious ways. It is true, he has many warm friends among people of such ways, from whom, however, he, in order to save his soul, will have to cut loose. He must be either one or the other; either a child of Belial or of Christ. He cannot be both."

"Y-e-s," groans dame Grundy, with a dismal sigh. "That is true, every word of it. Such worldly habits more and more unfit one for a Christian life and a Christian's crown in glory. Jack ought to quit that kind of life, *b-u-t!* what would the people say?"

Annie Smith is very fond of dress. All her father's hard-earned wages will not reach to pay her store bills. Instead of paying off the debt on his home it is annually increasing. At the present rate he will have to sell it ere long, and be left homeless in his old age. And all because Annie earns not a cent and dresses like the daughter of a nabob. Had she not better fit herself for some useful employment—sewing, school-teaching, or domestic service, and dress in a style suited to her means?

"Y-e-s," replies Mrs. Grundy, with a deep sigh. "Dear Mr. Smith! what an industrious, kind man, and kind husband and father he is! How hard he works to provide for his family! It is a great pity that his income does not reach. How hard it would be, if in the end he would have to sell his home. Annie has talent. She might do well in some suitable employment. How ladylike to earn her own living, and what a help it would be to her father. Especially if she would dress less extravagantly. *B-u-t*, oh dear me! what would the people say? If she would soil her pretty white hands! And the lovely Annie would be seen *working* for her living! And tone down her style of dress to suit her means! Just think! what would the people say!"

A very malicious use is made of "*but*" by envious people. Mrs. Jones is very kind to the poor, visits their humble huts, and often cheers their sad lot with cheerful gifts.

"Oh yes," says Mrs. Croaker, "it is surely very kind in Mrs. Jones to do so much for the dear poor people; *b-u-t*, don't you see, she only does it to show how good she is."

"Mr. Brown is very liberal. His pastor never asks him in vain for church help. He does not even wait to be asked for a gift. Gives to the poor, to the church, to God before he is asked, and gives largely." "Yes," says John Sourgrapes; "indeed, our church could hardly get along without Brown. And what would Grannie Grimple and Aunt Dorothy do without his kindness? What a blessing Brown is to our community! *B-u-t*, it is nothing for him to be kind—he is rich."

Lucy Spring is always about her Master's business. In the Sunday-school, sewing circle, missionary society, Dorcas society, wherever there is good to be done you are sure to find Lucy's busy hands and warm heart actively engaged. The blessing of the living and the dead, of saints on earth and saints in heaven, rest upon her.

"What *should* we do without dear Lucy Spring," exclaims Betsy Sourapple. "She is the prime mover and promoter of every good and Christian cause. *B-u-t*, what a pity that her father was a drunkard. After all she is his daughter, even though she is a good lady."

Mrs. Tomkins has a model family. The children are all so tidy and well-behaved. Somehow they all seem to obey and love their parents. Without great wealth they manage to have the coziest and happiest home in the town. Their children always walk with their parents to church, and always sit with them. What a charming scene is such a family group, in one and the same pew in God's house. Mr. and Mrs. Tompkins set their children a good example and early began to train them up in the way they should go.

Mrs. Snarling has great admiration for such a harmonious, happy family. Indeed, she says, "it is a pleasure to spend an hour in the Tompkins's home. Somehow one feels the peaceful spell the moment you enter the door. *B-u-t*, what a pity that those poor children should have had such a coarse, money-loving grandfather. Have you never heard what a miser he was? Isn't it hard to have had such a disrespectful grandfather?"

Like many other things, *but* is good or evil according to the use we make of it. Either a drop of bitter poison in the hands of the envious, or a club wherewith to maul heretics and false prophets in the hands of a true prophet and teacher.

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#### TO YOUNG MEN.

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I owe my success in life to one fact, namely: At the age of twenty-seven I commenced, and continued for years, the practice of daily reading and speaking upon the contents of some historical or scientific book. These off-hand efforts were made sometimes in a corn-field, at others in the forest, and not unfrequently in some distant barn, with the horse and ox for my auditors. It is to this early practice in the great art of arts that I am indebted for the primary and leading impulse that stimulated me forward, and shaped and moulded my entire subsequent destiny. Improve, then, young gentlemen, the superior advantages you here enjoy. Let no day pass without exercising your power of speech. There is no power like oratory. Cæsar controlled men by exciting their fears, Cicero by captivating their affections and swaying their passions. The influence of the one perishes with the author; that of the other continues to this day.—*Henry Clay.*

## SPRING CLEANING.

BY A SUFFERER.

The melancholy days have come, the saddest of the year,  
 Of cleaning paint, and scrubbing floors, and scouring far and near:  
 Heaped in the corner of the room the ancient dirt lay quiet,  
 Nor rose up at the father's tread, nor to the children's riot ;  
 But now the carpets all are up, and from the staircase top  
 The mistress calls to man and maid to wield the broom and mop.

Where are those rooms, those quiet rooms, the house but now presented,  
 Wherein we dwelt, nor dreamed of dirt, so cosy and contented ?  
 Alas ! they're turned all upside down, that quiet suit of rooms,  
 With slops, and suds, and soap, and sand, and tubs, and pails, and brooms ;  
 Chairs, tables, stands, are standing round at sixes and at sevens,  
 While wife and housemaids fly about like meteors through the heavens.

The parlor and the chamber floors were cleaned a week ago,  
 The carpets shook, the windows washed, as all the neighbors know ;  
 But still the sanctum had escaped, the table piled with books,  
 Pens, ink and paper all about, peace in its very look :  
 Till fell the women on them all, as falls the plague on men,  
 And then they banished all away, books, paper, ink and pen.

And now, when comes the master home, as come he must o' nights,  
 To find all things are "set to wrongs" that they have "set to rights,"  
 When the sound of driving tacks is heard, tho' the house is far from still,  
 And the carpet woman's on the stairs, that harbinger of ill,  
 He looks for papers, books and bills, that all were there before,  
 And sighs to find them on the desk or in the drawer no more.

And then he grimly thinks of her who set this fuss afloat,  
 And wishes she were out at sea, in a very leaky boat.  
 He meets her at the parlor door, with hair and cap awry,  
 With sleeves tucked up and broom in hand, defiance in her eye ;  
 He feels quite small, and knows full well there's nothing to be said,  
 So holds his tongue, and drinks his tea, and sneaks away to bed.

## JOHN B. GOUGH.

Some years ago this eloquent temperance lecturer was publicly welcomed by his fellow-citizens of Worcester, Mass., on his return from Europe after a three years' absence. In answer to the Mayor's address of welcome, Mr. Gough mentioned the following incident of his experience in Great Britain :

Last November I had spoken in the City Hall of Glasgow to two thousand five hundred people. I was staying at the house of one of the merchant princes of that city, and when we came down stairs his carriage was at the door—silver mounted harness, coachman in livery, footman in plain clothes. You know it is seldom teetotal lecturers ride in such style, and it is proper, therefore, that we should speak of it when it does happen, for the good of the cause. (Laughter.) As the gentleman said to me: "It is so cold and drizzly and you had better get into the carriage and wait till the ladies come down." I think I never had so many persons shake hands with me.

"God bless you, Mr. Gough," said one, "you saved my father!" "God bless you," said another, "you saved my brother!" Said a third, "God bless you, I owe everything I have in the world to you!" My hands absolutely ached as they grasped them one after another. Finally a poor wretched creature came to the door of the carriage; I saw his bare shoulder and naked feet; his hair seemed grayer than mine; he came up and said, "Will you shake hands with me?" I put my hand into his hot, burning palm, and he said "Don't you know me?" "Why," said I, "isn't your name Aiken?" "Yes." "Harry Aiken?" "Yes." "You worked with me in the bookbinder's shop of Andrew Hutchinson, in Worcester, Mass., in 1842—didn't you?" "Yes." "What is the matter with you?" "I am desperately poor." I said, "God pity you, you look like it." I gave him something, and obtained the services of Mr. Marr, the secretary of the Scottish League, to find out about him. He picks rags and bones in the streets of Glasgow, and resides in one of the foulest streets in that city. When the ladies came to the carriage and got in, I said, "Stop! don't shut the door! Look there, at that half-starved, ragged, miserable wretch, shivering in the dim gas-light! Look at him." The ring of the audience was in my ears; my hands aching with the grasp of friendship, from scores; my surroundings bright; my prospects pleasant; and I said, "Ladies look there! There am I, but for the temperance movement. (Loud cheers.) That man worked with me, roomed with me, slept with me, was a better workman than I—his prospects brighter than mine. A kind hand was laid on my shoulder in Worcester streets, in 1842. It was the turning point in my history. He went on. Seventeen years have passed, and we meet again, with a gulf as deep as hell between us!" I am a trophy of the movement, and I thank God for it.

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It is almost impossible to state any truth strongly without seeming to conflict with some other truths.

## WHAT BECOMES OF THE SONS OF SUCCESSFUL MEN?

Next to the inquiry: What becomes of the pins? an interesting question would be: What becomes of the sons of successful men? A few men and a few firms are in the hands of the founders, but these are exceptions. The old name and the old trade generally pass into the hands of others. "Do you see that man shoveling in coal? Well, his children, and children like his, will jostle your pampered sons and rule this land," said a New Yorker the other day. The old names have ceased in the pulpit. The famed men of the bar seldom have successors. The eminent jurists carry their honors with them to the grave. Merchant princes are obliterated. The reason is clear. The fathers laid the basis of business one way, and the sons build another. Men who earned their fortunes by hard work and diligence, and who knew sixteen hours' toil by personal attention, who were their own book-keepers, salesmen, cashiers, and often porters, are followed by sons who do as little as possible; who delegate to others all the work they can, and who know more of the road than the ledger. Famous hotel men were gentlemen, men of intelligence, men who were the equals of the best in the land, and never sunk the gentleman in their trade. Young men, who fling the example of their sires to the winds, find it easier to squander a valuable name, run through a fortune quicker than it was earned, and find themselves, while young, at a point from which their fathers started. One thing is quite marked in New York. It is the fact that the heavy business is getting into the hands of foreigners. The heavy importers, the great bankers, are foreigners, and much of the trade of value is slipping out of the hands of Americans, as the trade of England got into the hands of the Lombards.

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THE lover and physician are both popular from the same cause. We talk to them only of ourselves. That, I dare say, was the origin of confession—egotism under the name of religion.

UNBOUNDED patience is necessary to bear not only with ourselves, but with others whose various tempers and dispositions are not congenial to our own.

## The Sunday-School Drawer.

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**PURPOSE IN TEACHING.**—It is said of Pericles, the Athenian orator, that before he went out to address the people, he prayed to the gods that nothing might go out of his mouth but what might be to the purpose. What an example does this heathen set for the Christian preacher and teacher! How much is uttered by these public instructors, which, so far as one can see, is to no purpose whatever, except to fill up the hour.

**EXCELLENCE OF MANNER.**—It is true that there are times in every man's life when to be even courteous makes an exhausting draught on one's patience, but silently to devour the many chagrins of life, and to maintain a respectful bearing toward others even under circumstances of vexation and trial, is not only a Christian duty, but worldly policy. Dr. Valentine Mott said wisely to a graduating class: "Young gentlemen, have two pockets made—a large one to hold the insults, and a small one to hold the fees." Hundreds of men have owed their start in life wholly to their winning address.

HERE is an anecdote told by one minister about another. A certain presiding elder, who was noted for being seldom up to time, seldom very animated, and seldom very brief, once kept a congregation waiting a long time for his appearance, and when at last he did come he preached them a very prosy sermon of unusual length, on the text, "Feed my lambs." He had not yet finished when that original old minister known as "Camp-meeting John," rose from a seat in the congregation, and said: "Brother, I have had some experience in raising lambs myself, and I have found that the following rules are absolutely essential to successful lamb raising: First give them their food in season; second, give them a little at a time; and third, give it to them *warm*."

A SUNDAY-SCHOOL superintendent, as he saw one of his boys near a place of temptation, said kindly to him, "Take care, George, take care!" Twelve years after, that superintendent was met by a stranger, who told him that he was that boy, and that his caution had saved him from ruin. Some superintendents make too much noise in governing. We heard one, a short time since, call out in a stentorian voice, disturbing the entire school, causing every child and every teacher for the moment to be disorderly. "James, I will not have such behavior in the school; be quiet directly." He was at least four yards from the boy; and we noticed with regret, one attentive class of girls so disturbed by the unnecessary interruption, that interest was not restored in the lesson under review without considerable difficulty. A superintendent acting thus unwisely, weakens his authority, and destroys his influence.

A TEACHER should be a cheerful Christian, but a Christian whose face attests that the Lord is the "health of his countenance." Not simply a cheerful man and a Christian, for there are many people who are both, whose cheerfulness is yet a distinct thing from their Christianity. But one who sees religious subjects cheerfully. To such a one the child is irresistibly drawn.

MACAULAY, in one of his early writings, speaks of a celebrated painter who was engaged to paint the portrait of Charles the Second. He was eminent as a painter of flowers; and when the picture was presented to the King, it was found that it was so profusely decorated with flowers, that they were the attraction of the King. So, sometimes, in trying to overlap the subject by illustration, the subject may be entirely lost to view. We must use wisdom in the matter.—*Rev. W. M. Taylor.*

ON the subject of the Lesson Papers, which are now so generally in use amongst teachers in the Sunday-school, "The Independent" gives this much needed caution: "The modern lesson papers are all very well if teachers do not attempt to press every point suggested in those papers on each scholar of their classes. A lesson paper is like a hotel bill of fare. It names a long list of dishes, from which each guest must select for himself, or from which a parent or guardian may select for his child or charge. The man who attempts to cram every separate dish down his own throat, or the throat of his little one, is likely to overload a stomach, but not to secure nourishment and profit. An important work of the teacher is to look carefully over the lesson bill of fare, to see just what dishes each scholar of his class ought to have and use, leaving the others for those to whom they are better suited. No one can arrange the plan of a Bible lesson so that it shall equally well suit old and young, sinner and saint. But from each Bible lesson some truth can be chosen, by a wise teacher, for a scholar young or old, Christian or reprobate. No teacher can teach all of a Bible lesson. No small part of his power depends on a wise selection of what part of it he is to teach."

REV. J. H. VINCENT, in a late address of great practical value, lays down the following qualifications of a model superintendent: He should possess, 1st. A strong personal character. On his character depends the character of his teachers, to a great extent. Personal character is vastly important, because we accomplish more by *what we are* than by *what we say*. 2d. He must have a quick eye. 3d. He must have governing tact. It is one thing to be strong, and another to have our strength at command and available. There may be an immense engine in the factory, and yet the spindles all silent, because a cog-wheel is broken or a belt misplaced. There may be a strong character and no governing tact. The good superintendent is no autocrat; but will himself be in subordination to rightful authority, recognizing always the rightful position of church and pastor. He will be courteous and kind, governing the school through the teachers. 4th. He will avoid making speeches in his school. One of the best superintendents in Brooklyn seldom says more than a word or two at a time. He will protect the school against *all talkers* during the time allotted to class-teaching. He will protect the school from all interruptions from *superintendent and librarian*—even during the half hour of teaching. The model superintendent will always have these four mottoes in his eye. 1st. Silence. There can be no administrative ability without power to secure order. 2d. Variety in all the exercises. Prayers should be short. Some prayers are a protracted meeting in themselves. 3d. Bible study. The whole order of the school should be regulated by this one idea. Lastly, spirituality. Without this the word is but a letter. "The atmosphere of our Sunday-schools should be burdened with the fragrance of pious influences, so that all shall feel that God is there." The teacher may mould and direct; but the Spirit of God alone can transform and renew the heart.

## *Editor's Drawer.*

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**INEXPENSIVE HAPPINESS.**—The most perfect home I ever saw was in a little house into the sweet incense of whose fires went no costly things. A thousand dollars served for a year's living of father, mother, and three children. But the mother was the creator of a home; her relation with her children was the most beautiful I have ever seen; even a dull and commonplace man was lifted up and enabled to do good work for souls by the atmosphere which this woman created; every inmate of her house involuntarily looked into her face for the key-note of the day; and it always rang clear. From the rose-bud or clover-leaf which, in spite of her hard house-work, she always found time to put by our plates at breakfast, down to the story she had on hand to be read in the evening, there was no intermission of her influence. She has always been and always will be my ideal of a mother, wife, home-maker. If to her quick brain, loving heart, and exquisite face had been added the appliances of wealth and the enlargements of wider culture, here would have been the ideal of home. As it was, it was the best I have ever seen.—*Helen Hunt.*

**MUSIC HATH CHARMS.**—One of the New York clergymen, who is a fine singer, on a recent visit to a madhouse, approached the cell of a maniac, who rushed for him as far as his chain would allow, shouting, "I'll kill you!" "I'll beat your brains out!" "Clear out!" Instead of moving, the preacher began to sing "Our Home in Heaven." First, the madman listened; then he stretched himself out to the full length of his chain. First one arm relaxed and then the other. Tears moistened his eyes. Then he coiled up on his bed of rags as quiet as a child. And when the hymn was ended he looked up saying, "More, more." The preacher sang till his strength gave way, and then he left.

**THE** English infidel, Mr. Bradlaugh, at the conclusion of a recent lecture, called upon any person to reply to his argument. An English paper thus tells what resulted from the invitation. "A collier rose and spoke somewhat as follows: 'Maister Bradlaugh, me and my mate Jim were both Methodys, till one of these infidel chaps cam' this way. Jim turned infidel, and used to badger me about attending the prayer meetings; but one day in the pit a large cob of coal cam' down upon Jim's head. Jim thought he was killed; and ah! mon, but he did holler and cry to God!' Then, turning to Mr. Bradlaugh, with a knowing look, he said: 'Young man, there's nowt like cobs of coal for knocking the infidelity out of a man.'"

**THE** epitaph engraved on the tomb of the late Dean Alford, and prepared by himself, is the following (in Latin): "The inn of a traveller on his way to Jerusalem."

A NEW ORLEANS paper tells of a printer who, when his fellow-workmen went out to drink, during the working hours, put in the bank the exact amount which he would have spent if he had gone out to drink. He kept his resolution for five years. He then examined his bank account and found that he had on deposit \$521.76. In the five years he had not lost a day from ill health. Three out of five of his fellow-workmen had in the meantime become drunkards, were worthless as workmen, and were discharged. The water drinker then bought out the printing office, enlarged the business, and in twenty years from the time he began to put by his money was worth \$100,000. This is a good lesson.

THOSE sermons, perhaps, have the best effect which make hearers out of love with themselves. When Louis XIV. heard Father Massilon preach at Versailles, the king said : "Father, I have heard many fine orators preach in my chapel, and have been much pleased with them; but as for you, always when I hear you preach I am very much displeased with myself." And when Rev. Charles Buck preached in Silver Street Chapel, London, he received the following note : "Reverend Sir,—Please to excuse the liberty I have taken in troubling you with these few lines. You may say you have been the honored instrument of calling a sinner from the brink of hell. When I hear you preach it makes me say, 'What a sinner I am.' I remain your humble servant, H. C."

IN the reign of Diocletian a medal was struck which still remains, bearing the inscription, "The name of Christians being extinguished." And in Spain two monumental pillars were raised, on which were written : "I. Diocletian Maximian Herculeus Cæsares Augusti, for having extended the Roman Empire in the east and in the west, and for having extinguished the name of Christians who brought the Republic to ruin. II. Diocletian Maximian Hercules Cæsares Augusti, for having adopted Galerius in the east, for having everywhere abolished the superstition of Christ, for having extended the worship of the gods." Here is a monument raised by Paganism over the grave of its vanquished foe. But in this "the people imagined a vain thing;" so far from being deceased, Christianity was on the eve of its final and permanent triumph, and the stone guarded a sepulchre empty as the urn which Electra washed with her tears. Neither in Spain nor elsewhere can be pointed out the burial-place of Christianity; it is not, for the living have no tomb.

A TOUCHING INCIDENT.—Some time since a little boy came to one of our city missionaries, and, holding out a dirty and well-worn bit of printed paper, said : "Please, sir, father sent me to get a clean paper like that."

Taking it from his hand, the missionary unfolded it, and found it was a page containing that beautiful hymn of which the first stanza is as follows :

"Just as I am, without one plea,  
But that Thy blood was shed for me,  
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee,  
O Lamb of God, I come!"

The missionary looked down with interest into the face earnestly upturned to him, and asked the little boy where he got it, and why he wanted a clean one.

"We found it, sir," said he, "in sister's pocket after she died; and she used to sing it all the time when she was sick, and loved it so that father wanted to get a clean one to put in a frame to hang it up. Won't you give us a clean one, sir?"

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# PROSPECTUS FOR 1874

## THE GUARDIAN: A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

Devoted to the Social, Literary and Religious Interests of  
Young Men and Ladies.

Rev. B. BAUSMAN, D. D., Editor.

THE GUARDIAN enters upon its XXVth volume, on the first of January 1874 It has a sufficient history to establish its character, and to show its fruits. In its principles, purposes and general spirit, no changes are proposed. The True, the Beautiful, and the Good are unchangeable—error and sin are always the same. Its editorial management is committed, as heretofore, to the Rev. B. BAUSMAN, D. D., whose name, of itself, the publishers regard as the most satisfactory guarantee of the high tone and general interest which should characterize the family magazine.

THE GUARDIAN continues to be published by the REFORMED CHURCH PUBLICATION BOARD. It compares favorably with other publications of the kind, and has earned for itself a reputation which may well be coveted. The January number will be embellished with a beautiful Steel Engraving, and the publication continue to appear with a handsome ornamental cover title. The publishers will continue to use a superior quality of paper; and do all in their power, in co-operating with the Editor, to render THE GUARDIAN acceptable to its subscribers.

This Magazine will be, as heretofore, devoted to the highest interests of the young, at the most solemn and interesting period of their life. It will offer its friendly counsels to them in an earnest, though free and cheerful way. It will solemnly seek to warn them against the wrong, and affectionately lure them to the right. The Editor will endeavor to make its contents true, pure, fresh, and healthy as the morning of life. It will particularly urge self-culture and early piety as of the highest importance, and cultivate the home feeling as a sacred element in social purity and peace. It will seek to move in the element of its motto:—“Life—Light—Love.”

THE GUARDIAN has no denominational or party bias. It is its ambition to take the quiet way of peace and love. It would turn the attention of its readers to that first and greatest of duties, the cultivation of the heart, mind, social feelings and pious affections. It will have its reward if it can be the means of making Hearts better, Homes happier, and Heaven surer. The evidence that it has in a degree done this, which the experience of years has furnished, is more precious to us than gain or gold. Cheerfully, hopefully, and believably we take our pilgrim-staff in hand to travel another year.

THE GUARDIAN contains thirty-two pages monthly, making a handsome Volume of three hundred and eighty-four pages at the end of the year.

Pastors who receive this Prospectus are requested to hand it to some active member of the Church, who will procure subscribers for THE GUARDIAN. If ten subscribers are obtained, we will send one copy to the person obtaining them and one to the pastor gratis.

We respectfully ask all Young Men and Ladies to aid us in increasing our circulation. It will be an easy thing for them to raise a club among their companions.

Postmasters are requested to act as our Agents, to whom we will allow the usual per centage. Specimen numbers sent when requested.

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ADDRESS—

REFORMED CHURCH PUBLICATION BOARD, Publishers,  
No. 907 Arch Street, Philadelphia

Vol. XXV.

JULY, 1874.

No. 7.

“LIFE, LIGHT, LOVE.”

THE

# GUARDIAN:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

DEVOTED TO THE

SOCIAL, LITERARY, AND RELIGIOUS INTERESTS

OF

YOUNG MEN AND LADIES.

Rev. B. Bausman, D.D., Editor.

PHILADELPHIA:  
REFORMED CHURCH PUBLICATION BOARD,  
No. 907 Arch Street.

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Mrs. Reb. Rupley, Gr'n Castle, 4.50	24	26	Llewellyn Leinbach, Lime Kiln 3 00	24	25
A. J. Eyerly, Hagerstown, 1.50	25		Jos. Knode, Alexandria, 3.00	24	25
Miss Louisa Boush, Meadville. 1.50	24		Saml. Sprankle, Altoona, 4.50	23 to 25	
Miss Ella J. Kramlich, Fog'lsvil. 1. 50	25		Miss J. Lizzie Gerhart, Lancaster, 1.50	25	
Mrs. E. E. Davis, Reading, 9.00	20 to 25		Fk. G. Bloom, Trinidad, 1.00 over	2.50	25
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# THE GUARDIAN.

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Vol. XXV.

JULY, 1874.

No. 7.

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## REMINISCENCES OF THE CIVIL WAR.

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BY THE EDITOR.

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The trials of the war were greatly increased by the so-called panics. The public mind, especially along the border, was in a constant feverish state of excitement. Like the people living around the base of Mount Vesuvius, the slightest reports of an eruption or invasion started the panic. Once started, reason and sober judgment were laid on the shelf. The summer of 1862 and 1863 were in this respect very trying to the people in Southern Pennsylvania. Our church in Chambersburg is on the main street, at the southern end of the town. While Lee's army hung around the southern border, the streets were some days crowded from morning till night, with refugees, from Maryland, Virginia and our own State. Farm wagons, packed with the family and its valuables; farm horses hurried away, live stock of all kinds, taken somewhither for safety. Somehow the mounted pickets had a habit of dashing into town at great speed past our open church windows during Sunday service. The clattering of hoofs, like the shout of foes, shocked the congregation, and for a time almost unfitted them for worship. Surely, now the Southern army is coming, they thought. Ought they not to hasten home, and see after their families?

Some days the excitement was so great that all the stores were closed. Merchants packed their goods and shipped them to some place of supposed security. Places of concealment were sought for valuables. Some enclosed them in boxes, and buried them in a cellar, garden or field. Others sent them away to their friends at a distance for safe keeping.

One panic-scene the citizens of Chambersburg will not readily forget. One morning, about 9 o'clock, some forty or fifty army wagons, belonging to a certain Division not far off, were a few

miles south of our place. Some one brought the false report that the Rebels were close at hand, in hot pursuit of them. Every teamster seized the whip and lines, some cut their horses loose from the wagons, others brought both with them. The whole lot dashed into town. They drove at full speed, the whole width of Main street, beat their horses, screamed at the top of their voices, the wagons huddled through one another, the men and horses equally wild with terror, the hindmost trying to get to the front, those in front trying to keep from being trodden under foot by the hindmost, the whole of them looking and acting as if all pandemonium had been at their heels. Efforts were vainly made to stop them. For it was well known that there was no cause for such a stampede. Many that witnessed the scene were as badly frightened as the runaways, as there was great danger of the excited horses and drivers killing one another. Fortunately Lieut. Palmer was at hand. With a drawn pistol he placed himself in the centre of the Diamond, in front of the stampeding, panic stricken crew, and ordered a halt. Returning to their camp they found no rebels about.

Sometimes the nearness of the enemy prevented the railroad trains from running. Now and then a train would creep to the depot by stealth, for Government uses. It had to be guarded by the military against our own people. Crowds of these, with their families, their chests and trunks, having with nervous impatience waited for the cars through long days and nights, were bent not to be left behind. I saw people, whose cozy homes were but a few squares off, with their whole families, watching under the open heavens for days and nights, not knowing what moment the train might come, and determined to make their escape when it did arrive. The vain, tumultuous scrambling to get aboard, the lamentations of those compelled to remain, the weeping of children, frightened by their excited parents, presented a scene painful to witness. In a few days the panic would subside, the disappointed refugees would quietly return to their comfortable homes, thankful for the good fortune which prevented their escape.

Now that the war is over it is easy to pass judgment on these panic-stricken people, and impute their fright to a want of courage. Then it was not so easy to advise. We had never been in the hands of a hostile army. A number of citizens of our part of the State had been taken off as prisoners to Richmond, Va. Would they not in like manner capture others? For aught we then knew, they might have held our place for six or twelve months. In that event what suffering and privation might ensue. Persons with terror-stricken, weeping families around them, did well to seek a shelter

from the coming storm. Brave men, who could meet death with heroic firmness, fled as husbands and fathers.

Dr. T. G. Apple will pardon me for giving a bit of his experience. He then was pastor of the Reformed church at Greencastle, Pa., nine miles south of Chambersburg. It was the week before the battle of Antietam. In the *Reformed Messenger* he afterwards gave a report of his flight, as the Southern army moved from Frederick, towards Hagerstown, Md.

"On Saturday, the 6th of September, a number of refugees from Maryland began to pass through Greencastle. During the night a battery of eight pieces came rumbling along from Hagerstown, to avoid being captured. Several companies of troops followed. With this the panic commenced, and continued to increase for one whole week. Without a single soldier to arrest the enemy's progress, it was felt that, for a little while at least, he would have everything his own way. Every day brought us reports of the nearer approach of the enemy's force. I had resolved to remain with my family, and trust, under God, to the tender mercies of the threatening foe. The telegraph had already been removed from Hagerstown to Greencastle. For some days the cars did not venture beyond our place. On Friday morning, about two o'clock, we saw Captain Palmer, the brave and efficient leader of the Anderson Troop, returning from a visit, in disguise, to the enemy's camp. He reported that he (the enemy) intended to move on Greencastle in the morning. At this point my courage gave way. I pictured to my mind the savage entrance of an exasperated soldiery, the destruction of property, the heartless and cruel invasion of households, and whatever else the imagination might conjure up, and then I looked upon my helpless little ones, until all thought of leaving them in a Northern State to experience the treatment of a Southern army left me, and I carried them from their cradle, crib and beds, and with wife and children entered the cars, the last train, as I then supposed, and—*skedaddled*. I make the acknowledgment very humbly, but nevertheless I make it. We were now homeless wanderers, with hosts of others, seeking a place of rest and safety. Whether I would have remained, had I had no wife and little ones to carry away from impending danger, I will not say; I believe I would. That these had much to do with my flight, every father of a family will readily understand."

Greencastle, situated half way between Chambersburg and Hagerstown, only a few miles north of Mason and Dixon's line, was peculiarly exposed to the marauding raids of Southern soldiers. On Saturday before the battle the Union pickets and a cavalry force stationed five miles southward, rushed into the

village, intensifying the excitement. A gloomy cloud hung over the community. Instead of the regular services on Sunday, father Rebaugh, for many years pastor of Reformed congregations in and around the town, conducted a prayer-meeting in the Reformed church. As Dr. Apple says: "He bravely stood the storm, and thereby proved that whereas he was older in years he was none the less older in faith." These excitements, however, were too severe a tax on the nervous system of our dear old friend. Like many others, in this and other parts of the country, the panics and perils of the war dethroned his reason, and before the declaration of peace, he had to exchange his fine home at Greencastle for the asylum at Harrisburg, where he fell asleep in Christ a few years ago.

It was about one o'clock in the morning, on Friday, September 12th, that I was startled by the ringing of the door bell of the parsonage. What sorrow summons my services at this dreary hour, I thought. Through the raised window of my "study" I demanded the object of the visitor. I can hear the sad tone of voice of my clerical brother from Greencastle, Dr. T. G. A. His mission was soon told. He had just arrived at the depot, with his whole family, on his return home. Hundreds of others had come with them. Amid this dense crowd there is no sitting room for the members of his family, nowhere but on the floor or bare ground. Would there be a small spare corner in the parsonage, where they could rest till morning? I quickly went with him to bring the thrice welcome guests to a place of comfort. It was a damp, dark, cloudy night. Every available corner of the small depot, inside and outside, was crowded. Just then and there it seemed to me one of the dreariest places I had ever seen. These people had been misled by the war news. The Southern army, they were told, was retreating, whereupon they hasten homewards. As they arrive at Chambersburg another furious panic surges northward from the advance of Lee's army, eager to engage in the famous battle of the following week. In a short time our weary guests, even to the little infant, were sweetly asleep in the parsonage. The next day I took them to the end of their journey. Of the Sunday following, Dr. A. says:

"On Sunday I preached to a full house, from the words: 'Be still and know that I am God.' I would feel ashamed to mention this flight, were it not that a Peter once started to flee from Rome, and Cyprian from his Bishopric, and both returned again to suffer martyrdom. I returned to continue my more humble labors, among a most kind and generous people, who welcomed us back."

In times of greatest danger, the Government needed its forces

elsewhere. Usually there were no soldiers, save a few pickets left. Then the community naturally clamored for a Home Guard. "To arms, to arms, they cried." Our brave boys were risking limb and life in battle; surely the men at home would help to defend their own families and firesides! All felt that something ought to be done, but how to do it, and what, was difficult to decide. A home company would be started. Perhaps some paper Colonel would head it. At the southern end of town they had their camp. By turn different detachments guarded that approach to the place, by night and by day, so long as no enemy approached. One day it was reported that the rebels were this side of Greencastle, whereupon our brave defenders took mightily to their heels, leaving their tents, ammunition and guns—indeed all save what was wrapped and strapped around their persons—behind, beating a hasty retreat to town; and indeed I am not sure but some in their flight retreated a good deal further than the town. No one censured them. It would have been foolhardy for an undisciplined and poorly officered set of well-meaning citizens to risk an engagement with even a small well-trained force. For such an inflammable community, liquor was then a dangerous article. The law kept it in check. Proclamations like the following were repeatedly issued, and strictly enforced:

“PROCLAMATION!

“*To the Citizens of Chambersburg:*

“Having been ordered to act as Provost Marshal for Franklin County by And’w G. Curtin, Commander-in-Chief of the forces of the State, I hereby enjoin upon the citizens of Chambersburg the observance of the following orders:

“1st. All places where malt and spirituous liquors are sold, will be closed at 7 o'clock, P. M. each evening, and any violation of this order will be summarily and severely punished.

“Any person selling liquor to any officer or soldier on duty here, or any citizen armed for the common defence, will be punished severely, and his place of business closed.

“All male citizens of Chambersburg capable of carrying arms, without regard to age, will report to me immediately for the purpose of being armed and organized for the defence of the town.

“Citizens will be at once organized in squads or companies of not less than fifty, and detailed for duty to-night, as may be deemed necessary for the safety of the town.

“Citizens, having good arms of their own, and ammunition, will bring them along, and all should come properly clothed to stand any exposure.

"In case of the approach of the enemy near Chambersburg, every citizen, having in his possession or care spirituous liquors, will destroy the same at once."

"Guards will be posted at all the approaches to Chambersburg, and no citizen capable of bearing arms will be permitted to leave the town without a pass from the Provost Marshal."

"Any citizen refusing to respond to this call promptly, will be arrested and brought to the Provost Marshal to be armed and detailed for duty."

F. M. KIMMEL, Provost Marshal.

"Chambersburg, Sept. 11, 1862."

A certain Captain ——, who, if I remember correctly, received his title for services rendered in the old militia parades, at one time insisted on a better defence of the neighborhood. Left without government pickets, the whole surrounding country lay exposed to the marauding efforts of the enemy. We must have a mounted Home Guard, and the "Captain" is patriotic enough to assume its leadership. Every man, of a proper age, owning a horse, was looked upon as a capable recruit. Several of my clerical colleagues had served in the above named well-meant masterly retreat. I owned a superior horse, and knew how to ride him. Surely I would not be behind my colleagues in defending our homes against the destroying invader? Many better men than myself had no admiration for so-called "fighting parsons," neither had I. Least of all felt disposed to become one myself. Not from cowardice, but from a conviction that the ambassador of Christ should not soil his hand with the blood of his fellow, whatever the dire necessities of war might demand from others. Still, questions of duty are not as easily solved in war as in peace times. Our community was wholly unprotected. The country around us was infested with foraging skirmishers. Horses were scarce, and men to ride them on such a defensive mission still scarcer. For several days the tall form of Captain ——, with a long red sash hung around him, rode heroically through our streets. At length I could endure it no longer. The sight of him rebuked my sluggish patriotism. I might preach on Sunday, and fight on week days. Or, if not fight, be a member of the Captain's staff, or his bearer of despatches. One day I stopped the Captain on his charger to offer my services. Would he need any more men to fill up his company? What arms would we have to buy? What duties to perform? When to start, and where from?

"Yes; well—we have concluded to drop the matter," was his awkward answer. Perhaps his courage, or his confidence in his

fitness as a military leader failed him: my brief dreams of achieving military glory were abruptly dispelled.

It was not long, however, until I had the following more pressing invitation from the Provost Marshal of our district:

"You are hereby notified that you were, on the 27th of August, 1863, legally drafted into the service of the United States for the period of three years, in accordance with the provisions of the act of Congress, 'for enrolling and calling out the national forces, and for other purposes,' approved March 3d, 1863. You will accordingly report on the 8th of October, 1863, at the place of rendezvous, in —, or be deemed a deserter, and be subject to the penalty prescribed therefor, by the Rules and Articles of War." (Signed by the Provost Marshal.)

Many of our clerical readers have been similarly honored. What should one do in such a case? Buy a substitute? Suppose you give a man with a family \$1,000 to take your place. He is killed. What is a \$1,000 to his widow and fatherless children, compared with the living husband and father? He may be willing to risk his life for the money; yet should he fall by standing where the nation had appointed *you* to stand, you would not feel comfortable.

After the draft came the examination by the surgeon. In a bleak, bare ante-chamber, with bare benches, without backs, along the wall I waited among a crowd of recruits for an hour or two. Some indulged in tobacco and rude jests. Others chatted merrily over their probable fate. Not a few looked downcast; for aught I know, I among the rest. After surveying my probable companions in arms for an hour, I was summoned before the examining Surgeon in the next room, Dr. S., brother of a distinguished Lutheran clergyman in Philadelphia. I had heard much of the rude treatment which some of the drafted men received at the hands of the Surgeons. Very different was my fate in this case. With a warm grasp of the hand he invited me to a seat, and kindly told me that he had formed a pleasant acquaintance with me through a certain book. After a cheerful conversation of this kind he inquired about my health, and the symptoms of my affliction, and at last remarked that my bodily condition at that time unfitted me for service. More cheerful looked the outer chamber, as I passed out as an opposed, rejected man.

Would I have shouldered the knapsack and rifle, had I been passed by the Surgeon? That is hard to tell. Only once before had I been honored with a civil office—that of clerk at a township election when a youth, and a very small township it was. Yet an imposing position it then seemed to be. This draft was the second

honor of the kind. The Marshal will bear me out in the assertion, that it was altogether unsolicited on my part. In every honorable case the office ought to seek the man, and not the reverse. How it happened to find me, who can tell? The ancient goddess of Fortune is represented as blind, with wings on her feet. It was said that the person who turned the wheel for drafting soldiers was blind, too. And if some of the lucky ones would have had wings on their feet, they would have outflown the Marshal's notification. I had written an article against the clause in the Conscription Act, compelling the clergy to perform military duty. May not my audacious sling thrown at the law, have helped me to this bit of glory?

After all even for a clergyman to be drafted, is not an unmixed evil. It gives one a sense of his muscular importance to be called into a three years' service in such a momentous conflict. It teaches him that his blood, bones and limbs, can be of service to his country, no less than his brains. Had it not been for a few drawbacks, service in the ranks would have been cheerfully rendered. As it was the Marshal's card of exemption was accepted with equal cheerfulness. In the ranks, a six-foot Bakalion, like the famous tall Guards of "Old Fritz" of Prussia, might be preferable. Stonewall Jackson ordered his men to fire low; hence the higher the head the safer it will be, whatever may become of the other end of the soldier. And where balls have so little respect for one's previous standing, it might not be pleasant to carry one's head higher than other people.

While this draft is pending, all kinds of military dreams and fancies float through your head. What position would be assigned you? One in the forts or open field; serve as drum-major or in digging trenches? What kind of a figure would one cut as cook for the mess, boiling coffee and roasting meat, provided he had any? How would he get through a long fast, a long march, or a long sleepless night on a hard earthen bed?

And then in battle? Ah, yes, there's the rub. To kill a fellow-mortal, or be killed by him! Either horn of the dilemma is bad enough, perhaps of the two the second the least to be desired. It is cruel to tread on an inoffensive worm; murderous to give a chicken more pain than is necessary in cutting its head off. Angling for trout may be a pleasant pastime to all except the trout. Put yourself in the trout's place, friend Isaac Walton, and learn how the angle feels. I had never shot a living thing. How could such a man shoot a fellow-mortal? Once I fired at a rabbit, six paces off. After taking good aim, I shut my eyes and pulled the trigger. The crack of the gun frightened the innocent being

out of a sound nap. How glad I was to see him run away unhurt. No man can safely keep his eyes open within a foot from the flashing sparks of exploding powder. In shooting I have always gone it blindly; shut the eyes when I pulled the trigger. Rather save my eyes than hit the mark aimed at, be it man or animal.

In the use of carnal weapons I am a "non-combatant." Save in one country, I have never seriously fought with man or beast. On the Plain of Jezreel I used a revolver without powder, to prevent a man from committing murder; in Egypt I thrashed the degraded sons of Thebes with unstinted blows, for their instruction. Whoever makes the trial will find that for the back of a Turk, no less than for that of a fool, the rod is necessary, chiefly because the Turk belongs to the fool tribe. But as for shedding of blood not a drop can I remember. Whether rabbit, Arab or rebel be the mark, no one could get me to risk my vision by firing with eyes open. Blindly must I turn this wheel of destiny, as did the blind boy who drafted my name. If an overseen power directs his hand, why not my bullet? In moral and spiritual battles the firing is done with open eyes. Ministers are, or at least ought to be, the salt of the earth, and the oil too. Whoever prefers to be the pepper and powder of the earth, by the use of these let him stand or fall. As for me, give me the oil and salt, that which nourishes, soothes and gives a healthy savor, rather than that which burns and explodes. That which makes, and preserves and purifies blood, rather than that which heats and sheds it.

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#### HOW A BOY'S SOUL WAS WON.

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The farm on which I worked was in the suburbs of a Massachusetts village; and a beautiful night in June, when a few scattered drops of rain were falling from fleecy clouds. I was overtaken in the streets by a pleasant-faced young gentleman as I was driving two Durham cows from the pasture to the stable. I cast my eye backward. Hearing footsteps, and seeing a cheerful face, my whole soul was delighted, and I felt it meant me. He approached on the opposite side of the street, did not hesitate to put his nicely-blacked boots into the mud, coming to my side, and kindly holding over my head the umbrella he was carrying.

So cheerfully he asked the natural questions to interest a boy: "Whose cows are they? How much milk will they give? What did they cost? Do you drive them night and morning?"—with

many others, to which with a real pleasure I answered. Then, with the same pleasant, winning way, asked if I was a Christian.

"No, sir."

(Wonderful, I thought, to talk about cows and being a Christian at the same time, and in the same pleasant and natural way.)

"Do you want to be?"

"I've always wanted to be, sir?"

"Do you pray?"

"I've prayed, night and morning, since I was old enough to understand what it meant."

"Have you a mother?"

"No, sir."

"Where is your mother?"

"She is in heaven, sir."

"When did she go there?"

"Last December, sir."

"Was she a Christian?"

"A Christian, sir! The best mother a boy ever had."

"Tell me about her sickness."

"She had consumption, coughing for three years, and was confined to her room for six months."

"Did she talk with you about being a Christian?"

"She was not a talking woman, but she prayed and lived before me, sir."

"Tell me about her dying."

"My father called my brother and self about two o'clock on a very cold December morning, saying: 'Hasten, boys; your mother is dying.'"

"How did you feel when you were dressing?"

"It was very cold in that unfinished attic where we slept, and I shook from head to foot. Putting on my coat, I got my hand between the lining and the sleeves and could scarcely get it back, I shook so."

"What did you think then?"

"Think, sir! What could I think, only that I had no mother to mend it? For it was never like that, no, never, when my mother could get about the house."

"When your mother was put down into the grave, how did you feel?"

"Feel, sir? If I was prepared, I felt that I would like to be buried by her side!"

"Do you feel lonely?"

"All the time, sir."

"Why so?"

"Oh! sir, it seems to me no one loves me!"

"Have you a Sunday-school teacher?"

"Yes, sir."

"Don't he love you?"

"I don't know, sir; he never said so."

"How do you expect he would say it?"

"Oh! sir; not to talk it out, but to speak to me on the street, and to seem interested in me."

"Does he never do that?"

"Never, sir; he doesn't seem to know me on the street, and us boys feel that he doesn't care much for us. Why, sir, he went to sleep in our class a few Sundays since!"

The stranger seemed so interested in me, his face glowing with love, as he continued:

"Can't you tell me something your mother said to you during her sickness?"

"Yes, sir. I used to watch with her occasionally the last few weeks of her sickness, calling my father at midnight or at one o'clock. One morning I stepped to the bedside to kiss my mother good-night, before calling my father, and she said, 'Hand me the glass of water, my boy.' Giving it to her, sir, she drank the contents. Handing back the glass, and dropping her thin, bony hand upon the sheet, she said: 'It is very white, but it will be whiter in a few days, and you won't have to sit up and watch with your mother.'"

The stranger's interest in me seemed to overflow as he passed his umbrella from his right to his left hand, seizing my right hand with his, exclaiming:

"My dear boy, I think you ought to become a Christian now!"

"Yes, sir, I would like to, if I knew how."

At this point in the interview, we came to the street-corner where the cows turn to go to the stable. Grasping my hand with increased warmth, he said:

"Do you turn here?"

"Yes, sir."

With a look of tender love that I have no power to describe, he said:

"My dear lad, you must become a Christian, and grow up and be useful, doing good in the world!"

Then bending toward me, and drawing down the umbrella that he might be unobserved by passers-by, he offered in substance, this prayer, still firmly holding my hand: "O God! bless this motherless boy. He says no one loves him; but, dear Lord Jesus, show him how much you love him, and how you will wash away his sins and make him happy here, and give him a home with his

mother in heaven forever. Hear the prayer his mother offered when on earth, and hear his own prayer, for Jesus' sake. Amen."

When I opened my eyes at the close of that wonderful petition, and looked into the stranger's face, the tears were dropping from his cheeks. He withdrew his hand from mine with a strange reluctance, saying:

"Good-by, my lad, the stranger loves you much; your mother loved you more; but Jesus Christ has died that you might live eternally with Him."

He followed me with his eye till his vision was cut off, as he passed behind a fence. Going a few yards, I stopped with amazement to think on what had occurred, and watched the umbrella as it passed along at the top of the high board fence, till it was lost behind a barn.

Dear young friends, love to be taken by the hand and be talked with of the life to come; and, beloved teachers, love to take your pupils by the hand, weeping over them in your soul-longings.

—Burnell.

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## SAINTS WITHOUT SEPULCHRES.

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BY THE EDITOR.

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"No man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day."—DEUT xxxiv. 6.

Many saints of ancient and modern times either sleep in unknown graves, or have never been honored with a burial. The remains of the martyrs burned at the stake, and of those devoured by wild beasts, were never allowed the sad repose of the grave. Even on their dead bodies their savage murderers continued to vent their ferocious rage. In many cases the furious foes of Christ and His people went to special pains to scatter the dust of the martyrs, so as forever to put it beyond the reach of their friends. In 1415 John Huss was burned at the stake in an open field a short distance from Constance, Switzerland. When the fire had consumed his body his ashes were gathered and cast into the neighboring Rhine. This historic stream served as the coffin and the hearse of John Huss' body, bearing them many hundred miles in solemn silence along its romantic banks, towards the Northern ocean. The grand old river seems to serve as a monument of the martyr. For centuries the countries along its banks have been mainly owned by Protestant nations and rulers. From Constance to Holland the doctrines

and devotions for which Huss died are proclaimed, prayed and sung. The grand battle-cry of the German Legions is: "Sie sollen ihn nicht haben Den alten deutschen Rhine."

Wickliffe died a natural death at Lutterworth, England, in 1384. Thirty-one years later the Council of Constance condemned him as a heretic, and ordered his books to be burned, his body to be exhumed and cast far away from consecrated places of burial. Thirteen years later, after he had quietly rested in the church of St. Mary in Lutterworth for forty-four years, Pope Martin V. insisted on the execution of the sentence.

"In obedience to the orders of the Council of Constance, Richard Fleming, Bishop of Lincoln, Diocesan of Lutterworth, sent his officers (vultures with a quick scent at a dead carcass) to ungrave him. Accordingly to Lutterworth they came; Sumner, Commis-sary, Official, Chancellor, Protector, Doctors, and their servants, take what was left out of the grave, burn it to ashes, and cast the ashes into Swift, a neighboring brook running hard by. Thus this brook has conveyed his ashes into Avon, Avon into Severn, Severn into the narrow seas, they into the main ocean—and thus the ashes of Wickliffe are the emblem of his doctrine which now is dispersed all the world over."

"E'en when his bones to dust were turn'd,  
Beyond the grave their vengeance burn'd,  
His warnings fill'd their guilty ear,  
They saw his awful phantom near,  
And sent their mandate forth,  
'Go, tear the accursed from the grave—  
Scatter his dust o'er stream and wave—  
Void be his place on earth!'

"They lay the charnel's secrets bare,  
The awful dust unmash.  
Priest—Sumner—Friar are marshal'd there  
To aid the godless task.  
They tear the relics from the shroud—  
High springs the flame's red glow—  
Anathema and curse ring loud,  
As they tramp on their mighty foe;  
'Yon brook will bear him to the deep,  
Far as our deadliest curse can sweep;  
Cast out his poisonous clay!'

"The scattered dust the menials lift,  
And down the waves of dancing Swift  
His ashes float away!  
O'er quiet mead, by green hill-side  
Swift hastens to Avon's broader tide,  
And Avon sweeps through vale and wood

To meet in Severn's kingly flood;  
 And Severn, calm and free,  
 Floats downward on his lordly wave  
 Triumphant to the sea!

"Where doth our first Reformer sleep?  
 Ask of the wide waves—where?  
 Search where the winds of heaven may sweep  
 Seek his bright ashes there!  
 Where'er high Truth's immortal light  
 Bursts the thick gloom of Error's night,  
 Where Reason wings her eagle flight,  
 Where breathe Religion's notes,  
 Where godlike Freedom's mighty voice  
 Bids the weak heart of slaves rejoice,  
 Where human worth a home may claim,  
 Where genius soars an earthly flame,  
 Our first Reformer's glorious name,  
 Like holiest music floats:  
 The chainless waves of ocean trace,  
 Following the rushing river—  
 Each altar makes *his* burial place,  
 Where Wickliffe lives forever!"

After Zwingle had been slain in the battle at Cappel, Switzerland, his body lay on the field till the following morning. At the demand of a mob the corpse was tried, formally condemned to be quartered for treason, and then burned for heresy. The sentence was carried out by the hangman or executioner of Lucerne. It is said that after his body had been consumed, his heart was found in the ashes, entire and unsinged. A striking illustration that, although the foes of the Gospel can destroy the body, no power can destroy the undying life which is of God by faith. The ashes of Zwingle's body were mingled with the ashes of swine, seized by the furious multitude and flung to the winds of heaven.

Calvin died in 1564, at Geneva, Switzerland. He was buried in the cemetery of Plain Palais. His dying request forbade the erection of a monument at his grave. No stone or head-board has ever marked the spot where the dust of the great man reposes. "No man knoweth his sepulchre unto this day." Strange that the man whose system of thought, learning and influence have for three centuries had such a powerful and extensive part in moulding the Creeds, Confessions and civil Laws of Protestant Christianity should be sleeping in an unknown grave.

John Knox, the great Reformer of Scotland, died in 1572. He was buried in the church-yard of St. Giles, Edinburgh. In the burial address of the Regent Morton, spoken at the Reformer's grave, he said: "*There lies he who never feared the face of man.*" But the precise spot where he lies is now unmarked and unknown.

Somewhere under the green sward his dust reposes. His house and home, wherein the living Knox thought, wrote, wrestled and prayed, still stands undisturbed, a venerable way-mark of those stormy, earnest times, but the home of his mortal remains is lost.

But a greater than these Reformers has slept in an unknown sepulchre for thousands of years. No mortal's dust has ever been honored as was that of Moses. Buried by God Himself on the mountains of Nebo, "in a valley in the land of Moab, over against Beth-peor." Beautifully does the following poem, taken from the *Dublin University Magazine*, describe "The Burial of Moses."

By Nebo's lonely mountain,  
On this side Jordan's wave,  
In a vale in the land of Moab,  
There lies a lonely grave;  
And no man dug that sepulchre;  
And no man saw it e'er,  
For the angels of God upturned the sod,  
And laid the dead man there.

That was the grandest funeral  
That ever passed on earth  
But no man heard the trampling  
Or saw the train go forth.  
As noiseless as the daylight  
Comes when the night is done,  
And the crimson streak on ocean's cheek  
Grows into the great sun;

As noiseless as the Spring-time  
Her crown of verdure weaves,  
And all the trees on all the hills  
Open their thousand leaves;  
So without sound of music,  
Or voice of them that wept,  
In silence down the mountain's crown  
The great procession swept.

Perchance the bald old eagle  
On grey Beth-Peor's height,  
Out of his rocky eyrie,  
Looked on the wondrous sight.  
Perchance the lion, stalking,  
Still shuns that hallowed spot;  
For beast and bird have seen and heard  
That which man knoweth not.

But when the warrior dieth,  
His comrades in the war,  
With arms reversed and muffled drums,  
Follow the funeral-car.

They show the banners taken,  
 They tell of battles won,  
 And after him lead the masterless steed,  
 While peals the minute gun.

Amid the noblest of the land  
 They lay the sage to rest,  
 And give the bard an honored place  
 With costly marble drest,  
 In the great minster transept,  
 Where lights like glories fall,  
 And the sweet choir sings, the organ rings  
 Along the emblazoned walls.

He was the bravest warrior,  
 That ever buckled sword,  
 This the most gifted poet  
 That ever breathed a word.  
 And never earth's philosopher  
 Traced with his golden pen,  
 On the deathless page, truth half so sage  
 As he wrote down for men.

And hath he not honor?  
 The hill-side for his pall,  
 To lie in state while angels wait,  
 With stars for tapers tall?  
 And the rocking pines, like tossing plumes,  
 O'er his bier to wave;  
 And God's own hand, in that lonely land,  
 To lay him in his grave.

In that deep grave without a name,  
 Whence his uncoffined clay  
 Shall break again—most wondrous thought--  
 Before the judgment day,  
 And stand with glory wrapped around  
 On the hills he never trod,  
 And speak of the strife that won our life  
 With the Incarnate Son of God.

O lonely tomb in Moab's land!  
 O dark Beth-Peor's hill!  
 Speak to these curious hearts of ours  
 And teach them to be still.  
 God hath His mysteries of grace—  
 Ways that He cannot tell;  
 He hides them deep, like the secret sleep  
 Of him He loved so well.

Good company and good conversation are the very sinews of virtue.

QUEEN VICTORIA AND HER SCOTTISH GUEST.

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BY FANNIE ROPER FEUDGE.

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Among the memories of pleasant hours spent in England and dear old Scotland I recall the following, related to me with great gusto by a Highland gentleman who was cognizant of the facts. On the occasion of the queen's earliest visit to Scotland she was holding her first "drawing-room" in Edinburgh. Everybody wanted to see the youthful and popular sovereign—of course; and equally, of course, everybody could not be admitted. So cards were sent out to as many as could be conveniently accommodated—many probably who had never before been invited to the presence of royalty, and who had scarcely anticipated such an honor. For the gentle, womanly queen was very gracious, and quite willing to sacrifice something of courtly etiquette in order the more fully to enthrone herself in the loyal hearts of her Scottish subjects; well aware that once gained they were gained forever. For a Caledonian's friendship stands as fast as the sturdy base of his own Ben Nevis.

A Highland dame of about seventy, having heard of the young queen's intended visit to Scotland, had travelled more than a hundred miles to obtain a glimpse of her esteemed sovereign's form and features. All she hoped for was to be permitted, for just once in her lifetime, to stand at the door of "the great house," and, herself unseen, look into the gentle face, and carry away with her to the humble home in her native hills the memory of how a real queen looked, and spoke, and acted. It was for this she had made on foot that weary journey; for this alone she had been for many days domiciled in the tiny cabin of a Highland friend, whose narrow quarters seemed, without her presence, full almost to repletion. For this one brief glimpse of royalty she had longed and waited, hoped and dreamed, and now should she be discouraged because the way was not quite clear, and go back to her lowly home among the hills, and even die without seeing her bonny queen? Nay, nay! she would try, though everybody said it was impossible.

So, late in the evening, keeping her own counsel, the Highland dame stole out alone, and, hurriedly traversing the crowded streets, presented herself, in the peasant's garb, at the castle gate. Through this she managed to pass unnoticed amid a crowd of invited guests; but on reaching the door of the first ante chamber she was rudely

challenged by the ushers and guards, and bidden to go home, or to a darker region if she preferred, while the churlish officials told her tauntingly that her majesty did "not receive visitors in Highland court dress." Nothing daunted the sturdy old Scotswoman stepped aside, determining to abide her time, and, with genuine Scottish persistency, resolving "to see her blessed majesty, or die trying," as she said afterward when recounting her adventures to "Cousin Kenneth and his bairns," who could scarcely believe that she had really seen the queen.

Keeping quietly out of the way of the uniformed upstarts who had so mocked and taunted her shabby garb till they were more at leisure, she at length strolled up to where they were standing, admired their gay dress, and complimented their good looks. This smooth talk, even from an old woman, gratified their vanity and induced them to consent that she should, at her own risk, go as far as the door of the reception-room and try, from there, to catch a passing glimpse of her majesty, without being herself seen.

"But how is the queen dressed, and how am I to distinguish her among the crowd of fine ladies?" asked the old woman, turning back disheartened after the first sight of the bewildering scene met her astonished gaze. "They maun be a' queens; I dinna ken which waur the bonniest amang them a'."

The ushers, so accustomed to the splendor of court costumes, did not remember what her majesty wore on this occasion ; but one finally said : "I have no doubt she is the most plainly dressed lady in the room, and I know she wears on her head no other ornament than her own beautiful, blonde hair, with the addition of a single, half-opened rosebud."

Thus guided in her researches, the old lady returned to the drawing-room door, and, crouching down just outside, leaned her elbows on the sill and peered curiously into the brilliant throng. For a long time she sought vainly among such an array of jewels and satins, laces and flowers, for one "simply dressed lady, with only a rosebud in her hair." But, after a while, sundry movements among the vast assemblage opened an avenue directly in front of her majesty, and lo ! there stood revealed to the enraptured gaze of our Highland visitor the petite figure of the young queen, robed in dainty garb of satin and lace, with a single fragrant rosebud nestling lovingly among the wavy masses of her luxuriant hair. Such unlooked-for success was too much for the equanimity of the excited Highlander, and, utterly oblivious both of her own rather doubtful position and the oft-repeated charges of the ushers not to allow herself to be either seen or heard, she exclaimed rapturously, at the same time devoutly clasping her hands in extremest devotion,

"There she be; I've seen her! I've seen her! God bless her bonnie majesty! Now auld Janie McDougal can e'en gang hame and die in pace."

A sixty-four pounder sent suddenly whizzing through that courtly assembly could scarcely have produced a more startling effect than did this outburst of a loving and grateful heart. But, while lords and ladies stood spell-bound and indignant officials rushed to the rescue, the young queen, with the genuine kindness of heart and ready comprehension of the situation that so peculiarly characterizes her on all occasions, stepped quietly forward, gave her hand to the now thoroughly frightened visitor, and, having assisted her to rise, led her to her own sofa and seated herself beside her guest. Then gracefully waving off the lords and ladies whose presence would have been only embarrassing to the unaccustomed visitor, the gentle queen devoted herself for something like an hour to the entertainment of the Scotian ; asking and answering questions, and chatting with the old lady with unaffected grace and simplicity. Then she led her visitor to the door, and saw the Highlander depart, the very happiest woman in the kingdom. The youthful sovereign lingered a moment at the door, and when she resumed her seat the rose no longer nestled among the beautiful hair ; but had we been a clairvoyant we should have seen it folded caressingly between a pair of withered hands, and pressed lovingly to a warmly-beating heart, every throb of which was in loyalty to her noble young sovereign.

About noon the next day Queen Victoria might have been seen sitting on a low stool in front of a fire that blazed on the hearth of a cotter's lowly cabin, full two miles from Edinburgh castle. It was here the old Scotswoman was lodging, and her Britannic majesty did not seem to feel at all out of place as she sat sipping, with evident enjoyment, oatmeal porridge from such a wooden bowl as those in general use among the Scotch peasantry, while on her lap rested a wooden platter piled with oaten cakes ; and she was waited on by the same withered hands that a few hours before had so lovingly clasped the half-open rosebud. Which was the happier of the two it would be difficult to say.

It was by such acts of considerate kindness to all with whom she came in contact—the poor and lowly as well as the lofty and grand—that England's model queen so early enthroned herself in the hearts of her people ; and from prince to peasant, wherever the tourist goes, all tell him proudly, and lovingly, too, that while many women have done virtuously, their own pure, gentle, womanly queen excels them all.—*Christ. Weekly.*

## BEZA AND THE PSALMS.

The story of the life of Theodore de Beza is well known. Educated in evangelical principles, he had been drawn for a season far away from religious thought by the love of the world and by a fondness for poetry. Meanwhile, on recovering from an illness which had brought him near to the gates of death, he unreservedly gave his heart to God in his early years; he left what he called Egypt, and withdrew to Geneva, near to Calvin. From this moment he began a new life.

When Beza arrived at Geneva, in the month of October, 1548, he visited for the first time the assembly of the Reformed for worship. There he heard sung Marot's version of Psalm 91—"He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty. I will say of the Lord, He is my refuge and my fortress: my God; in Him will I trust." He never forgot the lively impression the singing of this Psalm made upon him. Its remembrance, he tells us, always sufficed to sustain him, and to drive from him every appearance of fear; as for instance, during the plague at Lausanne, and the most trying junctures of his life.

Fifty-seven years afterward, at the close of a career consecrated to the service of the Church, this veteran of the Reformation repeated on his death-bed these words of another Psalm—130—of Marot:

"O Lord, my God, if Thou shouldst weigh  
Our sins, and them peruse,  
What man could them escape, or say,  
I can myself excuse?"

When he renounced the world, Beza did not renounce poetry. Calvin, going one day to see him, and not finding him at home perceived upon the writing-table a copy-book containing French verses. It was a translation, in verse, of Psalm 16. He carried it away, unknown to the author, and read it to his colleagues. The verses of Beza pleased them so much that they prevailed upon him to make no delay in versifying the other Psalms not yet put in verse.

¶ It was at Lausanne, where he was sent the following year as Professor of Greek, that Beza commenced his work. Calvin continued to encourage and to press him to it. "If Beza has any of the Psalms ready," wrote he to Viret, January 24th, 1551, "he

ought not to wait until he has more of them. Tell him to send me them, although but a few, by the first messenger." On March 24th Beza obtained license to print his Psalms. He had translated thirty-four of them. They were published at Geneva that year, and were reprinted with the Psalms of Marot in 1552.

The sixty Psalms not yet translated were finished in much less time than the others. This was due, no doubt, to the renewed energy given him by his three visits to Germany and France in the years of 1560 and 1561. Charles IX. consented, a few days after the conference at Poissy, to grant the royal privilege for an edition of the Psalms, and the collections of Marot and of Beza were printed at Lyons in 1562. The editions of this year are the first that give the Psalter complete.

Beza, had acquired, in accomplishing this work, such a taste for the Psalms that they never ceased to occupy him. More leisurely he made in Latin a literal version, a paraphrase and a translation in verse. "It was not," he said in the preface to the last of these works, "that I believed the efforts of man are sufficient fully to express the sublimity of these inspired writings, it was only for my profit, and because this exercise helped to fix them more upon my memory."

In printing for the first time his thirty-four Psalms, Beza dedicated them "To the Church of our Lord" in some delightful verses, that let us see "the admirable qualities so happily united in him," of which his friend Pelletier has told us. Indeed there was always found in him the man of genius and of action, the Christian and the poet.—*Scottish Reformed Presbyterian.*

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#### CURIOS NAMES OF BOOKS.

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J. Sabin & Son's *American Bibliopolist*, in a curious article on book-titles, gives numerous specimens of eccentricity in the naming of books, both ancient and modern, from which we select the following specimens of the strange tastes which prevailed in the seventeenth century :

"At Marseilles was published, 'The Little Dog of the Gospel barking at the Errors of Martin Luther;' a pendant to which is, 'The Little Pocket-pistol which fires at Heretics.' A Jesuit who wrote against the zealous Puritan, Sir Humphrey Lind, calls his work 'A Pair of Spectacles for Humphrey Lind;' to which the latter replied with, 'A Case for a Pair of Spectacles for Humphrey Lind.' Similar to these are, 'A Pair of Bellows to Blow off the Dust cast

upon John Fry ;' 'The Barber, or Timothy Priestly Shorne, as he may be Seene in his owne Mirrour, and Shaved by G. Huntingdon.' Cromwell's time was particularly famous for title pages. The author of a work on charity entitled his book, 'Hooks and Eyes for Believers' Breeches.' Another, who professed a wish to exalt poor human nature, calls his labors 'High-heeled Shoes for Dwarfs in Holiness ;' and another, 'Crumbs of Comfort for the Chickens of the Covenant.' One author regales his readers with 'Beautiful Biscuits Baked in the Oven of Charity, carefully conserved for the Chickens of the Church, the Sparrows of the Spirit, and the Sweet Swallows of Salvation ;' another with 'Bread Cooked in the Ashes brought by an Angel to the Prophet Elijah to comfort the Dying ;' while a third offers 'The Sweet Marrow and Tasty Sauce of the Savory Bones of the Saints in Advent.' To accompany these delicacies we have 'The Spiritual Mustard-Pot, to lead Devoted Souls to Christ,' matched by 'The Spiritual Snuff-box, to make the Soul sneeze with Devotion: A Bouquet of Delicious Perfume, prepared for the Saints of the Lord.' An ascetic gives us 'The Scraper of Vanity: A Spiritual Pillow necessary to Extirpate Vice and to Plant Virtue ;' which, we submit, was to say the least, an extraordinary office for a pillow ! A canon of Riez, in Provence, writes, 'The Royal Post to Paradise, very useful to those who wish to go there; a Collection of the works of Pious Doctors who have curiously treated the subject.' Philip Bosquier, a Flemish monk, published a tragedy, entitled, 'The Little Razor of Worldly Ornaments.' A most valuable work must have been 'The Silver Bell, the Sound of which will, by the Grace of God, make an Usurer a Perfect Christian ;' 'A Reaping-Hook, well-tempered for the Stubborn Ears of the Coming Crop ;' 'A Shot Aimed at the Devil's Headquarters, through the Tube of the Cannon of the Covenant.'

"A Quaker, whose outward man the powers that were thought proper to imprison, published, 'A Sigh of Sorrow for the Sinners of Zion, breathed out of a Hole in the Wall of an Earthen Vessel, known among Men by the Name of Samuel Fish.'"

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#### PAGANINI, THE GREAT VIOLINIST.

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Physical causes acted at times oddly and instantly upon his brain ; at others they found him like stone. He was not always open to impressions, which at certain moments would find him so receptive that he became the utter incarnation of them. He was full of contradictions, which he cared little to explain either to himself or to others. He travelled with the utmost speed from place to place

in the hottest weather he would have all the carriage windows closed. Although latterly his lungs affected his voice, which became thin and feeble, he delighted to talk loudly when rattling over the roads; the noise of the wheels seemed to excite him, and set his brain going. He never entered an inn on the road, but would sit in his carriage until the horses were ready, or walk up and down wrapped in his great cloak, and resent being spoken to.

Arrived at his hotel, he would throw all his doors and windows open, and take what he called an air bath; but he never ceased to abuse the climate of Germany, and said that Italy was the only place fit to live in. His luggage was extremely simple; a small napkin might have contained the whole of his wardrobe—a coat, a little linen, and a hat-box; a small carpet-bag; a shabby trunk, containing his Guarnerius violin, his jewels, a clean shirt, and his money—that was all. He carried papers of immense value in a red pocket-book, along with concert tickets, letters, and accounts. These last no one but himself could read, as he knew hardly any arithmetic, and calculated, but with great accuracy, on some method of his own. He cared little where he slept, and seldom noticed what he ate or drank. He never complained of the inns—every place seemed much alike to him—out of Italy; he detested them all equally. He seldom noticed scenery, or cared for the sights of foreign towns. To himself he was the only important fact every where. He often started without food in the early morning, and remained fasting all day. At night he would take a light supper and some chamomile tea, and sleep soundly until morning. At times he ate ravenously. He remained taciturn for days, and then he would have all his meals sent up to his room; but at some hotels he would dine at the *table-d'hôte*, and join freely in conversation. He lay on his sofa doing nothing the greater part of every day; but when making plans for the publication of his works, or the founding of a musical institution, which at one time occupied much of his thoughts, he would stride up and down his room, and talk in a rapid and animated manner.

After dinner he habitually sat in his room in total darkness until half-past ten, when he went to bed. Sometimes from sixty to eighty people, eager to see him, would wait upon him at his hotel in the course of the day. When compelled to see visitors he was polite; but the intrusion of strangers fatigued and annoyed him, and he often refused himself to every one. He would bolt his door, and not take the least notice of any knocks. He would sit for hours almost motionless in a kind of trance, and apparently absorbed in deep thought; but he was not always averse to society. He was fond of conversing with a few friends, and entered into

whatever games and recreations were going on with much zest; but if any one would mention music he would relapse into a sullen silence, or go off to some other part of the room. He disliked dining out; but when accepted he usually ate largely of every thing on the table. Although he mixed freely with the world, like Chopin, he was a solitary man, and reserved to the last degree. No one seemed to be in his confidence. He had an excellent memory—yet certain faces seemed to pass from him absolutely. His fidelity to both his parents was not the least remarkable point in his strange character, and although ardently attached to money, he could be generous at the call of what he considered duty, and even lavish when charity was concerned; indeed, he frequently gave concerts for the benefit of the poor, remembering the time when he had been a poor man himself.

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#### CHARLES DICKENS' ADVICE TO HIS SON.

'Never take a mean advantage of any one in any transaction, and never be hard upon people who are in your power. Try to do to others as you would have them do to you, and do not be discouraged if they fail sometimes. It is much better for you that they should fail in obeying the greatest rule laid down by our Saviour than that you should. I put a New Testament among your books for the very same reason and with the very same hopes that made me write an easy account of it for you when you were a little child. Because it is the best book that ever was or ever will be known in the world, and because it teaches you the best lessons by which any human creature who tries to be truthful and faithful to duty, can possibly be guided. As your brothers have gone away, one by one, I have written to each such words as I am now writing to you, and have entreated them all to guide themselves by this book, putting aside the interpretations and inventions of man. You will remember that you have never at home been harassed about religious observances of mere formalities. I have always been anxious not to weary my children with such things, before they are old enough to form opinions respecting them. You will therefore understand the better that I now most solemnly impress upon you the truth and beauty of the Christian religion as it came from Christ Himself, and the impossibility of your going far wrong if you humbly but heartily respect it. Only one thing more on this head. The more we are in earnest as to feeling it, the less we are disposed to hold forth about it. Never abandon the wholesome practice of saying your own private prayers, night and morning. I have never

abandoned it myself, and I know the comfort of it. I hope you will always be able to say in after life that you had a kind father. You cannot show your affection for him so well, or make him so happy, as by doing your duty.



### TO A DISABLED AND DYING MILLER.

The following charming little poem from our sprightly neighbor, "The College Days," is from the pen of our venerable friend, Solomon Sobersides. Years ago he occasionally favored the *GUARDIAN* with a poetic gem, under the signature of "W. M. N.," or William M. Nevin. Though not quite as young as then, his muse still rings with unabated sweetness. We commend the moral of the poem to our readers—to shun the dangerous, dazzling charms of sin:

Wee, white-wing'd butterfly, betray'd,  
Through pleasure's lure, to come abraid,  
Now on my table lowly laid  
By sad mischanter,  
Through sportive freak forever stay'd  
And rash encounter:—

Still had ye kept that shady bower  
Where safe ye'd slept each sunny hour,  
Hid 'mid its leaves and mony a flower,  
That formed your screen,  
Nor felt Temptation's witching power,  
Weel had it been!

When cam' the night this splendent bleise  
O' gas-light did your fancy please,  
Seen frae afar; and on the breeze  
Ye hither came,  
The flirt still nearer, by degrees,  
Around its flame.

Then had ye kept somewhat abeigh,  
Nor fondly thought: Sin it can gie  
Sae meikle pleasure in mine e'e  
Outside to view it,  
What perfite rapture wad it be  
'To flit me through it!

O foolish logic, misapplied!  
O false conclusion, to misguide!  
Into that bleize at ance ye hied,  
To meet your doom;  
To perish in your beauty's pride  
And early bloom!

O had I Æsculapius' skill,  
 Thee with renewed life to fill,  
 This would I do with gladsome will,  
     Nor thee deplore ;  
 But, och—all hae the power to kill ;  
     Few to restore !

Still whatfor mourn thy finish'd state ?  
 Thy life prolonged to latest date  
 Wad hae been brief at ony rate ;  
     Sae, not to quarrel  
 Wi' providence for thy sad fate,  
     Ise draw the moral.

Ye careless folk, in Pleasure's ring,  
 Wha round her still enraptur'd swing,  
 See that too close ye dinna bring  
     Yoursels until her ;  
 Or, wow, you'll perish on the wing,  
     As did the miller.

SOBERSIDES.

---

### A GREAT NEED.

---

Don't you remember reading in your childhood's favorite fiction about Sinbad's voyage into the Indian Ocean? Do you remember that magnetic rock that rose from the surface of the placid sea? Silently the vessel was attracted toward it; silently the bolts were drawn out of the ship's sides, one by one, through the subtle traction of that magnetic rock. And when the fated vessel drew so near that every bolt and clamp were unloosed, the whole structure of bulwark, mast, and spars, tumbled into ruin on the sea, and the sleeping sailors awoke to their drowning agonies!

So stands the magnetic rock of *worldliness* athwart the Church's path. If the Church draw too near, then bolt after bolt of godly purpose will be drawn out, clamp after clamp of Christian obligation will be unloosed, until the sacred argosy, that is freighted with immortal hopes, shall tumble into a shattered and disgraceful wreck. Depend upon it, brethren, that God will never suffer this to be. He will not let us rob Him. Depend upon it, that if we lie down to luxurious slumber on couches of rosewood, while the world is perishing, He will snatch the couch from beneath us in financial judgments. If we persist in paving the way to our places of amusement and our parties of pleasure with His gold and silver, He will wrest it from us with the terrible rebuke: "Ye may no longer be my stewards!" O! for the descent of a Pentecostal fire

to consume this "wood, hay, and stubble" of pomp and luxury! O! ye who long to see the self-pampering churches brought back to a harder self-denial and a holier self-consecration, I pray you that ye besiege the mercy-seat, and labor, too, for a *soul-humbling, church-purifying* revival.—*T. L. Cuyler.*

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### "HE LIVED FOR OTHERS."

---

Upon the grave of John Howard, the philanthropist, are engraved the simple but expressive words which stand at the head of this article: "*He lived for others.*" Is not this, after all, the great purpose of life? Can there be an aim above this? Is not the whole duty of man, one way or another, directly connected with this? The birth, life, sufferings, death, resurrection, and intercession of Jesus Christ were, and are, for the sake of others. He was rich, but for the sake of others He became poor. For the sake of others He laid aside the glory which He had with the Father, and for a time was clothed with humanity. Paul says, "No man liveth unto himself;" that is, no good man liveth unto himself. No man that understands the real purpose for which he was brought into the world will live for himself.

A young man sat in his room, melancholy and alone. His near relatives were all dead. The world around him seemed cold and cheerless. He thought within himself that there was nothing in this world worth living for. He left his room with the fixed purpose in his mind of putting an end to his miserable existence. Passing along the street he met with a little girl who was thinly clad and shivering with cold. As he was passing she reached out her thin hand and imploringly said, "Mr., will you please to give me a penny, mother is almost starved?" Having some change in his pocket, and concluding that he would have no further use of it, he gave it all to her. The amount being so much more than she had asked for, and more than anybody else had given her, she hardly knew what to do or say. She caught hold of his hand and kissed it, and said, "Oh, Mr., I thank you. This will buy so much bread; my mother will not be hungry any more. Won't you go with me and see my mother? I know that she would like to thank you." Forgetting a moment the purpose in his heart, he went with her. When they came to the door the little girl threw it open, and bounding across the room to her mother she held out in her hand the money, and said, "See here, mother, what the gentle-

man gave me ; now you won't be hungry any more, and you will get well ; you won't die, mother, will you ? I told the gentleman to come and see you, for I knew you could thank him better than I could." Amazed and bewildered, the mother looked at him as he was still standing at the door, and then beckoned him to come to her ; and when he approached she poured into his ear such words of gratitude as only a mother under similar circumstances could do.

Passing from the room, he said to himself, " Well, it is true, I am alone in the world, so far as relatives are concerned. I have nothing particular to live for; but I will live to make others happy." Right there he found the road to true happiness.

Cicero said: " Men resemble the gods in nothing so much as in doing good to their fellow-creatures." — *Religious Telescope.*

---

#### A SAD RECORD.

---

I was in Father Taylor's study talking with him about his eventful life. We were discussing some features of the temperance question, when he took down from a shelf a plain pocket Bible and asked me to examine it. On the fly-leaf was written: " \_\_\_\_\_, from his mother." Turning over the pages, I observed that in some places they were torn, blistered and stained with blood. I asked for the history. He replied: " Some years ago I was sent for in haste to visit a young man who was dangerously ill. I went to the house. In a miserable garret I found a lad, pale, weak and faint from the loss of blood. He had been attacked with severe hemorrhage, and knew that he was soon to die; that he had been leading a life of dissipation, had become a slave to drink, and had been brought by it to his present condition. ' My mother was a godly woman,' he said. ' She instructed me faithfully, prayed for me tenderly, and tried to make me a good man. I left home and came to Boston to make my own living. I intended to do right, and follow my mother's counsels. Her last gift to me was this Bible. At first I read it daily, and attended worship every Sabbath; but I fell into bad company, and gradually went astray, until I lost all manliness and became a wretched drunkard. I have burst a blood-vessel and am dying. For God's sake and my mother's pray for me.' I left him in great distress. The next day I found him dead. He was lying with his book clasped to his lips. It was wet with tears and blood, and torn with his convulsive agonies. Some years after I made a temperance speech in Philadelphia. I related

the incident, and held up the book as I did so. There was a stir in the audience. A poor woman, with a sad, heart-broken expression, arose and tottered to the platform. She implored me to let her have the book. The stillness of the room was terrible. Every eye was fixed upon her. With trembling hands she turned to the fly-leaf—then, with a scream, fell fainting to the floor. She had read the name of her own son, and for the first time knew of his sad fate."

---

### " HOE OUT YOUR ROW."

One Summer day a farmer's boy  
Was hoeing out the corn ;  
And moodily had listened long  
To hear the dinner horn ;  
The welcome blast was heard at last,  
And down he dropped his hoe ;  
But the good man shouted in his ear,  
" My boy, hoe out your row."

Although a hard one was the row,  
To use a ploughman's phrase,  
And the boy, as sailors have it,  
Beginning well to "haze."  
" I can," he said manfully,  
Again he seized his hoe ;  
And the good man smiled to see  
The boy hoe out his row.

The lad the text remembered,  
And learned the lesson well,  
That perseverance to the end  
At last will nobly tell.  
Take courage, man, resolve you can,  
And strike a vig'rous blow ;  
In life's wide field of varied toil,  
Always "hoe out your row."

---

### PADDLE YOUR OWN CANOE.

Judge S. gave his son \$1,000, and told him to go to college and graduate. The son returned at the end of the Freshman year without a dollar, and with several ugly habits. About the close of vacation the Judge said to his son :

" Well, William, are you going to college this year?"  
" Have no money, father."

"But I gave you \$1,000 to graduate on."

"That is all gone, father."

"Very well, my son, I gave you all I could afford to give you; you can't stay here; you must now pay your own way in the world."

A new light broke in upon the vision of the young man; he accommodated himself to the situation, he left home, made his way through the college, and graduated at the head of his class—studied law, became Governor of the State of New York, entered the Cabinet of the President of the United States, and made a record for himself that will not soon die, being none other than William H. Seward.

---

#### A TOUCHING INCIDENT.

The city of Covington, Ky., recently furnished one of the most touching incidents of domestic life that it is often the duty of the press to record. A brilliant and much admired lady, who had been suffering for some time with a trouble of the eyes, was led to fear a speedy change for the worse, and immediately consulted her physician. An examination discovered a sudden and fatal failing in the optic nerve, and the information was imparted, as gently as possible, that the patient could not retain her sight more than a few days at most, and was liable to be totally deprived of it at any moment.

The afflicted mother returned to her home, quietly made such arrangements as would occur to one about to commence so dark a journey of life, and there had her two little children, attired in their brightest and sweetest costumes, brought before her. And so, with their little faces lifted to hers, and tears gathering for some great misfortune that they hardly realized, the light faded out of the mother's eyes, leaving an ineffaceable picture of those dearest to her on earth—a memory of bright faces that will console her in many a dark hour.

---

#### THE TRAVELLER IN THE SNOW.

A traveller was crossing a mountain height alone, over almost untrodden snow. Warning had been given that if slumber pressed down his weary eyelids they would inevitably be sealed in death. For a time he went bravely along his dreary path; but with the deepening shade and freezing blast at night there fell a weight upon

his brain and eyes that seemed to be irresistible. In vain he tried to reason with himself, in vain he strained his utmost energies to shake off that fatal heaviness. At this crisis of his fate his foot struck against a heap that lay across his path. No stone was that, although no stone could be colder or more lifeless. He stooped to touch it, and found a human body half buried beneath a fresh drift of snow. The next moment the traveller had taken a brother in his arms, and was chafing his hands, and chest, and brow, breathing upon the stiff, cold lips the warm breath of a living soul, pressing the silent heart to the beating pulse of his own generous bosom.

The effort to save another had brought back to himself life and warmth and energy. He was a man again, instead of a weak creature, succumbing to despairing helplessness, dropping down in a dreamless sleep to die. "He saved a brother, and was saved himself."—*English Hearts and English Hands.*

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#### LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION.

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A gentleman advertised for a boy to assist him in his office, and nearly fifty applicants presented themselves to him. Out of the whole number he in a short time selected one, and dismissed the rest.

"I should like to know," said a friend, "on what ground you select that boy who had not a single recommendation."

"You are mistaken," said the gentleman, "he had a great many. He wiped his feet when he came in, and closed the door after him, showing that he was careful. He gave up his seat instantly to that lame old man, showing that he was kind and thoughtful. He took off his cap when he came in, and answered my questions promptly and respectfully, showing he was polite and gentlemanly. He picked up the book which I purposely laid on the floor, and replaced it on the table, while all the rest stepped over it or shoved it aside; and he waited quietly for his turn, instead of pushing and crowding, showing that he was honest and orderly. When I talked with him I noticed that his clothes were carefully brushed, and his hair was in nice order, and his teeth as white as milk; and when he wrote his name I noticed that his finger nails were clean, instead of being tipped with jet, like that handsome little fellow's in the blue jacket. Don't you call those things letters of recommendation? I do, and would give more for what I can tell about a boy by using my eyes ten minutes, than all the fine letters he can bring me."

# The Sunday-School Drawer.

---

**NEVER LATE.**—A Sabbath-school in Albany, N. Y., has had the same Superintendent for forty years; and he was *never a minute behind time* in all his forty years' service in the school. Think of that, boys!

Chief Justice Williams, of Hartford, Conn., was a teacher in the Sunday-school, and the superintendent always knew when it wanted *three minutes* of the time to open the school by seeing him enter. Think what punctuality that was!

Boys and girls, yes, and teachers too, who hurry in or creep into Sunday-school after it has begun, disturbing the prayer, or reading, or the singing, had better note these fine examples of promptness in duty.

IN A DISCUSSION on Sunday-school prizes for attendance and recitations and conduct in a Tennessee Convention, it was stated that "in a school in New York, in order to induce an attendance, they tied ribbons to a turkey's neck and drove him up and down the aisle; and in a school in Georgia a prize was offered of a circus ticket;" while in a Tennessee school "pocket knives" were distributed as gifts for bringing in scholars." Who shall say now that there is a lack of zeal in efforts to win scholars to the Sunday-school?

**CHRIST OUR GUEST.**—When one of the boys in Falk's Orphan Home in Europe had said the grace, "Come, Lord Jesus, be our Guest, and bless what Thou hast provided," a little fellow looked up and said,—

"Do tell me why the Lord Jesus never comes? We ask Him every day to sit with us, and He never comes."

"Dear child, only believe, and you may be sure He will come; for He does not despise your invitation."

"I shall set Him a seat," said the little fellow; and just then there was a knock at the door. A poor frozen apprentice entered, begging a night's lodging. He was made welcome: the chair stood empty for him; every child wanted him to have his plate; and one was lamenting that his bed was too small for the stranger, who was quite touched by such uncommon attentions. The little one had been thinking all the time:—

"Jesus could not come, and so He sent this poor boy in His place; is that it?"

"Yes, dear child, that is just it. Every piece of bread and every drink of water that we give to the poor, or the sick, or the prisoners, for Jesus' sake, we give to Him. 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto me.'"

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# PROSPECTUS FOR 1874

## THE GUARDIAN: A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

Devoted to the Social, Literary and Religious Interests of  
Young Men and Ladies.

Rev. B. BAUSMAN, D. D., Editor.

THE GUARDIAN enters upon its XXVth volume, on the first of January 1874. It has a sufficient history to establish its character, and to show its fruits. In its principles, purposes and general spirit, no changes are proposed. The True, the Beautiful, and the Good are unchangeable—error and sin are always the same. Its editorial management is committed, as heretofore, to the Rev. B. BAUSMAN, D. D., whose name, of itself, the publishers regard as the most satisfactory guarantee of the high tone and general interest which should characterize the family magazine.

THE GUARDIAN continues to be published by the REFORMED CHURCH PUBLICATION BOARD. It compares favorably with other publications of the kind, and has earned for itself a reputation which may well be coveted. The January number will be embellished with a beautiful Steel Engraving, and the publication continues to appear with a handsome ornamental cover title. The publishers will continue to use a superior quality of paper; and do all in their power, in co-operating with the Editor, to render THE GUARDIAN acceptable to its subscribers.

This Magazine will be, as heretofore, devoted to the highest interests of the young, at the most solemn and interesting period of their life. It will offer its friendly counsels to them in an earnest, though free and cheerful way. It will solemnly seek to warn them against the wrong, and affectionately lure them to the right. The Editor will endeavor to make its contents true, pure, fresh, and healthy as the morning of life. It will particularly urge self-culture and early piety as of the highest importance, and cultivate the home feeling as a sacred element in social purity and peace. It will seek to move in the element of its motto:—“Life—Light—Love.”

THE GUARDIAN has no denominational or party bias. It is its ambition to take the quiet way of peace and love. It would turn the attention of its readers to that first and greatest of duties, the cultivation of the heart, mind, social feelings and pious affections. It will have its reward if it can be the means of making Hearts better, Homes happier, and Heaven surer. The evidence that it has in a degree done this, which the experience of years has furnished, is more precious to us than gain or gold. Cheerfully, hopefully, and believably we take our pilgrim-staff in hand to travel another year.

THE GUARDIAN contains thirty-two pages monthly, making a handsome Volume of three hundred and eighty-four pages at the end of the year.

Pastors who receive this Prospectus are requested to hand it to some active member of the Church, who will procure subscribers for THE GUARDIAN. If ten subscribers are obtained, we will send one copy to the person obtaining them and one to the pastor gratis.

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No. 907 Arch Street, Philadelphia

Vol. XXV.

AUGUST, 1874.

No. 8.

“LIFE, LIGHT, LOVE.”

THE

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SOCIAL, LITERARY, AND RELIGIOUS INTERESTS

OF

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Rev. B. Bausman, D.D., Editor.

PHILADELPHIA:  
REFORMED CHURCH PUBLICATION BOARD,  
No. 907 Arch Street.

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### LETTERS RECEIVED.

A. R. Poffenberger, J. S. White, D. B. Moyer, R. K. McClellan, Rev. H. Bair, H. D Williams, Hon. H. Ruby, (2) W. R. Yeich, Miss S. J. Keller, I. S. Patterson, Rev Dr. T. S. Johnston, Mrs. L. M. Miller.

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## GUARDIAN, AUGUST, 1874.

### MONIES RECEIVED.

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Mrs. Kooken, Trappe,	"	4.50	Ida S. Patterson, Yellow Sp'ngs, Pa.	1.50	24
J. S. Kughler, Lim'k St'ion,	"	3.00	Miss M. E. Hamm, Nimmisilla, Ohio,		
Mrs. S. A. Haas, Selinsgrove,	"	4.00		4.50	22 to 24
Hon. H. Ruby, Shippensburg,	"	1.50	Levi Guth, Leesport, Pa.	3.00	24 to 25
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		24 to 25	G. F. Augustine, New York, N. Y.	1.50	25
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# THE GUARDIAN.

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Vol. XXV.

AUGUST, 1874.

No. 8.

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FROM THE SCHUYLKILL TO THE POTOMAC.

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BY THE EDITOR.

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At 5 A. M., the train slowly moved out of the depot. It was to have moved at 4.30. It was a special train, run from the banks of the Schuylkill to Washington, D. C. About two hundred and fifty excursionists were the delighted passengers. The morning, toward the end of June, was charming. It was a luxury to breathe the dewy air; a luxury, too, to hear the song of birds, and see the sights as they greeted us. Swiftly we sped to Harrisburg, across the Susquehanna, to Baltimore, and under it, through a tunnel nearly two miles long. As our readers know, the approach to Washington from the north, is through a dreary waste, a barren heath. Many miles before one reaches the city, the dome of the capitol looms up to view, as hangs the dome of St. Peter's at Rome, above the sterile Campagna.

In a most unpresentable plight we reach the Washington depot—faces and garments black with the dust of travel. Hon. Hiester Clymer, member of Congress, and Hon. J. S. Ancona, ex-member of Congress, piloted the party to comfortable quarters—to Willard's and the National Hotel. Nearly two hundred miles we had journeyed since morning. Now for an ordeal of ablutions and brushings. No one knows the pleasure of cleanliness who has never been dirty—begrimed, bespattered, besooted (mind you, two o's). Refreshing breezes waft through the spacious corridors of the hotel. Leisurely we take dinner, while our obliging guides map out a programme for the balance of the day.

We stroll through the grounds of the Smithsonian Institute. Grand trees have grown around it since first I saw it. A beautiful park surrounds the vast building, through which rich and poor can ramble at will. The whole is the gift of James Smithson, a wealthy Englishman, who left over \$500,000 for the founding of

this Institute. There is a pretty story connected with it. Smithson was a fine scholar, a lover and master of science. He delighted in chemistry. When a young man, long ago, in England, a tear rolled down a lady's cheek; a gentleman caught it and examined it. He was just studying chemistry, and loved to make experiments, but nothing before had interested him so much as that tear. He looked at it in every way—he examined it with different glasses; and from that tear he commenced a whole life of study, devoted to chemistry and other sciences. The young man was Smithson.

Nearly forty years ago, he died in Italy, and left half a million of dollars, saying, in his will, it was to be given to the United States of America, to found an institution for the increase and diffusion of knowledge amongst men.

When you go to Washington, you must see the splendid brown stone building, called "The Smithsonian Institute," with its library, and art gallery, and museum. In a glass case you will see Mr. Smithson's ink-stand, his cane, some articles of silver, some of his chemical vessels, and some very tiny and curious ones in which he examined a lady's tear.

To be sure, it is said he intended to give his fortune to a nephew, his only relation, but he added, in case his nephew should die, to send the gift to the United States. In a few years, his nephew did die, or you would not be reading this story now.

The analysis of the tear led him to certain scientific discoveries, by means of which he amassed a large part of his fortune. In a certain sense the tear of an afflicted lady founded the celebrated Smithsonian Institute. As in many other cases, affliction wrought out a certain weight of glory. Smithson built himself a monument more durable and glorious than the grandest pile of granite or marble. How strange that the lady's tear should be the single seed from which this great harvest for the cause of science sprang!

To give a detailed description of all that the building contains would require volumes. Specimens of animals, from the smallest bird to the mammoth monsters of an antediluvian age; models of the different tribes of our race, of their garments and weapons—in short a little world is gathered into a great building.

Most charming was a sail to Mount Vernon. Under the awning of the little steamer's deck sat the delighted excursionists. The name of our craft was "The Arab." Like the Arab, a fast boat, unlike him, steady and humane. We had a very smooth sea, or rather river, which here widens into the dimensions of a lake. Although the steamer behaved well, here and there a head was bowed with nauseous sensations. As usual, every victim tried to put on

a good face. "What is the matter?" I asked of a certain dignified College President, who bowed his head in ill-concealed misery. "Are you sick?"

"Why—yes. I drank too much water, and feel very badly."

The man of learning could not endure the idea of succumbing to such a vulgar thing as sea-sickness on the Potomac, and so he traced his physical mutterings to the water he drank instead of to that on which he sailed. Almost invariably one of the first symptoms of sea-sickness is an effort on the part of the sufferer to convince you that he is not sea-sick. The ubiquitous Italian band was aboard—two boys and a young man, dressed as usual, in coarse, dark, dirty velvet, with faces almost as dark and as dirty. The boys fiddled as if their bow had been a wood saw, and the stick to be sawed tough and knotty. The Star Spangled Banner, Dolly Varden, Sweet Home, and Hail Columbia gave pleasure to the passengers and many a penny to the players. The wandering minstrels, among the early poets seemed to lead a careless life of pleasure. But these poor fellows, outside of the pale of poetry or romance, lead a dog's life. Homeless, friendless wanderers, they have no one to love or care for them.

What a charming river this is! Not as grand as the Hudson, nor has it as majestic a sweep as the Mississippi. But its wooded banks, whose gradual upward slopes are in some places visible for miles, set it off very pleasantly. Its historic associations, too, enhance its interest. We had a distinct view of Alexandria and Fort Washington.

The sun was just setting behind the trees of Mount Vernon's crest, as our boat landed. A walk of a quarter of a mile, up a smooth road, brought us to the tomb of Washington. Our party was composed of old and young people. I watched them approaching the iron-barred gateway of the tomb. Without any previous agreement, every man and boy took off his hat as he neared it. Old gray-headed men, with their grand-children at their side, stood by the tomb of Washington with uncovered heads. It was the spontaneous impulse of patriotic gratitude. The sight gave one in that crowd moist eyes. The tomb is a small brick structure. Pity it is not built of stone, capable of standing for a thousand years. Inside the gate are two plain marble tombs, one at each end, with horizontal slabs. One covers the remains of Washington, the other those of his wife, Martha Washington. The floor around them is covered with pebbles or coarse gravel. The dwelling is less than a quarter of a mile from the tomb. This home and burial-place of Washington is on the right bank of the Potomac, eighteen miles from Washington City, in Fairfax county, Virginia.

At the time of Washington's decease the estate comprised several thousand acres, divided into farms devoted to different kinds of culture. The mansion is beautifully situated on a swelling height, crowned with trees, and commanding a fine view up and down the Potomac. The house is of wood, two stories in height, and 96 feet in length, with a lofty portico, extending along the whole front. On the ground floor are six rooms, none large except the dining-room. The library and Washington's bed-room remain as they were at the time of his death, and contain many articles of great interest. In front of the house, sloping to the river, is a lawn of five or six acres. About three hundred yards south of the mansion, on a hill-side, in full view of the river, is the old family vault, (still enclosed by an iron fence) where the body of Washington was first laid and remained till 1830, when it was removed to its present tomb, a new vault, at no great distance, on the edge of a deep wooded dell. Mount Vernon mansion was built by George Washington's elder brother, Lawrence, who settled there in 1743, and named the estate in honor of Admiral Vernon, under whom he had served in the West Indies. George Washington added wings to the mansion, and greatly enlarged and embellished the estate, which was his home from boyhood till his death, when by his will it was bequeathed to Bushrod Washington, (a nephew of his) from whom it passed into the possession of his nephew, John A. Washington. By him it was sold in 1858 for \$200,000 to the "Ladies' Mount Vernon Association," who design to hold it in perpetuity as a place of public resort and pilgrimage. Means have been collected by private subscription and by the efforts of Mr. Edward Everett to pay the purchase money, and to establish a fund for keeping the place in order. Their purchase comprises the mansion, the tomb, and two hundred acres of the original estate. About \$20,000 beside what has been paid to Mr. Washington have already been expended upon it.

Around the mansion about a dozen buildings are grouped, among these an old barn, in a tolerable state of preservation, but in general arrangement a very ordinary structure as compared with many Pennsylvania barns, and six or eight one story houses, perhaps once used as "the quarters" for the negro servants. At one end of the mansion is the old draw well, where the water is still drawn up by means of a windlass, and

"The old oaken bucket, the iron bound bucket,  
The moss covered bucket that hung in the well."

In a small case, less than a foot square, hung on the wall, at the foot of the stairway in the hall, is a heavy black key, about six

inches long—the key of the Bastile, presented to Washington by Lafayette. Since then this Parisian prison, famous for the inhuman cruelties which were perpetrated within its walls, has ceased to exist. The key hanging where it does, means much. It has a historical significance.

In the different rooms of the mansion are many relics—articles of clothing, arms, &c., once used by the occupant of this dwelling. The room in which he died contains a bed and a few plain, old-fashioned chairs. The latter remain as they were left at his death. The bed on which he died, after it had been to a great extent demolished by relic-loving visitors, was given to the relatives of the family, and another one, in all respects precisely like it, placed in its stead. It is a very plain room for so great a man to sleep and die in. Possibly 20 by 20 feet square, the ceiling not high, the whole as void of ornamental finish as that of an ordinary farmhouse. Right here, at one end of the room, the head of the bed between the two windows, where this bed now stands, he died. It was on a dreary winter night. Snow covered the earth, and the chill winter winds sighed sadly through the old trees around the mansion. Suffering seriously from a severe cold, he sent for his family physician at Alexandria. He, in connection with two other physicians, vainly tried various remedies. His private secretary, Mr. Lear, says:

"About half past four o'clock (P. M.) he desired me to call Mrs. Washington to his bedside, when he requested her to go down into his room and take from his desk two wills, which she would find there, and bring them to him, which she did. After this was done, I returned to his bedside and took his hand. He said to me: 'I find I am going, my breath cannot last long. I believed from the first that the disorder would prove fatal.' I told him that I hoped he was not so near his end. He observed, smiling, that he certainly was, and that, as it was the debt which we must all pay, he looked to the event with perfect resignation.

At about 5 o'clock he said to Dr. Craik, 'Doctor, I die hard, but I am not afraid to go. I believed from my first attack that I should not survive it. My breath can not last long.' Soon after he told the other physicians, 'I feel I am going. I thank you for your attentions, but I pray you to take no more trouble about me; let me go off quietly; I cannot last long.'

"About 10 o'clock," Mr. Lear says, "he made several attempts to speak to me before he could effect it." At length he said, 'I am just going. Have me decently buried, and do not let my body be put into the vault in less than three days after I am dead. Do you understand me?'

"I replied, 'Yes.'"

"'Tis well," said he.

"About ten minutes before he expired, (which was between 10 and 11 o'clock) his breathing became easier. He lay quietly; he withdrew his hand from mine and felt his own pulse. I saw his countenance change. I spoke to Dr. Craik, who sat by the fire. He came to the bedside. The General's hand fell from his wrist. I took it in mine and pressed it to my bosom. Dr. Craik put his hands over his eyes, and he expired without a struggle or a groan.

"While we were fixed in silent grief, Mrs. Washington, who was seated at the foot of the bed, asked with a firm and collected voice, 'Is he gone?' I could not speak, but held up my hand as a signal that he was no more. 'Tis well,' said she in the same voice. 'All is now over; I shall soon follow him; I have no more trials to pass through.'"

Thus ended the earthly life of Washington in this room, on this spot. In such a place one had rather muse alone. When all had left the mansion for the boat I returned to the room a second time, with a friend. It was at nightfall. The rooms and hall through which we passed were unlighted, wierd and dreary. We gave a few more silent, sacred moments in undisturbed meditation to the memory of Washington and his last great victory,

"In the chamber where the good man met his fate."

The flower garden is well preserved. The different plots and beds, bordered by tall hedges of box-wood, nearly two feet thick, remain as he had planned them. The house fronts on a large lawn, extending away from the river. It is fringed by grand old elm trees. The west end of it is bordered by a wall built in a ditch, the top of it being on a level with the ground. It serves its purpose without obstructing the view from the mansion.

Thus the excursionists rambled over these charming historic grounds until twilight admonished them to repair to the boat. The two hours' sail up the Potomac, by moonlight, was not the least enjoyable part of the trip. The picturesque banks, dotted with dwellings among the trees, through whose leafy branches glimmered their lights, rose before the view in ever changing beauty.

The following morning the tourists divided into smaller groups, and visited different localities of interest. Some made an ante-breakfast excursion to Arlington Heights, once the home of Gen. Robert Lee, on the opposite side of the Potomac. It is now the property of the United States. In the last century it was the home of the Custis family. When Washington married the widow of John Parke Custis, a former owner of this property, he adopted his two younger sons; one of these, George Washington Parke Custis, was brought up at Mount Vernon. At the death of Mrs. Washington, in 1802, he took possession of Arlington Heights, an estate of one thousand acres, which he had inherited from his father. He erected the (present) mansion, known as Arlington House, and devoted his life to literary and agricultural pursuits. After 1852, when his sister, Eleanor Parke Custis, who was married to Major Lawrence Lewis, died, he was the sole surviving member of Washington's family, and his residence was for many years an attractive resort on account of the many interesting relics

of that family which it contained. From him the property passed into the hands of Gen. Lee.

Surely we must see the White House, and its celebrated occupant. We will simply pass through the grounds, and some of the departments. Why impose the needless burden of a personal interview with the President, upon him, especially during the busy closing days of the session of Congress, insisted some. It must be done, said those who kindly guided us in these enjoyments. The President insists on treating all citizens of the Republic alike. Other excursionists had been honored with a friendly grasp of his hand; so should ours be.

From Willard's Hotel the party repaired in procession to the White House, led by Congressman Hiester Clymer. A circle was formed in the East room. Other friends had joined the procession, so that about three hundred persons must have been present. During the brief pause until the President's arrival, the excursionists had time to view the magnificent apartment, with its rare works of art. At one end of the room was a venerable gentleman, who was introduced to us as Senator Ramsay, of Minnesota. His massive head was decked with gray locks, whilst his smiling, cheerful countenance looked happy and hopeful as that of a young man. Many years ago he started in life as school teacher, at Kutztown, Berks county, Pa., the vernacular of whose denizens he still speaks with fluency. Ex-Congressman Ancona playfully asked him: "Cannscht noch deutsch schwetze?"

"Oh ja, warum, dann net? Des vergess ich mei Lebtag net."

Meanwhile an usher enters at the end of the room, and opens a way through the crowd for the President. There he comes, tidily yet plainly dressed; a man of small stature, shoulders somewhat bowed, perhaps by the burdens of office, a short thick neck, as all great warriors have. He steps to the opposite end of the room, not without slight symptoms of nervousness. Mr. Clymer approaches the President, and gracefully introduces the party as a number of his constituents of Reading, Pa. Knowing Mr. C., to be a leader of the Democratic stronghold of "old Berks," the President replied that he was pleased to see them. And with a roguish smile, continued: "Doubtless they are the true sons of their Democratic fathers." This, of course, set all the parties concerned into a good humor, who shook hands with him as they passed out. This mechanical hand-shaking with the multitude must be a great burden, and loses much of its significance. We must admire the patience of a man, who, in the midst of the stormy and perplexing close of a session of Congress, can coolly step aside in the best of humor, stand on his feet for over half an hour, and that too on a

very hot day, and have his hand pressed (in some cases I fear not very gently) by three hundred persons. As the ceremony proceeded, the man with unconquerable will, looking down the long line of hands that still awaited his touch, seemed to think, as once before: "We will fight it out on this line."

What a grand structure is the Capitol, its lofty dome looking benignantly over a vast area of country. The building is situated on the brow of a plateau, 90 feet above the Potomac. It is no longer at the extreme end of the city. Around it slopes a beautiful park of 35 acres, shaded by a great variety of trees. President Washington laid its corner-stone on September 18, 1793. On November 17, 1800 Congress held its first session in it. Since then three wings have been added. In August, 1814, the British army partly destroyed it by fire. The whole has since been rebuilt and enlarged. It is now 751 feet long and 324 feet deep, and covers about three and a half acres of ground. The bronze statue of Liberty on the top of the dome is 300 feet above the basement floor of the building. The rotunda, 96 feet in diameter, is hung with large historical paintings. In the north wing is the senate chamber—112 feet long, 82 wide, and 30 high. Let us take a seat in the spacious gallery. A venerable citizen of Washington at my side kindly offers his services. For years he has whiled away many an hour of his declining life in the two halls of the capitol, sitting at the feet of these solons of the Republic. Our seat commands a good view of the Senators. That stout gentleman, in the decline of life, in the speaker's chair, is Senator Carpenter. He hangs his right arm over the back of his large chair, and leans back in a posture of ungraceful ease with ill-concealed fatigue and worry. Right in front of him is Senator Morton of Indiana. He has a large head and a strong and well stored mind. His lower limbs are paralyzed. In speaking he retains his seat, moving slightly from one side to the other on his chair in addressing the senate. Although an invalid, he speaks with the vigor of a healthy person. On the right of the principal entrance, among the rear row of desks, is a vacant place—left vacant by the death of Charles Sumner. In the middle of the Chamber, a strongly built, middle-aged gentleman presses a measure, with animation and a few telling points; it is Senator Thurman, of Ohio. Right below us sits a slender youthful-looking member, with glasses. His one leg dangles over the arm of his chair as he talks leisurely with the senator at the next desk. Occasionally, as though in a half thoughtless mood, he strikes his leg with the palm of his left hand. I think we can hear the stroke up here. It is Senator Sprague, of Rhode Island. Yonder sits a member with the air of a scholar and of a man of refinement and polish—senator Frelinghuysen. Near the door sits a middle-aged gentleman, with his back

turned this way, who takes no part in the present discussion—Senator Scott, of Pennsylvania, who has shown himself a man of considerable power. Yonder a man, in the prime of life, leans back with an evident effort so far as possible physically to occupy his seat comfortably; with black whiskers, spare face and figure; one who evidently is wide awake to what is going on—Ex-Secretary Boutwell.

The old-time senators are all gone; these are of the present generation. It is whispered that a few in this chamber have fond dreams for the Presidential chair. The last time I was here, the giants of a former generation were still here. I can still see the giant form and hear the thundering voice of "Tom Benton." The slender form of Clay, the massive head and drowsy look of Webster, the grey eyes and spare face of the scholarly Seward, the fairy-like form and glib tongue of Foot, the courteous speaker of the senate Fillmore—all gone. Since their taking off how great the change. The session is drawing to a close, and the respective committees are clamoring to bring in their reports. Once the Speaker exhorts them earnestly to preserve order and help him to despatch business.

The lower house, or House of Representatives, is much larger and less dignified than the Senate. Prior to the opening of the session we stroll through it. Meanwhile the members come in smoking cigars, button holing one another to secure some favor or vote. We ascend to the gallery. What a fine hall this is! In length 139, width 93, and height 30 feet. The gallery running along the four walls will seat twelve hundred persons. A rap from the Speaker's gavel demands order for the chaplain. Not one-tenth of the members are in their seats. Some stand during the prayer, others keep their seats, a few converse or read the morning papers. If the duty of the chaplain is to lead the members in prayer, who refuse to be led, preferring to chat and read the papers, he has a bootless, burdensome task to perform. No wonder that his prayer lacks unction. Its utterance was distinct, but rapid and mechanical; leaving the impression that the close of it was a relief to the leader and the led. The most devout-looking persons in the hall were two negro members from the south. They stood up and devoutly bowed their heads during the prayer, thereby showing that, to say the least they had a better sense of gentlemanly politeness and Christian propriety than some of their fellow members with a white skin. I can readily conceive how difficult it must be aptly to form and offer a prayer in this hall of Congress.

Most interesting is it to behold such an assemblage. Men from every state in the Union—from the higher and lower walks, self-

taught and untaught, in right ways and in wrong ways, they man the ship of state. Speaker Blaine has filled the chair for years, and filled it as few men could. It is a treat to see him unravel and clear up a confused discussion, and keep order in one of the most disorderly legislative bodies on this continent. You should see him count the members in a rising vote. Seizing the butt end of his gavel, and holding it above his head, he gives one beat of the handle for each vote, but beats so rapidly that the motion of the handle flies half visibly, like the spokes in a car wheel running forty miles an hour. I have never seen or heard such a rapid counter of votes.

To the left of the Speaker and a step lower on the platform, sits an old man carelessly playing with a cane. His cool, plain linen coat makes him look somewhat out of place in such a prominent chair. His florid complexion and dyed hair make him look younger than he actually is. (Why do old people dye their hair? The natural grey, even for a man in middle life, is far more becoming, indeed prettier than the dirty stuff with which even sensible people besmear their heads and beards.) Very interesting is the sight of this old gentleman whom Speaker Blaine has justly invited to a seat of honor by his side. For this is "Old Ben Wade," as the people used to call him before he was old, who gave the prime of his manhood to the service of his country in this hall. And now he revisits the scenes of his earlier labors. What can the old man be thinking about, as he is quietly sitting there? Of many a tough intellectual battle fought there; perhaps, too, of later battles in which ideas ran to bloody seed.

Yonder tall member, walking in front of the Speaker's stand is Beck of Kentucky. His erect form, tightly fitting, long, buttoned coat, long hair carefully brushed, give him an appearance not unlike that of a Methodist preacher. Tremain, among yonder group, middle aged and medium height, just looks as one might fancy the counsel against Boss Tweed might look. To him, more than to any other man is the country indebted for the conviction of the Tammany chief. The little spare man, lightly tripping up the aisle with a bald head (hair dyed too!) "cock eyes"—of course every body would know Ben Butler; for who has not seen pictures of the man, caricatures, his face distorted into the features of birds and brutes of the lower order? The most abusive and worst abused man in this country. Rather plainly dressed for a man of his tastes. Especially do his brown pantaloons indicate a plebeian indifference to his wardrobe. In spite of alleged or actual corruption, he extorts from one a certain degree of respect. His face, instead of being of a low animal caste, looks more humane, delicate

and intellectual than one expected. His form is smaller and more slender than I had thought. And say what you will, although a bold, bad man, intellectually he has few, if any equals, in this hall.

The small figure among that restless group in front of the speaker's desk is Killinger from Pennsylvania. He and another member stand a few paces apart, as the members voting on a question pending, run the gauntlet, passing between them whilst they are counted. Our little friend might be trodden under foot in such a commotion. Still, as his past career has shown, he would not be likely to remain under long.

At a front desk, on the hither side of the speaker sits our friend Cessna, of Bedford, Pa. He is beginning to show the weight of work and years. Though not an old man, he is not ashamed of his gray hairs, which become him well. An indomitable worker, writing all the while, amid the noise and confusion of the house. He has not been absent from his place one day since last December, and in all that time has spent only a few hours with his family. That tall member, passing through the aisle, is Gen. Albright, of Mauch Chunk, Pa., and a cousin of our D. B. Albright, of the Orphans' Home, whom he somewhat resembles, at least in physical stature. At one of the rear desks sits our friend, Hiester Clymer, whose speech on the financial question, delivered a short time ago, produced quite a favorable impression.

Right below us here, sit four negro members. Their black hands writing on the white paper, their wooly hair, and black faces are in striking contrast with the appearance of the other members. The one standing this side of the speaker, talking with another member, might almost be taken for a white man. His hair is far less curly and his skin much whiter than those of his colored colleagues. His head and face bear marked indications of intelligence. It is Mr. Revels of South Carolina.

During the progress of business the utmost confusion prevails. Many members are on their feet ; groups gather here and there, some right before the speaker's chair, conversing freely. Above the din and noise certain members vainly strive to make themselves heard, and seem well pleased if they can only reach the speaker's ear. Seen from the gallery one would not suppose that there were twenty men among the whole crew, who knew or cared anything about what was before Congress. And yet when a rising vote was taken, or the yeas and nays were called, everybody seemed to know what he was about.

Besides these two halls, the balance of this vast building is devoted to various purposes. A large apartment is used for the

Congressional Library, containing seventy-thousand volumes. Another is used by the Supreme Court of the United States. Many rooms are used by the clerks and members of Congress.

Apart from the National Capitol, and its historic associations, Washington has not much to attract or please visitors. Its scenery is far surpassed by that of scores of less pretentious cities in almost every State of the Union. Not without reason is it called "a city of magnificent distances." You can go scarcely anywhere, without going a great ways. Places we mentally associate as contiguous, are miles apart. The street cars, however, are a pleasant relief of this remoteness of localities.

Many of the streets are from 90 to 110 feet wide, and the most of them are excellently paved. Besides these there are twenty Avenues, named after the older States of the Union. These are from 130 to 160 feet wide. The principal one is Pennsylvania Avenue, which is four miles long. This two days' tour to the Potomac and back was greatly enjoyed by old and young. Many thanks we owe and give, in the name of our fellow tourists, to Hon. Hiester Clymer and Hon. J. S. Ancona, for so kindly ministering to our pleasure. And although our trip began and ended very differently from that of John Gilpin, by mentally substituting the President in place of "the King," and the projector of this tour in place of "Gilpin, I can with a good conscience close my long story with the last stanza of his famous history :

Now let us sing, long live the King,  
And Gilpin, long live he ;  
And when he next doth ride abroad,  
May I be there to see.

### MY DARLING'S SHOES.

God bless the little feet that can never go astray,  
For the little shoes are empty, in my closet laid away.  
I sometimes take one in my hand, forgetting till I see  
It is a little, half-worn shoe, and much too small for me ;  
And all at once I feel a sense of bitter loss and pain,  
And sharp as when, two years ago, it cut my heart in twain.

Oh, little feet, that weary not, I wait for them no more,  
For I am drifting on the tide, and they have reached the shore :  
And while the blinding tear-drops wet these little shoes, so old,  
I try to think my darling's feet are treading streets of gold ;  
And then I lay them down again, but always turn and say,  
God bless the little feet that now so surely cannot stray.

And while thus I am standing I almost seem to see  
 The little form beside me, just as it used to be ;  
 The little face uplifted, with its soft and tender eyes—  
 Ah, me ! I might have known that look was born for Paradise.  
 I reach my arms out fondly, but they clasp the empty air,  
 For there is nothing of my darling but the shoes he used to wear.

Oh ! the bitterness of parting cannot be done away  
 Until I meet my darling where his feet can never stray ;  
 When I no more am drifted upon the surging tide,  
 But with him safely landed upon the river side.  
 Be patient, heart ! while waiting to see the shining way,  
 For the little feet in the shining street can never go astray.

## DR. J. A. DORNER.

BY N. C. S.

Every one feels an interest in great men. We love to hear what deeds they perform, how they live, dress and walk, what they say to their friends, how they act towards their inferiors, and whatever else concerns their private life. If a young student meets a scholar of world-wide reputation, he watches every movement and treasures up every word that is spoken. The feelings, which agitate his bosom on such occasions, are not easily described ; they must be experienced in order to be appreciated. Afterwards he takes great delight in reporting to his friends, what he has seen and heard.

My first glimpse of Dr. Dorner was described in a previous number of the GUARDIAN. What I saw of him subsequently in the lecture-room, in his study, in the social circle and at public gatherings, only increased my esteem and regard for the man.

His great life-work has been to study the Person of Christ. He has read and digested everything that has been written on the subject. The book, in which he summed up the results of his labors, gave him a name among theologians of every country and made the Universities anxious to secure his services. From what I could learn he must have taught at Königsberg, Göttingen, Bonn and Berlin. His fame attracts hearers from all parts of the globe. In his lecture-room I have seen persons from Switzerland, Italy, France, England, Scotland, India and America. Among these were Seminary graduates, Doctors of Divinity and Professors of Theology. It is to him that foreigners generally come with letters

of introduction and he soon makes them feel at home by conversing with them in their native tongue.

He is sometimes called the Melanthon of the present day. He deserves this appellation not only on account of his literary acquirements but also on account of the kind, amiable and generous spirit, which pervades all his actions. To him students go for aid and counsel. When they enter his study he greets them with a smile. He listens to them with patience and helps them with a father's love. I frequently heard him speak of his opponents and of those who differ from him, and yet I never heard an uncharitable word from his lips. Never for a moment would he think of impugning the motives of those who engage with him in a theological controversy. He gives them credit for devotion to the truth, and recognizes them as co-laborers in the cause of Christ. Some men propound new theories for the sake of having an opinion of their own; he on the contrary, always harmonizes with others, wherever it is possible. His motto seems to be; Charity towards all and malice towards none. May not this be the result of frequent prayerful meditation upon the Redeemer's character? The preface to one of his books contains a hint looking in this direction.

Another element in his character, which struck me very favorably, is his punctuality. In America, where time is money, where men travel by night that they may have the day for business and where everybody is expected to fulfil his engagements to the very minute, it would not be bestowing special praise to call a man punctual; but in Germany it is otherwise. Here plenty of persons seem to have more of the capital of time than they can profitably employ; hence they do not value it very highly, nor do they have many scruples about being late. For some Professors we have frequently had to wait a considerable time; Dr. Dorner always came at the expiration of the fifteen minutes, which are given for recreation between the periods. Once he was prevented from coming. The students waited a few minutes and then went home, because they all felt sure he would not come. Some men, who are not troubled with a superabundance of matter, find it very convenient to begin late and close early. With Dr. Dorner there is no trouble on this score. He always kept up his lectures to the last day of the term, and what is still more remarkable, he always managed to finish his courses of lectures. Sometimes toward the close of the session he would speak four hours daily, two in the morning and two in the afternoon. Imagine a theologian, whose method is notoriously philosophic, holding for that length of time the attention of students, who are as free as birds in the air, and you will have an idea of his power as a lecturer.

He always enters the auditory at a rapid pace, makes a gentle bow, takes his seat on the rostrum and then commences to read his manuscript in a clear, distinct tone of voice. No one except an expert, would ever suspect him of being a Swabian: so thoroughly has his pronunciation been gleaned of the peculiarities, which characterize this dialect. As he proceeds, his eyes begin to sparkle behind the spectacles and his face glows with enthusiasm. His sentences, like those of Dr. Higbee, gain new meaning when one hears them from the author's lips, because the more delicate shades of thought are then brought out by skillful modulation. He never dictates. The lecturers, who do so habitually, are deservedly unpopular; they impose an unnecessary amount of labor upon their hearers and do not exert that moulding, stimulating influence, which is needed in order to make young men work.

Once a week he has the students come to his house. This privilege is worth more than silver or gold. It has been well said that the human mind is like a diamond, the more you rub it, the brighter it shines. In fact nothing is so beneficial to a young man, as to be brought in contact with the master minds of the age. On the western prairies a single spark from a locomotive sometimes gives rise to a great fire. In the realm of intellect a single sentence thrown out at random by some noted teacher, may start in the pupil's mind a train of thought, that can afterwards be developed into a sermon or even a book. We need therefore not be surprised that during the past winter the Doctor's study was found too small to accommodate the crowd which came; the largest room in the house had to be laid under contribution. Here he gathered them around a long table and discussed with them the merits and the defects of Melancthon's Loci. Tea and cakes were served during the course of the evening. He himself generally sat in the middle with a large copy before him, containing the various readings of the successive editions that were published during the author's lifetime. It was thus possible to show how the different doctrines had developed in the great Reformer's mind, what changes took place in his views as he advanced in years and how he sought to defend himself against the uncharitable attacks of others. In these exercises the Doctor's principal aim was to furnish seed thoughts and to make the students think for themselves. He often drew out their opinions and drove them into a difficulty so as to compel them to think themselves out again. He was not willing that any one should accept him as an infallible guide, nor was he willing that any one else should be acknowledged as such. In cases where his views differed from the Reformers and the symbolic confessions produced by them, he was not afraid to say so. Nevertheless, he

always manifested great humility when discussing questions, which for ages had engaged the attention of the strongest intellects of the Church.

Another part of the programme was the preparation of essays on themes suggested by him. These were taken up toward the close of the meeting. Often the discussions turned on living questions of the day. The two essays that were prepared on the Relation of Church and State, occupied the attention of the society over a month. They touched a question which has agitated all classes of the Prussian Kingdom from the crown to the lowest dregs of society. According to a recent enactment, all candidates for the ministry have to pass an examination in Philosophy, History and German Literature before they can be inducted into office. This the Catholics refuse to do. It seems that they are willing enough to receive the money of the government but not willing that the civil authorities shall exclude those who are unfit to teach the people. The Catholic population is not half so numerous as the Protestant; and yet they receive more money from the State than the Protestant Church. During the past winter the Bishop of Posen was punished by a fine and subsequent imprisonment, because he appointed priests who had not passed the aforesaid examination. In these proceedings Dr. Dorner is in full sympathy with the government. He once said: "Even if the civil authorities would let the priests alone, the priests would still not refrain from intermeddling in politics. In the Netherlands, where Church and State are separated, the Ultramontanes have intrigued all the power into their own hands." When the meeting in the Berlin Rath haus was called to respond to the meetings which had been held in England for the purpose of expressing sympathy for the King of Prussia, he was chosen as one of the speakers. The notice which the enemies of the crown took of his speech shows that it was delivered with telling effect. He is not an orator and yet he is eloquent.

He takes a deep interest in America. In the first lecture which he delivered after his return from the Evangelical Alliance he spoke in glowing terms of the power of Christianity in the New World, where it is not propped up by support from the government, but depends solely upon its own merits and resources. He referred to the crowded Churches in New York, to the quietness of its streets on Sunday, to the interest which the secular Press takes in religious matters, and to the immense endowments which are given by private individuals to literary and benevolent institutions. He expressed himself gratified at finding the deep interest which American scholars take in German theology. "Their libraries," said he, "contain our best works in the original, and the condition

of the leaves shows that they are not there for ornament but for use. These enthusiastic pupils of Germany may some day become her teachers." Speaking of the death of Hengstenberg, he said : " I did every thing in my power to retain his library, but all my efforts were in vain. We did not have money enough. The Baptists of Chicago bought it for their seminary."

One evening at the supper table he remarked that he had been at Washington and seen Gen. Grant. I asked him how he had been impressed by our President. " O he spoke like a prince," was the reply.

With feelings of regret I close this brief sketch. Memory loves to dwell upon those from whom we have experienced many kindnesses and received much valuable instruction; the hand delights to chronicle their virtues and their words. I can not help regretting my inability to give a more complete picture of the man.

### A PAIR OF TRAMPS.

BY BEN. E. VOLENS.

"Pity the sorrows" —————.

Poor fellows! Every one of them has a history, not all of them a romantic one, but none without interest. Stop and talk with the first one you meet. You may not find him communicative at first. No wonder that he is somewhat shy, for the mass of mankind seem to him foes. But speak a word of sympathy; allude to his fatherland, say something in praise of his native city, or province, and he will brighten up. You will soon find traces of manhood. You will almost always be rewarded by touchingly manifested feelings of gratitude and often surprised at the degree of merit, and even dignity, which at one time characterized a person now almost beneath your notice.

Here comes one of them. A man of about thirty-five years of age. His beard is red, hair of a light shade and complexion fair. His Teutonic origin is at once apparent. His clothing is that of a beggar, torn, soiled and scarcely able to be held together by the seams. He moves along at a brisk gait, but there are peculiarities in his movement and traces in his face which are unmistakably ascribable to intemperate indulgence in strong drink.

He makes bold to stop at your residence, rap at your door, enter your study and address you deferentially and in an easy style of

politeness with all the titles that your position will allow. His manner tells you that he has enjoyed the society of his superiors, his language gives evidence of a high order of scholarship; you are interested and desire, of course, to hear his story. He has been in Bonn. He alludes with feeling to the beauties of that most beautiful city, so handsomely situated on the Rhine, richly adorned with edifices and monuments, and distinguished as the birth-place of celebrated men. Beethoven is spoken of and the splendid statue erected to his memory. Robert Schumann, gifted with the highest order of talent as an artist and composer, who died so young and so deeply lamented in an insane asylum in the suburbs of the city. Schumann he had often heard, and with him Joachim, the greatest of living violinists, at present adorning the Royal *capelle* at Berlin. As the man talks on you are amazed not only at the fluency of his language and its grammatical correctness, but at the striking precision with which he selects his words, and the neatness and skill characterizing the formation of every sentence. You could not imagine even a Stahl, the most eloquent of the Germans, as possessed of a more perfect command of the language of Schiller and Goethe.

I remarked that I had heard of the university of Bonn, and that I had some of the works of one of its theological professors, e. g. John Peter Lange. "So then," said he, "you know something of my Alma Mater." He had taken two full courses in Theology and Philosophy, of the lectures constituting which he gave me a satisfactory account. Had been a student of Lange. Had paid special attention to the philosophical side of the study of the Old Testament. Gave me an analysis, and random quotation from one of the most difficult passages, viz.: the song of Deborah in the Book of Judges. He was evidently at home in general philosophy and history, and possessed what in a German education all this presupposes of an accurate acquaintance with the Classical languages. He was in the full sense of the word what the Germans call *ein gelehrtes Haus*.

After leaving the University he served for a time as private tutor and then obtained a position as instructor in one of the Gymnasia of Prussia. From my conversation I was willing to accredit him with the *paedagogische Faeigkeit und disciplinarisches Geschick*,\* which his superiors had conceded to him, but could not accept as authentic his statements in reference to the reason of the loss of his situation and his leaving the Fatherland. It was too plain that passion for alcoholic stimulants was the cause of his be-

\* Educational capacity, and disciplinary skill.

ing brought so low that he was compelled to resort to mendicancy and to be thankful for a few coppers which at any time charity may place in his hand. We say to him farewell: but with a sad heart, knowing that his career must inevitably be downward, downward, soon to terminate in utter ruin.

But here comes the other. A German likewise, but an old man. Before describing his present condition, however, we will tell the reader what he once was.

Twenty years ago there came to the town in which I at that time resided a travelling musician. He was about fifty. Tolerably well clothed, careful as to his personal appearance and not without a certain degree of dignity. Like most of his profession he indulged in the pleasures of the cup, and there were reasons for fearing that his fondness in this direction was interfering with his pecuniary success. His favorite instrument was the violincello. He was a master performer in the fullest sense of the word. He gave a public concert which was attended by the most cultivated portion of the community. The sweetness of the tones, geniality of expression and brilliancy of execution amazed as well as delighted his auditors. He seemed to be acquainted with all that the great masters had composed, and in presenting the musical thoughts of such men as Beethoven, Mozart, and Haydn, to do full justice to the merit of the authors. Artistic ability like this is imported from Europe by Theodore Thomas at an immense expense, and places the country under obligations for what is thus contributed to its advancement in the divine art. What was enjoyed at this unpretentious concert made an impression on the mind of the writer which can never be forgotten, and had a stimulating effect in the direction of musical study which is felt to the present day.

Yesterday a very aged travelling beggar appears in the neighborhood. An object indeed miserable to behold, ragged, bloated and with countenance all awry from the effects of intemperance. He was much fatigued after a long journey, but was somewhat lively from the influence of the beverage. "Wo kommen Sie her?" I asked. "Aus Sachsen, wo die schöne Mädel auf den Bäumen wachsen." "Kennen Sie Sachsen?" "O ja," said I, "Ich habe gehört von Dresden und Leipzic." "Ach Leipzic! da wohnte ich, da ist die grosse Universität. Da studiren sie die Diplomatie. Kennen Sie die Diplomatie. Ach ja! die Diplomatie, das ist eine herrliche Sache." "What are you," I further asked him. "Ich bin ein Musiker. Geben Sie mir eine Geige. Ich bin ein Meister darauf." The tone of his voice, the accent, and the long white beard reminded me of the foreign musician whom I had heard twenty years ago. An instrument was placed in his hands, and I

had but to hear him play to be convinced that it was none other than the man of whom I had so often thought and spoken.

He slept all night on the public common, with his brown bundle as his pillow, the grass as his bed and nothing but his scanty wearing apparel to cover him. So accustomed had he become to this kind of lodging that he refused every attention and begged only to be let alone. This morning I was at his side before he was awake. I spoke and he awoke smiling at my greeting. "How did you rest?" "Habe gut geruht. Haben Sie auch?" I took him with me to give him his breakfast. Whilst he was enjoying it he talked constantly, but I now discovered that his mind had become greatly impaired by reason of age, exposure, and indulgence. I put many questions to him in reference to the musical institutions and celebrities of Leipsic, but the burden of his song was "Die herrliche Universität und die Diplomatie." As he left, my wife gave him a partly worn-out coat, which he accepted thankfully. "Ach," said he, "Sie haben eine gute Frau." Then mournfully added: "Es ist nun drei und zwanzig Jahr seit ich meine Christine verlassen habe.\* Sie sagte, dass ich wérde verloren werden, und es *ist* so." And with a sigh he turned away, again to face the world and like a dog to be content with the bone which with cold indifference would be thrown.

### **THE OLD COUPLE.**

It stands in a sunny meadow,  
The house so mossy and brown ;  
With its cumbrous, old stone chimneys,  
And the gray roof sloping down.

The trees fold their green arms around it,  
The trees, a century old ;  
And the winds go chanting through them,  
And the sunbeams drop their gold.

The cowslips spring in the marshes,  
And the roses bloom on the hill ;  
And beside the brook on the pastures,  
The herds go feeding at will.

The children have gone and left them,  
They sit in the sun alone !  
And the old wife's tears are falling,  
As she harks to the well-known tone

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\* Ah! you have a good wife. It is now 23 years since I left my Christine. She told me I would be ruined, and it is so.

That won her heart in her girlhood,  
 That has soothed her in many a care,  
 And praises her now for the brightness  
 Her old face used to wear.

She thinks again of her bridal—  
 How, dressed in her robe of white,  
 She stood by her gay young lover,  
 In the morning's rosy light.

Oh, the morning is rosy as ever,  
 But the rose from her cheek is fled ;  
 And the sunshine still is golden,  
 But it falls on a silvered head.

And the girlhood dreams, once vanished,  
 Come back in her winter time,  
 Till her feeble pulses tremble  
 With the thrill of spring-time's prime.

And looking forth from the window,  
 She thinks how the trees have grown,  
 Since, clad in her bridal whiteness  
 She crossed the old door-stone.

Though dimmed her eye's bright azure,  
 And dimmed her hair's young gold ;  
 The love in her girlhood plighted,  
 Has never grown dim nor old.

They sat in peace in the sunshine,  
 Till the day was almost done ;  
 And then, at its close, an angel  
 Stole over the threshold stone.

He folded their hands together—  
 He touched their eyelids with balm ;  
 And their last breath floated upward,  
 Like the close of a solemn psalm.

Like a bridal pair they traversed,  
 The unseen, mystical road,  
 That leads to the beautiful city,  
 "Whose builder and maker is God."

Perhaps in that miracle country  
 They will give her lost youth back ;  
 And the flowers of a vanished spring-time,  
 Will bloom in the spirit's track.

One draught from the living waters,  
 Shall call back his manhood's prime ;  
 And eternal years shall measure,  
 The love that outlived time.

But the shapes that they left behind them,  
 The wrinkles and silver hair,  
 Made holy to us by the kisses  
 The angel had printed there,

We will hide away 'neath the willows,  
 When the day is low in the west;  
 Where the sunbeams cannot find them,  
 Nor the winds disturb their rest.

And we'll suffer no tell tale tombstone,  
 With its age and date to rise;  
 O'er the two who are old no longer  
 In the Father's House in the skies.



#### SAYINGS ON THE BATTLE-FIELD.

“Follow my white plume,” the traditional rallying cry of Henry IV., is quite consistent with Bantome’s description of him at Coutras : “with long and great plumes, floating well.”

The noble speech given to Henri de la Roche Jaquelein is too finished and antithetical for the unpretending character of the man : “If I advance, follow me ; if I fall, avenge me ; if I retreat, kill me.” This young hero had no quality of a leader beyond chivalrous gallantry and courage ; and looked to no higher reward for his services, if the royalist cause had triumphed, than the command of a regiment of hussars. The real hero of the Vendean insurrection was the Marquis de Lescure. His widow married Henri’s brother before the publication of her memoirs, and thus the name of La Roche Jaquelein has become imperishably associated with the most brilliant episode of the Revolution.

Voltaire makes Conde throw his baton of command over his enemies’ palisades at Fribourg. Other accounts say “his marshal’s baton.” He was not a marshal ; he did not carry a baton ; and what he threw was his cane.

A finer trait is told of Douglas, who, on his way to the Holy Land with Bruce’s heart, took part with the Spaniards against the Moors, and lost his life in a skirmish : “When he found the enemy press thick around him, he took from his neck the Bruce’s heart, and speaking to it as he would have done to the king had he been alive, he said : ‘Pass first in fight as thou wert wont to do, and Douglas will follow thee or die.’ He then threw the king’s heart among the enemy, and rushing forward to the place where it fell, was slain. His body was found lying above the silver case.”

An attentive bystander reports a very sensible speech as made by Conde at Lens : " My friends, take courage ; we cannot help fighting to-day ; it will be useless to draw back, for I promise you that, brave men or cowards, all shall fight ; the former with good-will, the latter perforce."

The authenticity of the brief dialogue between the spokesmen of the French and English guards at Fontenoy is now generally allowed. Lord Charles Hay, hat in hand, steps forward, and says with a bow : " Gentlemen of the French guards, fire ! " M. D'Auteroches advances to meet him, and saluting him with the sword, says : " Monsieur, we never fire first ; do you fire." It is a question whether, with the musketry of 1745, the first fire was an advantage or the contrary.

Lord Macaulay tells an anecdote of Michael Godfrey, the Deputy Governor of the Bank of England, who was standing near King William and under fire at the siege of Namur. " Mr. Godfrey," said William, " you ought not to run these hazards ; you are not a soldier ; you can be of no use to us here." " Sir," answered Godfrey ; " I run no more hazard than your majesty." " Not so," said William ; " I am where it is my duty to be, and I may without presumption commit my life to God's keeping ; but you—" While they were talking a cannon ball from the ramparts laid Godfrey dead at the king's feet.

When Charles XII. of Sweden was entering his barge to lead the attack on Copenhagen, he found the French ambassador at his side. " Monsieur," he said, " you have no business with the Danes ; you will go no further, if you please." " Sire," replied the Comte de Guiscard, " the king, my master, has ordered me to remain near your majesty. I flatter myself you will not banish me to-day from your court, which has never been so brilliant." So saying, he gave his hand to the king, who leaped into the barge, followed by Count Piper and the ambassador.

The dying words of Wolfe are well-known and well authenticated. On hearing an officer exclaim, " See how they run," he eagerly raised himself on his elbow, and asked, " Who run ? " " The enemy," answered the officer ; " they give way in all directions." " Then God be praised," said Wolfe, after a short pause, " I shall die happy." His antagonist, the Marquis of Montcalm, received a mortal wound while endeavoring to rally his men, and expired the next day. When told that his end was approaching, he answered : " So much the better ; I shall not live then to see the surrender of Quebec."

Napoleon stated at St. Helena that Desaix fell dead at Marengo without a word, Thiers makes him say to Boudet, his chief of di-

vision, " Hide my death, for it might dishearten the troops"—the dying order of the Constable Bourbon at the taking of Rome. The speech ordinarily given to Desaix, and inscribed on his monument, is confessedly a fiction. What passed between him and Napoleon, when they first met upon the field, has been differently related. One version is that Desaix exclaimed : " The battle is lost!" and that Napoleon replied ; " No, it is won ; advance directly." That of M. Thiers is, that a circle was hastily formed round the two generals, and a council of war held, in which the majority were for retreating. The First Consul was not of this opinion, and earnestly pressed Desaix for his, who then, looking at his watch, said : " Yes, the battle is lost ; but it is only three o'clock ; there is still time enough to gain one."

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### THE MARVELS OF A SEED.

Have you ever considered how wonderful a thing the seed of a plant is? It is a miracle. God said : " Let there be plant yielding seed," and it is further added, " each one after his kind."

The great naturalist Cuvier, thought that the germs of all past, present and future generations of seeds were contained one within another, as if packed in a succession of boxes. Other learned men have explained this mystery in a different way. But what signify all their explanations? Let them explain it as they will, the wonder remains the same, and we must look upon the reproduction of the seed as a continual miracle.

Is there upon earth a machine, is there a palace, is there even a city, which contains so much that is wonderful as is enclosed in a single little seed—one grain of corn, one little brown apple seed, one small seed of a tree, picked up, perhaps, by a sparrow for her little ones, the smallest of a poppy or a blue-bell, or even one of the seeds that are so small that they float about the air invisible to our eyes? Ah! there is a world of marvel and brilliant beauties hidden in each of these tiny seeds. Consider their immense number, the perfect separation of the different kinds, their power of life and resurrection, and their wonderful fruitfulness.

Consider first, their number. About one hundred and fifty years ago the celebrated Linnæus, who has been called " the father of botany," reckoned about eight thousand different kinds of plants ; and he then thought that the whole number existing could not much exceed ten thousand. But a hundred years after him, M. de Candolle, of Geneva, described forty thousand kinds of plants, and

supposed it possible that the number might even amount to one hundred thousand.

Well, let me ask you, have these one hundred thousand kinds of plants ever failed to bear the right seed? Have they ever deceived us? Has seed of wheat ever yielded barley, or a seed of poppy grown up into a sunflower? Has a sycamore tree ever sprung from an acorn, or a beech tree from a chestnut? A little bird may carry away the small seed of a sycamore in its beak to feed its nestlings, and on the way drop it on the ground. The tiny seed may spring up and grow where it fell, unnoticed, and sixty years after it may become a magnificent tree, under which the flocks of the valley and their shepherds may rest in the shade.

Consider, next, the wonderful power of life and resurrection bestowed on the seeds of plants, so that they may be preserved from year to year, and even from century to century.

Let a child put a few seeds in a drawer and shut them up; sixty years afterwards, when his hair is white and his step is tottering, let him take one of these seeds and sow it in the ground, and soon after he will see it spring up into new life and become a young, fresh and beautiful plant.

M. Jouanuet relates that, in the year 1835, several old Celtic tombs were discovered near Begorac. Under the head of each of the dead bodies there was found a small square stone or brick, with a hole in each, containing a few seeds, which had been placed there beside the dead by the heathen friends, who had buried them, perhaps, one thousand and five hundred or one thousand and seven hundred years before. These seeds were carefully sowed by those who found them. What was seen to spring from the dust of the dead? Beautiful sun-flowers, blue corn flowers, and clover-bearing blossoms, as bright and sweet as those which are woven into wreaths by the merry children now playing in our fields.

Some years ago, a vase, hermetically sealed, was found in a mummy pit in Egypt by the English traveller, Wilkinson, who sent it to the British Museum. The librarian there, having unfortunately broken it, discovered in it a few grains of wheat and one or two peas, old, wrinkled, and as hard as a stone. The peas were planted carefully under grass on the 4th of June, 1844, and, at the end of thirty days, these seeds were seen to spring up into new life. They had been buried probably about three thousand years ago, perhaps in the time of Moses, and had slept all that long time, apparently dead, yet still living in the dust of the tomb.—Gaussem.

**TRUTH STRANGER THAN FICTION.**

A young man ran away from the galleys at Toulouse. He was strong and vigorous, and soon made his way across the country, and escaped pursuit. He arrived the next morning before a cottage, in an open field, and stopped to beg something to eat, and get a refuge, while he reposed a little. But he found the inmates of the cottage in the greatest distress. Four little children sat trembling in the corner, their mother was weeping and tearing her hair, and the father walking the floor in agony. The galley slave asked what was the matter, and the father replied that they were that morning to be turned out doors, because they could not pay the rent.

"You see me driven to despair," said the father; "my wife and little children without food or shelter, and I without means to provide any for them."

"I will give you the means. I have but just escaped from the galleys. Whoever secures and takes back an escaped prisoner, is entitled to a reward of fifty francs. How much does your rent amount to?"

"Forty francs," answered the father.

"Well," said the other, "put a cord around my body. I will follow you to the city, where they will recognize me, and you will get fifty francs for bringing me back."

"No, never!" exclaimed the astonished listener; "my children should starve a thousand times before I would do so base a thing."

The generous young man insisted, and declared at last that he would go and give himself up, if the father would not consent to take him.

After a long struggle the latter yielded, and taking his preserver by the arm, led him to the city, and to the mayor's office. Every body was surprised, that a little man like the father should be able to capture such a strong young fellow; but the proof was before them. The fifty francs were paid, and the prisoner sent back to the galleys. But after he was gone, the father asked a private interview with the mayor, to whom he told the whole story. The mayor was so much affected that he not only added fifty francs more to the father's purse, but wrote immediately to the Minister of Justice, begging the noble young prisoner's release.

The Minister examined into the affair, and finding that it was comparatively a small offense which had condemned the young man to the galleys, and that he had already served out his time, ordered his release. Is not the whole incident beautiful ?

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### TOO LATE.

How much meaning is contained in these two short words, *too late!* How much painful feeling, how much keen disappointment, is often implied in them.

I once knew a young girl who was looking forward to a pleasant journey with her father and younger brother. It had been long talked of, and many and varied were the anticipations in regard to it, many the fears expressed lest something should occur to prevent it. At length the day came, all necessary arrangements were made, the sun smiled over a cloudless sky, and smiles almost as bright beamed over the youthful faces of the expectant travellers.

It was not thought best to call a carriage, as the landing from which the boat was to start was very near.

"Walk on with your brother, my dear!" said the father to his daughter. "I will wait to give some directions to the expressman, and may be obliged to hurry to get on board in time."

So the brother and sister walked on, and being much taken up with their own happy talk, chanced to turn down the wrong street, and soon found themselves in quite a strange neighborhood.

They turned to retrace their steps, and, fearful that the delay might be fatal to their plans, they ran with eager haste to the place where they had been told to go.

But, just as they had reached the spot, what was their grief and disappointment to see the magnificent steamboat moving gracefully away from the dock, and shooting swiftly through the deep, still water.

Their father stood upon the deck, where he had been looking for them in vain, and as his eyes lighted upon them, he waved his hand in a mute farewell.

It was altogether too great a disappointment for young hearts to bear. The boy's lip quivered, though he tried to hide his feelings; but the girl quickly lowered her vail and walked homeward, weeping bitterly, utterly regardless of the curious gaze of the strangers whom she passed.

And yet they went to a pleasant home, where a loving welcome awaited them, and they knew that many future journeys and future delights were in store for them.

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### THE TRAINING OF CHILDREN.

"Who knows," asks Bishop Beveridge, "but that the salvation of ten thousand immortal souls may depend upon the education of one child?" Let no one be discouraged by the difficulty or magnitude of the work. Fruit does not always immediately appear. Cases have been known in which a mother's counsels, example and prayers produced their effect many years after she was laid in the silent grave. "We cannot give our children grace," it is often said; but they who thus speak must know there is One who can, One with whom "all things are possible." "The God of all grace" has said, "I will pour my Spirit upon thy seed, and my blessings upon thine offspring." What are difficulties before Omnipotence? What stiff neck cannot He bend? What hard heart cannot He soften? What refractory spirit cannot He subdue? What wayward prodigal cannot He reclaim?

It must be admitted, indeed, that in some instances faithful mothers have been comparatively unsuccessful. A son may wander from the true path which has been marked out for him. But these are the rare exceptions. The general rule is, "Train up a child in the way he should go; and when he is old he will not depart from it." Dr. Clark, commenting upon this passage, says: "The Hebrew of this clause is curious: *Initiate the child at the opening (the mouth) of his path.* When he comes to *the opening of the way of life*, being able to walk alone and choose, stop at this entrance and begin a series of instructions, how he is to conduct himself in every step he takes. Show him the duties, the dangers, and the blessings of the path; give him directions how to perform the duties, how to escape the dangers, and how to secure the blessings which all lie before him. Fix these on his mind by daily inculcation, till their impression is become indelible; then lead him to practice by slow and almost imperceptible degrees, till each indelible impression becomes a strongly-radicated habit. Beg incessantly the blessing of God on all this teaching and discipline; and then you have obeyed the injunction of the wisest of men. Nor is there any likelihood that such impressions shall ever be effaced, or that such habits shall ever be destroyed."

**COMMENCE OR BEGIN ?**

No observant reader of the literature of the day can have failed to notice that during the last fifteen or twenty years *begin* has been going rapidly out of use, its place being taken by *commence*. Where before we began almost everything, and used *commence* only in matters of some state and importance, now we commence the most trivial matters ; so that I read the other day that a boy "commenced to eat his pie." This tendency showed itself a long while ago, but it is only within the period that I have mentioned that *commence* has "rushed" *begin* almost out of the language. Now, *commence* is a word whose very presence in English is the merest superfluity. Although it came in about five hundred years ago, it is an intruder, and might better never have been heard from English lips. As it is generally used, it means simply "begin," no more, no less ; and having *begin* which is home-bred English, why should we so run after this strange Roman god *commence*? We gain nothing by it in meaning, in sound, or even in variety of accent. Nor do we in dignity. "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth." "In the beginning was the Word." The historical writer upon language—to wit, the etymologist—or he of wider scope and higher aims, the philologist, goes over his accumulated list of examples, and records the fact that at such a time *begin* began to pass out of common use, and *commence* commenced coming in ; and there he washes his hands. His business is to observe the phenomena of language, to record and if possible to connect them.—*Richard Grant White in the Galaxy.*

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**SAVE A MOTHER'S TEARS.**

Not long ago, two friends were sitting together engaged in letter-writing. One was a young man from India, the other a female friend, part of whose family resides in that far-off land. The former was writing to his mother in India. When his letter was finished, his friend offered to enclose it in hers to save postage. This he politely declined, saying : "If it be sent separately, it will reach her sooner than if sent through a friend, and perhaps it may save a tear." His friend was touched with his tender regard for his mother's feelings, and felt, with him, that it was worth paying the postage to save his mother a tear. Would that every boy and girl, every young man, every young woman, were equally saving of a mother's tears.

### A LESSON OF GRATITUDE.

A gentleman was once making inquiries in Russia about the method of catching bears in that country. He was told to entrap them; a pit was dug, several feet deep, and after covering it over with turf, leaves, etc., some food was placed on the top. The bear, if tempted by the bait, easily fell into the snare.

"But," he added, "if four or five happen to get in together, they all get out again."

"How is that?" asked the gentleman.

"They form a sort of ladder by stepping on each other's shoulders, and thus make their escape."

"But how does the bottom one get out?"

"Ah! these bears, though not possessing a mind and soul such as God has given us, yet can feel gratitude; and they won't forget the one who has been the chief means of procuring their liberty. Scampering off, they fetch the branch of a tree, which they let down to their poor brother, enabling him speedily to join them in the freedom in which they rejoice."

Sensible bears, we should say, are a great deal better than some people that we hear about, who never help anybody but themselves.—*The Carrier Dove.*

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### OUR BOOK TABLE.

*Gift Book for the Million: or Life-Pictures of "The Prodigal Son."* By Rev. D. Y. Heisler, A. M. Philadelphia: Reformed Church Publication Board, 1874, pp. 225.

The appearance of this volume has already met with a cordial welcome in different parts of the Church. It treats of a familiar parable; it discusses an old theme. Its author makes no claim for new discoveries in theological science, or to novelty of style and diction. It is the old wine in new bottles. The mature thoughts of a quarter of a century's growth—thoughts which an earnest pastor has twice pressed home to the hearts of a devoted flock. Its style is clear and simple, free from the pedantry of the schools. It never indulges in the shibboleths of theological parties—of high Church or low Church. It abounds in good and wise counsels to the young and to the old. It is a book for parents and children, for the family and the flock—"A book for the Million."

## The Sunday-School Drawer.

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"GOD BLESS YOU, MY LITTLE FELLOW."—A crippled beggar was striving to pick up some old clothes that had been thrown from a window, when a crowd of rude boys gathered about him, mimicking his awkward movements, and hooting at his helplessness and rags. Presently a noble little fellow came up, and, pushing through the crowd, helped the poor crippled man to pick up his gifts, and placed them in a bundle. Then, slipping a piece of silver into his hands, he was running away, when a voice far above him said, "Little boy with a straw hat, look up." A lady, leaning from an upper window, said earnestly, "God bless you, my little fellow; God will bless you for that." As he walked along, he thought how glad he had made his own heart by doing good. He thought of the poor beggar's grateful look; of the lady's smile, and her approval; and above all of the approval of his heavenly Father.

WHEN Godfrey and his Crusaders had fought their way from Europe to the vicinity of Jerusalem, and the advanced guard had reached Scopus, the last hill, suddenly the Holy City bursting upon their view, they exclaimed, 'Jerusalem! Jerusalem!' and the cry was caught up and carried back along the serried ranks of the steel-clad warriors, until every hill-top and mountain gorge re-echoed the joyous shout! Those in front dismounted from their steeds, uncovered their heads, and kneeling to the earth, kissed the soil made sacred by the footsteps of Jesus. No doubt these men exhibited excess of enthusiasm, but this is better than the cold indifference and skepticism of too many modern travellers.

NOTHING TO HOLD ON BY.—An infidel on his death-bed felt himself adrift in the terrible surges of doubt and uncertainty. Some of his friends urged him to hold on to the end.

"I have no objection to holding on," was the poor man's answer; "but will you tell me what I am to hold on by?"

There is the fatal want. Infidelity furnishes neither anchor nor rope to the sinking soul. It gives nothing to hold on by.

SIGNIFICANT NAMES.—Did you ever consider the significance of the names of places connected with the earthly career of Jesus Christ? He was born at Bethlehem, the house of bread. He is the living bread of our souls. He was brought up at Nazareth, the place of shrubs or sprouts. He is a tender shoot out of the stem of Jesse. He agonized at Gethsemane, the oil-press. "He trod the wine-press alone, and of the people there was none with him."

DR. JOHN HALL.

**NO ONE PERFECT.**—One day you will be pleased with a friend, and the next day disappointed in him. It will be so to the end; and you must make up your mind to it, and not quarrel unless for very grave cause. Your friend you have found out, is not perfect. Nor are you; and you cannot expect to get much more than you give. You must look for much weakness, foolishness, and vanity in human nature; it is unhappy if you are too sharp in seeing them.—*Country Parson.*

**DO THINGS IN TIME**—Only two or three inches; that was all. If the switchman had moved the track only that little distance, all would have been right. But he forgot: and the train that was passing the station ran furiously into the heavy freight-cars and dashed itself to pieces.

“What was the cause?” everybody asked when the news of the great accident spread about town.

“Oh, a switch was out of place,” was the answer. “The switchman was careless. Perhaps he was drunk.”

How true it is, as Solomon said, “There is a time for everything!” If we do not attend to it in time, it is just as bad as not to do it at all.—*S. S. Visitor.*

WE never know what our friends really are till they are gone. Death seems to give them to us anew. All their character and life stand out in golden beauty when we see them no more. Their imperfections fall off, and all the hitherto undiscovered excellences, and all the forgotten beauties are gathered into love’s ideal. As when a hard frost comes just after a rain, it catches the silvery drops that hang upon the tree, and freezes them solid, and holds them there in beautiful crystals, which no wind can shake off; so death catches all the beauty and sweetness of the one we love, and fixes it in solid crystals, which shall hang upon the tree of memory forever.

A HAND organ grinds out just its own poor little set of tunes. It never learns any new ones. It never learns to play the old any better. This may be well enough for a hand-organ, but is very poor business for a man with an immortal soul. Yet there are many men who do no better. They get a certain little round of Christian experiences, and they play them over and over again, year after year. They never make any progress, never have any new experiences, never get the old any better. Now, what the great, infinite field of music is to the few poor tunes of the street organ is the wondrous range of possible Christian experience to the paltry attainment of most souls on earth. There is a higher life than men dream of in the mist-covered valleys.

**LENDING A PIE.**—“Mother,” cried Johnny, “haven’t you a pie you would like to lend to the Lord?”

“Why, Johnny, what do you mean?” she asked, for she thought at first it was a joke.

“Don’t you remember,” he said, “that the Bible says, ‘He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord?’ I do not believe old Betsy has a single Christmas pie, and I thought perhaps you would like to have me take one over to her; then you would be lending to the Lord, you know.”

One of mother’s best pies went to old Betsy only she was sorry she had not thought of sending her one before. But if she had she would have lost Johnny’s way of “putting” it.—*Little Watchman.*

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# PROSPECTUS FOR 1874

## THE GUARDIAN: A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

Devoted to the Social, Literary and Religious Interests of  
Young Men and Ladies.

Rev. B. BAUSMAN, D. D., Editor.

THE GUARDIAN enters upon its XXVth volume, on the first of January 1874. It has a sufficient history to establish its character, and to show its fruits. In its principles, purposes and general spirit, no changes are proposed. The True, the Beautiful, and the Good are unchangeable—error and sin are always the same. Its editorial management is committed, as heretofore, to the Rev. B. BAUSMAN, D. D., whose name, of itself, the publishers regard as the most satisfactory guarantee of the high tone and general interest which should characterize the family magazine.

THE GUARDIAN continues to be published by the REFORMED CHURCH PUBLICATION BOARD. It compares favorably with other publications of the kind, and has earned for itself a reputation which may well be coveted. The January number will be embellished with a beautiful Steel Engraving, and the publication continue to appear with a handsome ornamental cover title. The publishers will continue to use a superior quality of paper; and do all in their power, in co-operating with the Editor, to render THE GUARDIAN acceptable to its subscribers.

This Magazine will be, as heretofore, devoted to the highest interests of the young, at the most solemn and interesting period of their life. It will offer its friendly counsels to them in an earnest, though free and cheerful way. It will solemnly seek to warn them against the wrong, and affectionately lure them to the right. The Editor will endeavor to make its contents true, pure, fresh, and healthy as the morning of life. It will particularly urge self-culture and early piety as of the highest importance, and cultivate the home feeling as a sacred element in social purity and peace. It will seek to move in the element of its motto:—"Life—Light—Love."

THE GUARDIAN has no denominational or party bias. It is its ambition to take the quiet way of peace and love. It would turn the attention of its readers to that first and greatest of duties, the cultivation of the heart, mind, social feelings and pious affections. It will have its reward if it can be the means of making Hearts better, Homes happier, and Heaven surer. The evidence that it has in a degree done this, which the experience of years has furnished, is more precious to us than gain or gold. Cheerfully, hopefully, and believably we take our pilgrim-staff in hand to travel another year.

THE GUARDIAN contains thirty-two pages monthly, making a handsome Volume of three hundred and eighty-four pages at the end of the year.

Pastors who receive this Prospectus are requested to hand it to some active member of the Church, who will procure subscribers for THE GUARDIAN. If ten subscribers are obtained, we will send one copy to the person obtaining them and one to the pastor gratis.

We respectfully ask all Young Men and Ladies to aid us in increasing our circulation. It will be an easy thing for them to raise a club among their companions.

Postmasters are requested to act as our Agents, to whom we will allow the usual per centage. Specimen numbers sent when requested.

### TERMS—ONLY \$1.50 A YEAR—IN ADVANCE.

Any one who sends us six subscribers with \$9 cash, will receive one copy for one year, gratis. Thirteen copies will be sent for \$15; twenty-seven for \$30.

*Discontinuances.*—As all subscriptions are commenced with the beginning of the Volume, so discontinuances can take place only with the close. To insure a discontinuance, written notice must be sent direct to the publishers before the close of the year, and all arrearages paid. If the notice be received after one or more numbers of a new volume have been sent, the subscriber will be charged for the full year thus commenced.

### ADDRESS—

REFORMED CHURCH PUBLICATION BOARD, Publishers,  
No. 907 Arch Street, Philadelphia.

Vol. XXV.

SEPTEMBER, 1874.

No. 9.

“LIFE, LIGHT, LOVE.”

THE

# GUARDIAN:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

DEVOTED TO THE

SOCIAL, LITERARY, AND RELIGIOUS INTERESTS

OF

YOUNG MEN AND LADIES.

Rev. B. Bausman, D.D., Editor.

PHILADELPHIA:  
REFORMED CHURCH PUBLICATION BOARD,  
No. 907 Arch Street.

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## GUARDIAN, SEPTEMBER, 1874.

### MONIES RECEIVED.

Miss Lydia Custer, North Wales, Pa.,	4.50	Rev. G. Weber, Blairst'n, Iowa.	6.00	22 to 25
	23 to 25	Rev. S. Z. Beam, Fulton, Mich.	1.50	25

# THE GUARDIAN.

Vol. XXV. SEPTEMBER, 1874.

No. 9.

## REMINISCENCES OF THE CIVIL WAR.

BY THE EDITOR.

### THE SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY IN PENNSYLVANIA.

LIKE the lashing and surging of the waves of the sea upon the shore, in a storm, came the northward roll of the army waves. A raid can be made at a short notice and in a short time. A large army wants more time to get in motion, and more time to stop. Gen. Lee's invasion happened the latter part of June and beginning of July, 1863. First came an advance force, under Gen. Jenkins. Although long threatened, it took the town somewhat by surprise. They at once assumed the management and government of the place; established a kingdom within a kingdom—a southern confederacy on northern soil. It cut off all communication with the outside world. Those within the lines had to remain there, those without could not get in. I happened to be among the latter, on a short visit to Lancaster. I hurried homeward with the first train after the news had reached us. At 1 o'clock at night it left Lancaster. A long train of cars, literally packed inside and outside, with an excited multitude, hastening toward the seat of war. Beyond Harrisburg the cars would not run. For another day I returned to my friends, then made a second effort. This time the train took me within five miles of Chambersburg. Gen. Jenkins and his forces had left, and I walked into the town unmolested, determined if possible to be found at home on his next visit. It was on a Saturday. The town was very quiet, far more so than Carlisle or Harrisburg. The next morning I held religious services, as usual. A short sermon was preached on 1 Peter, 5: 6-7. There was quite a large congregation in attendance, considering the great suspense in which the people were held. After the close of the services, several mounted pickets dashed down Main street, re-

porting the near approach of Lee's army. A few hours' excitement was followed by a calm Sabbath evening. On Monday, June 22, the region to the south of us, was in a tumult of excitement. All the roads were thronged. Farmers hurried their live-stock away they scarcely knew whither, crowding our streets in passing northward. Busy house-wives wrought mightily within closed doors, trying to secure their valuables in some unthought-of hiding place. Their little ones stood mutely by, wondering what all this meant. Gentlemen of ease and leisure, for once threw aside their coats, and tumbled bales of goods and boxes about, as if they really had belonged to the sons of toil. Great drops rolled down many a cheek rarely suffused by the sweat of labor. What has wrought this great change? The approach of a hostile army acts like the spell of a magician's wand. For several days their pickets are ten miles off. Will they come nearer, or depart? That's the question. A mounted picket dashes into town, and shouts "they are coming." Bang, go the hotel and store shutters. Men, who look as if they were intent on serious business, gallop out the northern end of town. In less than half an hour all the stables are empty, and the streets as quiet as of a Sunday.

Night comes. As the rebel army approaches, the small military force left to protect us, hurries off as speedily as the trains can take it. Crowds of anxious terrified people rush to the depot; and then rush back to their houses, as the cars are for none but soldiers. Strong men and brave have their misgivings. What if they should carry me off to Richmond? says many a one to himself. To flee without a justifiable cause would seem cowardly. The corporal of a militia company, one of the borough "fathers," men in official stations past or present imagine a cause which might lead to their arrest. They are haunted by visionary horrors of Libby Prison. Besides, are they not husbands and fathers? How could they think of allowing their dear family to be bereaved of its head! Thus, the wife and children must get along as best they can whilst the husband takes to his heels. For that was the only method of escape, when horses and trains were gone. Not a few had a dismal dreary march that night, among whom were some of our town authorities.

Monday, was quiet; Monday night ominously so. Late at night, about 11 P. M., a colored messenger notified me to come at once to the Chambersburg Bank. In the Cashier's office there were some six or eight prominent citizens in waiting, who had called an informal meeting of the pastors of the several congregations of the place. Some four or five were in attendance, the rest happened to be out of town. One of the citizens stated the object of the meeting, somewhat in the following style:

"Gen. Lee's army is approaching Chambersburg. The members of the town council have nearly all left. Very soon, possibly in a few hours, Gen. Lee will demand the surrender of Chambersburg. In the absence of the council there is no body or party to represent our community, or make a formal surrender. Under these circumstances a number of us have deemed it proper, to request the Pastors to serve in this representative capacity. We hereby appoint you to act for and in the name of our community, in case of necessity."

Our little clerical group were rather taken aback by this appointment. Who empowered these gentlemen—howbeit some of the best men of our town—to elect us? Seen from the present, the transaction may seem like an undue assumption of authority. The future historian, if he will ever discover this incident may account for it on the ground of military necessity.

This extemporized, clerical town-council feel that something ought to be done. But what to do, and how, was a difficult problem. We must have a head. Dr. S., the oldest pastor of the place, was appointed President of our body. After that we sagely looked at one another, wondering what should be done next. Viewed in one light, we had no authority to negotiate with the enemy. Our venerable President inquired of the Council what had better be done. Better adjourn till the next morning said one. This motion carried. It was a very dark night, and the streets were hushed in grave-like stillness. An hour or two later a vigorous pull at the door-bell startled me from my slumbers. The President had come from the opposite end of the town to assemble his council. He very properly held that he could not gather the members together after the streets would be thronged with the invader. We both agreed, however, that our services would not likely be needed before morning.

The following day at 9, A. M., we took our places in the Diamond, with faces gravely turned southward. A crowd of anxious people were around us, most likely ignorant of the functions of our new office. Soon after, Lee's forces hove in sight, on the elevation in Main street, above the Reformed church. A solid column of infantry, as wide as the street, led by men carrying axes. Men arrayed in a diversified style of garments. Straw hats, felt hats, caps, and coats, old, faded and torn—such was the external appearance of the advance part of the army. We were ready to surrender, but the uncouth warriors took the town without asking for it. Stuart politely asked for the town; Lee took it without permission. Some of his men said, that Chambersburg had belonged to them since Stuart had taken it, and therefore needed no second surrender. It brought to my mind the famous reply of Gen. Taylor, when asked to surrender to the Mexican army, he said: "Gen. Taylor never surrenders." Our committee acted

somewhat like the old warrior. It did not surrender. There is only this little difference between us, that he was asked to do it, and we were not. The axe men at once proceeded to cut down the telegraph-poles. The town was surrounded with a chain of pickets. Camps were formed on the edge of the borough. Whilst their advance columns were pouring in, we heard the voice of singing in the Court-house—where they sang some of our old, familiar church-tunes. From the confusion and noisy din without, a number of Christian soldiers withdrew to the court-room soon after their arrival, to unburden their hearts into the ear of their Father and our Father; perhaps prayed for us no less than for themselves. It set many thoughtful people to strange reflections, as they listened outside to the sound of prayer and praise—singing hymns to tunes with which many of us had been familiar from childhood. We had dreaded them as enemies, who had come on a bloody mission. And now they are engaged in worship! This incident helped to calm the minds of some anxious persons, and partly allayed their fears.

It was but a short time until our people felt comparatively easy. Some feared a reign of terror, a period of unbridled revenge. Would not the southern soldiers go whither and do what they listed? Break into houses, carry off what they pleased, insult and maltreat the citizens?

The circulation of the following General Order of Gen. Lee, gave our people a sense of security:

Order—issued at Chambersburg, during Lee's Invasion in Summer of 1863.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY NORTHERN VA.,  
GENERAL ORDERS No. 72. 21st JUNE, 1863.

While in the enemy's country, the following regulations for procuring supplies, will be strictly observed, and any violation of them promptly and rigorously punished.

No. I. No private property shall be injured or destroyed by any person belonging to or connected with the army, or taken, except by the officers hereinafter designated.

No. II. The Chiefs of the Commissary, Quartermaster, Ordnance and Medical Departments of the army will make requisitions upon the local authorities or inhabitants for the necessary supplies for their respective departments, designating the places and times of delivery. All persons complying with such requisitions, shall be paid the market price for the articles furnished if they so desire, and the officer making such payment shall take duplicate receipts for the same, specifying the name of the person paid, and the quantity, kind, and price of the property, one of which receipts shall be at once forwarded to the Chief of the department to which such officer is attached.

No. III. Should the authorities or inhabitants neglect or refuse to comply with such requisitions, the supplies required will be taken from the nearest inhabitants so refusing, by the order and under the directions of the respective Chiefs of the Departments named.

No. IV. When any command is detached from the main body, the Chiefs of the several departments of such command, will procure supplies for the same, and such other stores as they may be ordered to provide in the manner and subject to the provisions herein prescribed, reporting their action to the heads of their respective departments, to which they will forward duplicates of all vouchers given or received.

No. V. All persons who shall decline to receive payment for property furnished on requisitions, and all from whom it shall be necessary to take stores or supplies, shall be furnished by the officer receiving or taking the same with a receipt, specifying the kind and quantity of the property received, or taken as the case may be, the name of the person from whom it was received or taken, the command for the use of which it is intended, and the market price. A duplicate of said receipt shall be at once forwarded to the Chief of the Department to which the officer by whom it is executed is attached.

No. VI. If any person shall remove or conceal property necessary for the use of the army, or attempt to do so, the officers hereinbefore mentioned will cause such property, and all other property belonging to such person that may be required by the army, to be seized, and the officer seizing the same will forthwith report to the Chief of his Department, the kind, quantity and market price of the property so seized and the name of the owner.

By command of

GEN. LEE.

This Order confined the seizing of goods or property to the proper officers. No private soldier could on his own responsibility enter a house and take anything without the consent of the owner. It is true, this in some cases was done, but whenever proven, the offender was severely punished. It was said that one such was shot for his crime.

The Reformed Publication Office, in the centre of the town, was mustered into the southern service. From this there was no escape. Had Dr. Fisher refused to comply with their request, they would have taken possession of the whole by force and possibly carried off a valuable lot of printing paper. An edition of the above Order, although dated a month previous, was printed on our press.

All manner of reports about Lee's army had reached the North. That the men were ragged and famished, the horses on the point of starvation. That their territory in Virginia had been exhausted, and their pressing wants compelled them to move northward. Doubtless they were in pressing want of many things, but not as badly as reported. Some parts of their army looked ragged enough. Many a soldier had a torn coat, a ragged hat, a few were without shoes. Their clothes looked faded and well-worn. Even those of the officers. There was no vain display of shoulder-straps, indeed many a high and noted officer had no badge of this kind. Many of their teams looked lean and famished. Nearly all the teamsters were negroes. Their officers and cavalry had fine horses, well fed and well groomed. Excepting the Arabs, I never

saw men who could ride a horse so handsomely as these mounted soldiers in Lee's army, and never saw finer horses than theirs. It was a pleasure to see these southern planters, old and young, mount and dismount, and gracefully ride their noble animals. It is an art taught them from childhood. In the North unfortunately it belongs to the "Lost Arts." Base ball, boat-racing, costly coach-riding have taken the place of the more manly recreation of the saddle, which prevailed among our forefathers. Our foremothers too understood it well, and took a laudable pride in it. Now a lady, who is a graceful rider, is a *rara avis*.

On the morning of the second day Gen. Harman, Quarter-master General of the Southern Army, inquired for the town authorities. The members of our clerical council were soon assembled in the Cashier's room of the Chambersburg Bank. What for? To arrest and send them to Richmond? Let us see. Besides our small group, some eight or ten other citizens were present. Gen. Harman, of Staunton, Va., was a man of medium height, well built, full florid face, and a round bullet-shaped warrior head. He was dressed in plain well-worn soldiers' clothes, without a badge to indicate his official position. An unpretending straight forward, hard-working soldier, and moreover very much of a gentleman, so far as that was possible on his unpleasant mission. On entering, we found him and a few aids sitting at one end of the room. He informed us, that it became his unpleasant duty to make a requisition on the citizens of Chambersburg for a list of articles named within a paper which he handed to us. Some one read the list for the rest. Here at length our stately council had some business, and not very pleasant business at that. Among other things, so many thousand barrels of flour, so many hundred hides of leather, so many thousand bushels of grain, so many hundred barrels of sugar and molasses, and many other articles, the whole amounting in value from \$150,000 to \$200,000. Among other things, they demanded 25 barrels of Sour Krout. This last item touched some of our people in a tender place. For it was well known, that even before the war, a feeling of contempt towards Pennsylvania prevailed in some parts of the South. Even many descendants of our own State affected to sneer at the rock from which they had been hewn. It was conceded, that we knew how to farm and do some other things, but socially and intellectually, we lacked many things—in short were "*dutch*." Which technically meant that we were impenetrably and irremediably dumb. Now, as every ancient family or tribe had their escutcheon or coat-of-arms, to symbolize some characteristic of its past glory and future aspirations; as the Scotchman has his Thistle and the Irishman his Shamrock, so Pennsylvanians have their Sour Krout; thus reasoned our Yankee as

well as our southern rivals. It has come to convey a technical or typical meaning, given it by others; it is made to symbolize "dutch" stupidity and vulgarity. This was the fly in the ointment of our invading apothecaries. Not that our Chambersburgers disliked Sour Krout. To my certain knowledge many relish the dish and indulge in it with evident zest. Only, they do not relish it with this southern symbolical flavor. Sour Krout is unquestionably a national dish of the Germans, as macaroni is of Naples, roast-beef of Great Britain, and mince-pie and bird's nest pudding of China. Still just there and then, these 25 barrels of Sour Krout put at us by our Southern Masters, had a very unpleasant odor. One of our party had borne the burden of the other articles in the list with increasing agony. This was like the last straw that breaks the camel's back. He gruffly replied : "Why Gen. Harman, you southern gentlemen can certainly not be so ignorant as to expect that so much Sour Krout, and 25 barrels of it, could be found in midsummer! Why sir, you cannot find 25 pounds in our whole county. Was not perhaps this item put in the requisition as a slur, an insult to our community?" It was a rash remark, in such a presence. I can still see Gen. Harman's face, faintly smiling, looking as if he thought the matter might be construed in that way. "Gentleman, that article is asked for in all seriousness, without a jest or an unkind design. The disease of scurvy prevails in our army to a fearful extent. Sour Krout is pronounced an excellent preventive as well as remedy for this disease. Allow me to assure you, that a painful necessity prompted us to insert that item in the requisition."

How is it possible to furnish the things demanded? The most of our business men had shipped their goods to a remote place of safety. Many were absent from town. Even in a quiet and prosperous business season, it would be impossible to raise the required stores, much more so now. To these arguments Gen. H. replied : "Gentlemen, during two years past we have had a painful taste of war. Your armies have traversed our States, and got their living there. The scales have now been turned. We mean to give you a taste of the times. Our army has come North. We shall have to do to you, as you have done to us. Get our living among you."

Again we consulted. What had we better do? We could not call a town meeting. Neither was it safe for five individuals to give away other people's property without the consent of the owners. Again we tried to reason the case with the unyielding Quartermaster. He replied : "Not for the sake of our army, but for the sake of humanity, do not compel us to resort to extreme measures." Which extreme measures we took to mean, the turning loose of their soldiers upon our families, allowing them to break

into houses and stores, and pillage and plunder at will. The idea of turning their army loose on our community struck us with terror. We sent out a committee, Judge Kimmel at their head, to some of the leading citizens, and solicit contributions. Meanwhile the rest of us engaged in conversation with our captor, but felt ill at ease as to the results of our efforts. After a few hours the committee returned, discouraged, indeed desperate.

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### DOTTINGS FROM THE OLD WORLD.

N. C. S.

German railways are perhaps the safest in the world. At every public crossing an official gives the signal that he has closed the gates and that everything is right. To cross the track elsewhere is forbidden by law. At the stations there is no hurry, no bustle; everything is done leisurely and systematically. The waiting-room doors on the side towards the track are kept closed until the train has arrived; and there is no possibility of jumping on or off while it is in motion. If you walk to and fro on the platform, a man dressed in a uniform will tell you that you are transgressing the laws. If inside of the depot you lie down on a bench, the same official will remind you that benches are made to sit on. Not only the privileges but also many of the conveniences, to which Americans are accustomed at home, are not found here. Trunks always have to be weighed, because extra is charged in South Germany for all baggage not carried in the hand, and in North Germany for every pound exceeding a specified weight. Sleeping cars are seldom seen. The only palace car I have seen in the Old World, stood at Florence. King Victor Emanuel had come in it from Rome. Crowds were gazing at it with as much astonishment, as if one of the seven wonders of the world had been placed before their eyes. Nothing however tries the patience of an American so much as the lack of speed. The train by which I went from Tübingen to Zurich, is called a fast line, and the fare too is higher than on ordinary trains, but strange to say, it stopped at every station.

While passing over this route, one's attention is attracted by peculiarities in the aspect of the country as well as in the habits of the people. The houses are clustered together in little villages, the land is divided by furrows into small patches, which often contain several kinds of grain, giving evidence of careful farming.

The terraces upon the sunny side of the hills look like flights of stairs, when seen from a distance. Upon these the grape vines grow; hence the German Weinberg for vineyard. Frequently large tracts are covered by long, upright sticks, which made me think of regiments of infantry with their bayonets pointing into the sky. Natives are reminded of beer, because these sticks are used in growing the immense quantities of hops, which are exported hence to breweries in all parts of the globe.

Should any fair reader of the *GRARDIAN* be dissatisfied with the rights she enjoys at home, she would do well in coming hither. For here she will have the right to drink as much beer in public places as any man, to drive a team through the streets, to carry huge loads of wood upon her back, to walk about with heavy baskets of produce or large tubs of water upon her head, and to go to market without being bothered by the company of her husband. If American women possess these rights they have at least thus far not chosen to exercise them.

Many of the peasants carry the knife and fork in the pocket for eating. The men dress in leather pantaloons, red vests, and white coats with buttons that look like bullets cut in halves. The women dress in costumes so peculiar that I can not describe them. As a rule, a man does not acquire the necessary vocabulary for such descriptions, until it becomes his duty to furnish the cash for purchasing the numerous articles worn by the sex all the world over.

The religion of the southern districts may be inferred from the numerous crosses and crucifixes erected along the public highway. Good Catholics when passing by, reverently take off their hats. At public festivals it is sometimes unsafe to deviate from this custom. When the festival of Corpus Christi was celebrated at Rottenburg, where the bishop lives, numerous persons advised me to take off my hat while the procession was passing, lest it should be knocked off or squeezed down over my ears. The streets over which the procession passed were strewn with newly mown grass, and the houses were adorned with floral wreaths and pictures. The bishop conducted services at four altars erected for the occasion in different parts of the town. Guns were fired by the home-guards at given signals; girls in snow white robes sang religious songs; and portions of the gospels were read in Latin by the priests. No sooner were the services ended than the old women began to fill their pockets with branches torn from trees in the neighborhood. The whole affair lasted two hours. How the bishop, the priests and the crowds of men, women, and children who followed the consecrated wafer, could walk so long a time with their uncovered heads exposed to a burning sun, is to me a mystery. Yet not a single case of sun-stroke occurred:

I was glad when I reached Switzerland, for it made me feel good to think that I was once again breathing the air of freedom. The falls of the Rhine disappointed me; the water was low inasmuch as the snow had not yet commenced to melt rapidly. The dialect of the people surprised me. I found that they could understand everything I said, but frequently I could not understand them. The interval of an hour between the trains gave me an opportunity of taking a look at the lake and the University of Zurich. The former is noted for its beauty; the latter is situated on a high hill from which a magnificent view of the city can be obtained. I have seen few school buildings, whose outside appearance pleased me more.

In Switzerland the death penalty has been abolished. For many years not a single murder has been committed. In some districts the inmates of prisons are still obliged to work publicly on the streets. My travelling companion asked one of them, a very intelligent-looking young man, why he was doomed to spend his life in this way. He replied: "I was a student at the University with brilliant prospects before me. But one time for the fun of the thing, I passed myself off as a priest, heard people confess their sins, and to carry out the deception pronounced the absolution. I was found out and now suffer the punishment of my folly. A single thoughtless act ruined all my prospects for this life."

Of Luzern, I saw very little; for it was late in the evening when the train arrived, and the steamboat left next morning just as the day began to dawn. At first the sky was cloudy, the snowy summit of Rigi was invisible; the passengers went below shivering and grumbling. The usual breakfast, consisting of a cup of coffee and two rolls, was furnished; lively chatting drove away part of the dissatisfaction. But as sun-rise approached, the clouds began to disappear; every one came up on deck to see the mountain tops piercing the thick dew. Unexpectedly a gleam of sunlight fell upon one of the peaks; it seemed as if an angel had suddenly strewn gold dust over its summit. The beautiful, the picturesque, and the sublime blended in all sorts of forms, called forth many expressions of admiration. Near Brunnen, at one of the sharpest windings, there rises up not far from shore a rocky pyramid bearing the inscription in large letters: "Dem Sänger Tells, Frederich Schiller. Die Ur Cantone 1859." A little further on lies a meadow, slightly elevated above the water, covered with trees and a few houses, known as the village of Rüttli. Here the first league was formed by the Swiss cantons against tyranny and foreign oppression. Soon after there appeared stuck in among trees, a little chapel, open on the side towards the lake, and standing upon the spot where Tell is said to have leaped

on shore, thereby pushing back Gesler's boat and thus making his escape. At the next turn the rocks rise up almost perpendicular, and a road winds along the shore hundreds of feet above the surface of the lake. Schiller's description of the wild grandeur of the scenery, is true to nature. Some one read his lines as we were sailing by, and I could hardly persuade myself that the poet had never seen what he described. Probably he got his information from Goethe.

On the other side of the lake I took a stage coach to cross the Alps. It was fitted up like a railroad car and drawn by six horses, hitched three abreast. We soon passed through the town in which Tell shot the apple from his son's head. At first I enjoyed scenery very much. Mountains, whose tops were covered with snow, whose sides show the destructive effects of the avalanche, and at whose base the fields are covered with vegetation, make a queer impression upon the traveller. At times, we could look down upon the tops of the trees growing in the valley below. On reaching the snow line we had to get into sleighs; the air became cold, and ere long we could see nothing except heaven and snow. Not only the forms of nature, but also men put on a mild appearance. They hit each other's heads with snow balls as if it were capital fun. A great deal of Italian could now be heard. A snow storm had raged the day before, and in some places the avalanches had covered the road over which we were passing. Men are always on hand to shovel away the snow. A tunnel eighty yards in length has been constructed over the most dangerous part of the route. Beyond it is the celebrated Devil's Bridge, a winding structure which crosses a waterfall, that constantly moistens the bridge with spray. Here a severe battle was fought (Aug. 14, 1799) between the French and Austrians, and about a month later, another between the French and Russians. Below this bridge is another older one, covered with moss, showing that it is no longer used.

During the remainder of the trip, I more than once said to myself, I shall never again cross the St. Gotthard at this season of the year. Portions of the road seemed very dangerous. The horses trotted all the time, and even in spite of the cold atmosphere, I could not keep cool. The drivers, however, never dream of danger, although the road winds very much to and fro along the mountain side. In one case, we must have passed the same vertical line at least six times in going a distance of half a mile. No wonder a certain writer calls the windings so sharp and zig-zag that a fellow could often put one foot on zig and the other on zag.

What I saw during this sleigh-ride enabled me more fully to realize the genius and energy, which Napoleon displayed in one of

his early campaigns against Austria. He had been making demonstrations on the North coast of France, just as if he intended to cross over into England. Meanwhile, his engineers were busy exploring the Alps. They reported that an army might, perhaps, with great difficulty, march over the path of St. Gotthard. This was enough for his daring genius. The soldiers sometimes carried the wheels and dragged the cannons like logs of wood. On the summit, refreshments and wine had been prepared for them. This gave them new spirits. Before the Austrians dreamt of danger, the whole French army was on the other side. They would hardly have been more astonished if an army had fallen from heaven. It is needless to add, that they were routed with terrible slaughter.

The company are very kind in furnishing blankets and tin vessels with hot water to keep the feet warm. At first I could not understand why the drivers all tied handkerchiefs around their heads; but when I complained that my eyes were hurting on account of the dazzling reflection of the snow, they advised me to follow their example. All of them wear green spectacles.

As often as the horses are changed, the drivers are changed too. Each driver expects a trinkgeld. My stock of small coins being exhausted, I gave a large piece to one of them who had been particularly kind in furnishing blankets. This was seen by the others, and during the remainder of the ride they were very attentive. Accidentally, I found another small coin in my vest pocket, which I gave to the driver who took us over the last part of our sleigh-ride. He took it, but soon followed me and kept holding it out saying, it was not enough. Finally, I took it again, put it into my pocket, and walked off as if nothing had happened. Then you should have heard him. For the first time in my life did I wish myself totally ignorant of both Latin and Italian, for then I should not have understood the curses and maledictions which he pronounced upon my head.

It was near sun-set when we left the snow line. The stage coach ran all night. The rattling and shaking kept me awake until towards morning. When the body gets too tired, it drops into the arms of sleep. I woke up imagining that I had gotten into a kind of paradise. The air was warm and balmy, the sky had a deep blue color, the fields were green, and the trees already in blossom. The freshness of the vegetation imparted a most fascinating charm to everything which the eye beheld. The scenery became more and more beautiful the farther south we went. At Naples, nature seemed to have done her best. Here the traveller is delighted by the varied hues of light playing upon the neighbouring hills, by the peculiar smoke curling up from the summit of Mt. Vesuvius, by numberless flowers and variegated blossoms scent-

ing the air with their fragrance, by "the white houses of the Pro-cida with roofs glittering in the sunshine, reminding one of a troop of pilgrims toiling up the ascent," and by the charming bay, whose beauty and grandeur have won for it the appellation ; a fragment of heaven to earth vouchsafed. An English poet, on beholding for the first time how bountifully nature had bestowed her gifts upon this favored spot, exclaimed : "Vedi Napoli e poi mori." (See Naples and then die.) An American writer thinks he should have said : See Naples and then live. I would be willing to subscribe to this change, were it not for the many annoyances, which a stranger has to undergo during his stay in Naples. Of these, hereafter.

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## THE ADVICE OF A GREAT WRITER.

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BY THE EDITOR.

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"Ah ! on this, a word for what it is worth to you, my young readers. You, sir, wishing to marry a girl who is to be deeply, lastingly in love with you, and a thoroughly good wife practically, consider well how she takes to your parents—how she attaches to them an inexpressible sentiment, a disinterested reverence—even should you but dimly recognize the sentiment, or feel the reverence, how if between you and your parents some little cause of coldness arise, she will charm you back to know your father and mother, even though they are not particularly genial to her—well if you win that sort of a girl as your wife, think you have got a treasure. You have won a woman whom Heaven has given the two best attributes—intense feeling of love, intense sense of duty. What my dear lady reader, I say of one sex, I say of another, though in a less degree; because a girl who marries becomes of her husband's family, and the man does not become of his wife's. Still I distrust the depth of any man's love to a woman, if he does not feel a great degree of tenderness (and forbearance where differences arise), for her parents. But the wife must not so put them in the foreground as to make the husband think he is cast into the cold of the shadow."—BULWER.

Many of the literary lights of ancient and modern times have been singularly unfortunate and unhappy in their domestic relations. In other words, they and their better halves got along badly. They were ill mated. From Socrates, who made a virtue of necessity and bore the cruel unconnubial treatment of Xantippe with philosophic meekness, down to these modern times, many of the first authors never realized in their home experience the bliss, which they so beautifully described in their writings. Shakespeare, Rousseau, Milton, Moliere, Addison, Dickens, Bulwer,—in how fascinating a light they depict home joys ! How unfascinating were their home trials ! Whichever side of the house may have been to blame, the fact cannot be denied, that the houses of great

authors are not always without their notes of discord. But as an offset, there is a home life of a large class of scholars, which is its peace, and generally presents Eden-like attractions.

The above passage of Bulwer doubtless presents lessons learned from his sad yet ripe experience. For years his proud spirit has chafed under the galling yoke of an incurable home trial. Separated from his wife, she persists in her unwelcome visits, and inflicts her burning passions upon the home, of which she once reigned as queen. Whether he is to blame, or she, or both, we know not. But her violent and abusive visits indicate an unbalanced mind. A certain writer had occasion to visit the great author. As he approached the door a lady met him. She was frantic with excitement, her face flushed with passion ; boisterously she screamed to her coachman, "Quickly take me to — police station." It was Mrs. Bulwer. Away they hurried, as the visitor sent his name to the mortified husband. He was led into the library, where he found Bulwer sitting at a table, leaning on his hand resting on the elbow ; in the other hand he held a handkerchief, with which he wiped the tears from the face of the youthful son, sitting before him. Weeping perhaps from some sharp wound his wayward mother had inflicted. The visitor says the father had the most distressed looking face he ever beheld. Perhaps both had the half healed sores of former wounds torn open afresh by the visit of the wife and mother.

It is this man who has written the passage at the head of this article. It is a gem. In thought, and style, how beautiful, how true ! Possibly in his advanced time of life, he bethinks himself of some unkind or disrespectful act committed against the parents or family of his wife ; or of her disrespectful and improper conduct towards his parents and family. The application of the lesson we have in the above paragraph, is found in one of the latest volumes he has written.

We commend it to the attention of our readers ; to all whom it may concern, already wedded or about to be. No lady can be expected, for the sake of pleasing the whims of her husband, to turn her back upon her parents ; nor can any lady make such a demand from her husband. The parents may be poorer than the young people, more toil-worn, less educated and polished, moving on a lower social scale. With all that they may be as respectable as the gayer couple. No one need feel ashamed of parents, who, in order to make an honest living and train up their children well, have worked hard through life. They have made the son, the daughter, what they are. Strange, that these men of genius should be able to create such model wives in their works of fiction, of dispositions and aptitudes such as angels might covet, without enjoy-

ing such a boon themselves; with their vivid imaginations picturing to our minds paradisaic virtues whose bliss they never tasted; whose hearth was unvisited by the angel of peace and loving concord.

"What an union for two believers is a Christian marriage—to have one hope, one desire, one course of life, one service of God, in common the one with the other! Both, like brother and sister, undivided in heart and flesh, or rather two in one flesh, fall down together on their knees, they pray and fast together, they teach, they exhort, they bear one another mutually; they are together in the Church of God, and in the Supper of the Lord; they share with one another their grievances, their persecutions, and their joys. Neither hides anything from the other, neither avoids the other; the sick are visited by them with pleasure, and the needy supported; psalms and hymns resound between them, and they mutually strive who shall best praise their God. Christ is delighted to see and hear things like these; He sends His peace on such as these; where two are, there is He, and where He is, evil comes not."—TERTULLIAN.

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#### A TALK ABOUT SLEEP.

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Dr. Dio Lewis, in *To-Day*, gives the following:

A very thin young lady of about thirty years, with a promising beau, came to consult me about her "skin and bones." I had frequently met her, when she seemed even more emaciated, but now she "would give the world to be plump." Sitting down in front of me, she began with:

"Don't you think, doctor, that I look very old for twenty?"

I admitted that she looked rather old for twenty.

"Can anything be done for me? What can I do? I would be willing to take a hundred bottles of the worst stuff in the world, if I could only get some fat on these bones. A friend of mine (her beau) was saying yesterday, that he would give a fortune to see me round and plump."

"Would you be willing to go to the Cliff Springs in Arkansas?"

"I would start to-morrow."

"But the waters are very bad to drink," I said.

"I don't care how bad they are; I know I can drink them."

"I asked you whether you were willing to go to the Arkansas Springs to test the strength of your purpose. It is not necessary to leave your home. Nine people out of ten can become reasonably plump without such a sacrifice."

"Why, doctor, I am delighted to hear it, but I suppose it is a lot of some bitter stuff."

"Yes, it is a pretty bitter dose, and has to be taken every night."

"I don't care; I would take it, if it was twice as bad. What is it? What is the name of it?"

"The technical name of the stuff is '*Bedibus nine o'clockibus*.'"

"Why, doctor, what an awful name! I am sure I will never be able to speak it. Is there no common English word for it?"

"Oh yes. The English for it is, 'You must be in bed every night at nine o'clock.' We doctors generally use Latin. '*Bedibus nine o'clockibus*' is the Latin for 'You must be in bed every night by nine o'clock.'"

"Oh that is dreadful! I thought it was something I could take."

"It is. You must take your bed every night before the clock strikes nine."

"No; but what I thought was that you would give me something in a bottle to take."

"Of course, I know very well what you thought. That's the way with all of you."

"One person eats enormously of rich food till his stomach and liver refuse to budge; then he cries out, 'Oh, doctor, what can I take? I must take something.'"

"Another fills his system with tobacco until his nerves are ruined, and then, trembling and full of horrors, he exclaims, 'Oh, doctor, what shall I take?' I write a prescription out for him—*Quitibus Chawibus et Smokibus*."

I will suppose my patient is not a classical scholar, as I am sure my reader is, and so I translate it for him into English. He cries out at once :

"Oh, doctor, I thought you would give me something to take."

Another sits up till thirteen and fourteen o'clock, leads a life of theaters and other dissipations, becomes pale, dyspeptic, and wretched, and then flies to the doctor, and cries, "Oh, doctor, what shall I take? What shall I take?"

"Now, madam, you are distressed, because your lover has been looking at your skin and bones."

"But, doctor, you are entirely—"

"Oh, well, we'll say nothing about him, then. But tell me what time do you go to bed?"

"Generally about twelve o'clock."

"Yes, I thought so. Now, if you will go to bed every night for six months at nine o'clock, without making any change in your habits, you will gain ten pounds in weight and look five years younger. Your skin will become fresh, and your spirits improve wonderfully."

"I'll do it. Though, of course, when I have company and during the opera I can't do it."

It is regularity that does the business. To sit up till 12 o'clock three nights in the week, and then get to bed at 9 o'clock four nights, one might think would do very well, and that at any rate it would be, "so far so good." I don't think this every other night early and every other night late, is much better than every night late. It is regularity that is vital in the case. Even sitting up one night in the week deranges the nervous system for the whole week. I have sometimes thought, that those people who sit up till 11 or 12 o'clock every night get on quite as well as those, who turn in early six nights and then sit up once a week till midnight.

Regularity in sleep is every bit as important as regularity in food.

' At length my patient exclaimed, "Dr. I will go to bed every night for six months before nine o'clock if it kills me, or rather if it breaks the hearts of all my friends."

She did it. Twenty-one pounds was the gain in five months. Her spirits were happily enlivened, and she spent half her time in telling her friends of her delight with the new habit. She had no further cause to complain of skin and bones, and she had the special gratification of appearing more attractive in the eyes of her lover.

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#### **HOW GOD PREPARES HIS JEWELS.**

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One of the many lessons I get from the life of Peter is the value of defeats, humiliations, and trials. None of the disciples had so rough a time, or so many hard knocks, as he had. He was always in trouble. He was always being defeated. None of the disciples received so many stern, humiliating rebukes from the Master's lips as he. Every little while we find him covered with shame. Then on the night of the betrayal he was terribly sifted by Satan.

There is a meaning in all this. Diamonds are dug out of the earth in a rough state, with no apparent beauty, covered with a hard, ugly crust; and they are cut, sawn, split, and put upon the wheel, and ground, and ground, and ground, until they have the right form, until all the blemishes are ground out, and they shine in beauty fit for a king's crown. Peter was a diamond, a great Koh-i-noor; but when the Lord found him, he was a very rough diamond, and had to be kept long upon the wheel, till every speck was ground off. It was his trials, humiliations, and defeats that made such a glorious man of him. The only way to break down

a man's pride is by defeats and mortifications. The only cure for self-confidence is the cure Christ applied to him. He let him fall into the mire, and sink into the sea, and let Satan "tumble him up and down."

There are some characters that are like summer fruits which ripen early in the season, under the warmth of the sun; but there are few such, except those whom God plucks and gathers, like early summer fruits, in the days of infancy, childhood, and youth.

There are other fruits that ripen not till the sharp autumn frosts come. All through the summer they are sour, bitter, and unfit for food. The keen frosts make them luscious and mellow. And there are many of Christ's disciples who bear just such fruits. They are very unripe Christians. They are sharp, acrid men. They are severe, selfish, harsh, bitter, censorious. There is no sweetness, gentleness, kindness in them. They may be good men or women; they *are* good at heart, but they are not beautiful. People cannot love them. And yet they are God's dear children.

Then the frosts come—sharp, biting frosts. Afflictions enter their homes; sorrows break in upon them. Bereavements turn the green leaves to sere and yellow. Humiliations come. They are defeated and crushed. God allows them to suffer great temptations. And out of these sad and painful experiences, these troubles and trials, these humiliations and failures, they come, like the autumn fruits after the frosts, mellow, luscious, rich, and ripe. Frost opens the chestnut-burr, and the rich nut rolls out of its prickly envelop. So sorrows and trials strip off from many a beautiful soul its burly garments.

Without these painful processes many a man would never reach glory. It was the rough knocks and sorry tumbles of his early discipleship, that made the Peter of the Gospels, the Peter of the Acts and Epistles. It was scourging, imprisonment, and persecution, that made Paul the brightest jewel of the world. David learned his psalms in the wilderness, when hunted and chased. Bereavement, loss, and sore sickness fitted Job to write that wondrous poem which bears his name. John Bunyan got the "Pilgrim's Progress" out of prison walls, and from the clanking of chains. It was a good thing that Satan sifted Peter; he blew out the chaff, and left only the pure wheat.

Let God burn out your dross, blow out your chaff, mellow your fruits by sharp frosts, and grind off the roughness of your character on the wheel of affliction. Some day, when you get through, and shine in the glory of heaven, loudest amid your praises will be thanksgivings for your trials.

A diamond lay sleeping quietly in its dark bed in the earth. A pick, plunging into its pillow, disturbed its slumber. "What

does this mean?" cried the little stone in terror, as it was rudely torn out. But the workman heeded not its cry. It was carried away into a strange room, and there it was cut and sawn, and then put upon the wheel and ground. "Why is all this? Why are they destroying me? Why are they cutting and grinding me all away?" Thus groaned the stone; but the men heeded not its complainings.

It is a grand day in the palace. It is a coronation day. The King is to be crowned. Amid the shouts and acclamations of the multitude, the new crown is brought forth and put upon his head. It is all aglitter with diamonds. But there is one stone that is brighter than all the rest. Its beam flashes out like a ray of glory.

"Now I understand it," says the little stone. "Now I know why I was dug out, and cut, and ground, and polished. They were not destroying me. They were only preparing me to adorn this crown." And God knows how to grind His jewels. He knows how to prepare them for His own crown.—*The Presbyterian.*

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#### LIFE AMONG THE EARLY CHRISTIANS.

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It is very hard for those born within sound of the church-going bell to understand a world desolate without Christ and without faith. No wonder that the early Christians spoke of the change as a "rising with Christ," a real resurrection from sin, and darkness, and despair. Nothing in all the writings left us by Justin Martyr, the first Christian author after the apostles, is so beautiful and affecting as the description of his hopeless condition after a thorough study of the doctrines of the stoics and Platonists; his anxious walk by the sea-side, where an old man met him and preached unto his wondering heart "Christ crucified." Though an eloquent man, language fails him when he tries to describe the hope, the joy, the peace of his believing. And his experience was the experience of all who out of paganism came unto Christ.

The Christianity of these early believers strikes us first by its practical character and its strict morality. I can give no better description of it than that sent by a gentle consort to Diognetus. It is found among the works of Justin Martyr (page 417), and Neander says it is one of the most beautiful remains of antiquity, "a splendid portraiture" of true Christian life. "Christians differ," says this author, "from other men neither in their place of abode, nor in their language, nor habits. They neither inhabit cities of their own, nor use any peculiar dialect, nor any singular

mode of life. Neither do they study any system wrought out by men of subtle intellect, nor follow any human dogma. They dwell in Greek or barbarian cities as may happen, following the customs of the inhabitants in dress, food, and other things. They share everything as citizens, they obey the laws, and excel them in their lives. As the soul is in the body, but not of the body, so Christians dwell in the world, but are not of the world."

The wonderful change wrought in the morals of all who embrace Christianity is noticed by every writer. Origen says: "The name of Jesus introduces everywhere decency of manners, humanity, goodness, and gentleness." One of the earliest charges made against them by pagans was, "that all their hopes being in another world, they were idle and unprofitable citizens." Tertullian boldly denies this charge. "We are," says he, "no dwellers in woods, no exiles from common life. We do not retire from the forum, the markets, the baths, and the shops. We engage in navigation, in military service, in agriculture, in trade, and you profit by our skill! 'We do not purchase garlands for our heads,' you say. What is it to you how we use the flowers we purchase? or if we think them more beautiful when left free, than in a crown? Do you say that through us the revenues of the temples fall off? We Christians bring you a better revenue by leading honest lives and paying what we owe." The defiance which the "bold Tertullian" flung out to the heathen world is a remarkable proof of the lovely and blameless lives led by them, in the midst of a world wholly given to idolatry and licentiousness. "Search your prisons through," says he, "and though you will find multitudes there, you will not meet one who is a Christian, unless he be there because he is a Christian; and not because he has committed any crime." Such bold assertions, unless true, could not have been made, and remained uncontradicted in the midst of a hostile generation.

The singular love of Christians for each other attracted universal attention. "See how these Christians love one another," is a pagan saying recorded by Tertullian. The wealthy churches sent regular contributions to the poorer provincial churches, and large sums were often raised for special purposes. At Carthage on one occasion over \$4,000 was gathered to redeem some Christian slaves in the interior, and Cyprian sent with it a letter, asking for information of any other Christians needing assistance.

Those suffering for conscience' sake either imprisonment or martyrdom received the peculiar love of the whole Church. Prayers were continually offered up for them, distant churches sent deputies with messages of love and encouragement, devout lips kissed their very chains, and their relatives were the particular care and legacy of the Church.

But their love was a grander and more universal sentiment than this. It extended unto their enemies, and embraced all "for whom Christ died." During a terrible pestilence in Egypt Eusebius says, the Christians who had been driven away by persecution returned in the midst of the pestilence to nurse the sick and dying and perform decent funeral rites for the dead ; for the heathen had fled from the plague, or threw the smitten into the streets, leaving the dead bodies to decay there, and spread still worse the infection.

At Carthage, when the same calamity occurred, and parents deserted even their young children, and no one would go near the sick, or bury the dead, Cyprian assembled the Christians together, and exhorted them to rival one another in deeds of mercy. Encouraged by his counsel and example, the Christians first cleared the streets of the dead, giving all decent burial, and then went about caring for the sick and destitute. The rich gave money, the poor their labor, and by the pity and loving-kindness of the Christians of Carthage, the city was spared from a universal pestilence.

Noble and self-sacrificing as was this love, it has not with the growth of centuries waxed cold. In every age the same noble deeds, and others more excellent, have been re-enacted. Our own generation would furnish abundant examples. It is the dear glorious Christ love, the love that is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.

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### **WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH OUR BOYS?**

WE are getting a large crop of boys. They are growing up everywhere. We find them in the drawing-room ; we run against them in the street. We do not see so many of them in the Church as we should like to. But what shall we do with them ? The vast majority of them cannot have a collegiate education, nor get further than the common school, and we are not sure that they are the worse for that. But they are growing up, and the question is, "What shall we do with Johnny?" Johnny wants to be a great sculptor, or he wants to write "*Johnny pinxit*" on an acre of canvas, or he wishes to be an author. But he does not wish to work on the farm, nor does he wish to engage in mercantile life. He does not like business, and the law is not to be thought of. And so Johnny lounges about the farm, doing odd chores at times, working on his marble, or his canvas, or re-writing his essay on the Relation of the Infinite to the Intangible. But what shall we do with him ?

We suppose there are few families where the problem is not awaking solution, and nothing regarding which more mistakes are committed. Let us say right here to each incipient Praxiteles and Raphael that the road to fame in this country lies through the workshop, the store, or the farm. Nothing is more difficult in this country than the early pursuit of literature or the fine arts. If your boy has these tastes, and even talent, thank God for it; but do not let them prove his ruin. Let him learn well and thoroughly some trade, or else make a farmer of him or put him in a store, and then, when he shall have acquired the means of earning his own livelihood, let him at his leisure develop his tastes.

This, indeed, is the history of the success of our two greatest sculptors, one of whom is no longer living. One was an apprentice, and a good worker he was. The other went into the mercantile business, and employed his odd leisure moments in fashioning bits of statuary. But now his reputation is world-wide, and orders come in upon him as thick as the summer leaves. Put Johnny to work. Whether he likes it or not, make him work; but if possible give him work which he goes at willingly. A boy who will do nothing but chisel, or paint, or write poetry, or write essays, will scarcely, if ever, succeed at it. First the farm, the workshop, the counting-house; after that the marble bust, the painting, the epic, or the essay. Boys need discipline, the hard discipline though it be, of life; and it is better that they should have real hard knocks at first than that they should lose their manliness and the respect of others in the pursuit of that idleness which is as pernicious as it is disgraceful.—*Christian Work.*

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#### SPLENDOR AND DISTANCE OF SIRIUS.

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MR. PROCTOR'S "King of Suns" is the magnificent Sirius—that splendid star of the south-eastern sky, whose fixed blaze is not diminished, even though he has receded from us, during the past century, more millions on millions of miles than we would dare to say. How must he have appeared—with what unutterable glory—to the first races of mankind?—to the human beings who preceded the ancient Egyptians? These latter worshiped Sirius.

He wore a red hue, then—three or four thousand years before the time of Christ. His color has changed during the last four thousand years, and he, himself, is untold and untellable miles farther away than he was then; but such is his unimaginable distance, that even his swift recession from this particular region of

endless space seems to make, in any one century, no perceptible difference in his appearance.

Of one star alone, of all the infinite host outside of our solar system, the distance has been measured. It is Alpha Centauri. It is found to lie more than 200,000 times further away than the sun. At this distance our sun would shine much less brightly than Alpha Centauri. But Sirius, that ineffable sun, is still more remote. He is at a vastly greater distance away; the best computations assign to him a distance exceeding that of Alpha Centauri five-fold to ten-fold.

Taking the smallest of the distances, it follows, that if Sirius shone no more brightly than Alpha Centauri in appearance, he must nevertheless give out twenty-five times as much light. Yet a careful comparison of his brightness with that of Alpha Centauri shows that Sirius is about four times brighter. Therefore, says Mr. Proctor, in reality he must give out about one hundred times as much light as that great star.

In other words, coming back to our sun, it is found that Sirius shines in reality three hundred times more brightly than the sun. Proctor proves, mathematically, that if this be true (and he believes it), then it follows that the volume of Sirius is about twenty-two hundred times as great as the sun's. Even the diameter of this King of Suns is between seventeen and eighteen times that of our sun.

Out of that kingly sphere, of light inconceivable, two thousand such orbs as our sun might be formed, "each fit to be the centre of a scheme of circling worlds as important as that over which our sun bears sway." What must be the planetary system of Sirius?

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### THE BIBLE IMMORTAL.

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IN the year 303, when that last great effort was made by the Emperor Diocletian to extinguish the Christian name, he sent on the 23d of February his legions to the great church of Nicomedia. When the doors were forced open and the soldiers entered, they searched and searched with diligence, but they searched in vain for any visible symbol of Deity whom the Christians worshiped. No banners, no crucifixes, no images of the saints were to be found in any part of the building, noble though it was, and towering as it did, and, as historians tell us, above the very palace of the Cæsars.

But as they searched, they fell upon one record—upon one object on which they proceeded to vent their bitterest vengeance. They lighted upon the Scriptures of truth. They committed the Bible

to the flames ; and we all know that that last great effort of Satan to use Pagan Rome as an instrument for annihilating Christianity was simply directed to the extermination of the sacred book.

Now, it strikes me, that there are two very important lessons here. In the first place, do we not learn from the anecdote, or rather does not this anecdote remind us, that the true test—the primitive test of the Christian Church—is the sole supremacy of the holy Scriptures of God ?

But there is another lesson to be learned from that little anecdote, which I venture to bring to your memory, and that is, that Satan was wise in his generation when he bade emissaries of Pagan Rome direct all their efforts to the suppression of the Scriptures. You will remember, that all the edicts that were fulminated at that time ordered the demolition of the Christian sanctuaries, that they called for the degradation of officers even in the highest posts of trust about the Imperial person, if they held and professed the Christian faith ; but the virulence of all this animosity was directed against that little book, which has for so many years, with God's increasing blessing, circulated to the utmost parts of the earth. And why? Because the enemy knew well, that so long as the Scriptures remain, full as they are from Genesis to Revelation of Jesus Christ and Him crucified, the Church will over and over again reassert her existence.

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#### A PLEASING INCIDENT.

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SITTING in a station the other day, I had a little sermon preached in the way I like ; and I'll repeat it for your benefit, because it taught me one of the lessons which we all should learn, and taught it in such a natural, simple way, that no one could forget it. It was a bleak, snowy day ; the train was late ; the ladies' room dark and smoky ; and the dozen women, old and young, who sat waiting impatiently, all looked cross, low-spirited, or stupid. I felt all three ; and thought, as I looked around, that my fellow-beings were a very unamiable, uninteresting set.

Just then a forlorn old woman, shaking with palsy, came in with a basket of wares for sale, and went about mutely offering them to the sitters. Nobody bought anything, and the poor old soul stood blinking at the door a minute, as if reluctant to go out into the bitter storm again. She turned presently, and poked about the room, as if trying to find something ; and then a pale lady in black, who lay as if asleep on a sofa, opened her eyes, saw the old woman, and instantly asked, in a kind tone, "Have you lost anything, ma'am?"

"No, dear. I'm looking for the heatin' place, to have a warm

'fore I goes out again. My eyes is poor, and I don't seem to find the furnace nowheres."

"Here it is," and the lady led her to the steam radiator, placed a chair, and showed her how to warm her feet.

"Well, now, ain't that nice!" said the old woman, spreading her ragged mittens to dry. "Thanky, dear; this is proper comfortable, ain't it? I'm most froze to-day, bein' lame and wimby; and not selling much makes me kind of down-hearted."

The lady smiled, went to the counter, bought a cup of tea and some sort of food, carried it herself to the old woman, and said, as respectfully and kindly as if the poor woman had been dressed in silk and fur, "Won't you have a cup of hot tea? It's very comforting such a day as this."

"Sakes alive! do they give tea to this depot?" cried the old lady, in a tone of innocent surprise that made a smile go round the room, touching the grummiest face like a streak of sunshine. "Well, now, this is jest lovely," added the old lady, sipping away with a relish. "This does warm the cockles of my heart!"

While she refreshed herself, telling her story meanwhile, the lady looked over the poor little wares in the basket, bought soap and pins, shoe-strings and tape, and cheered the old soul by paying well for them.

As I watched her doing this, I thought what a sweet face she had, though I'd considered her rather plain before. I felt dreadfully ashamed of myself that I had grimly shaken my head when the basket was offered to me; and as I saw the look of interest, sympathy, and kindness come into the dismal faces all around me, I did wish that I had been the magician to call it out. It was only a kind word and a friendly act, but somehow it brightened that dingy room wonderfully. It changed the faces of a dozen women, and I think it touched a dozen hearts, for I saw many eyes follow the plain, pale lady with sudden respect; and when the old woman got up to go, several persons beckoned to her, and bought something, as if they wanted to repair their first negligence.

Old beggar-women are not romantic; neither are cups of tea, boot-laces, and colored soap. There were no gentlemen present to be impressed with the lady's kind act, so it wasn't done for effect, and no possible reward could be received for it, except the ungrammatical thanks of a ragged old woman. But that simple little charity was as good as a sermon to those who saw it, and I think each traveler went on her way better for that half hour in the dreary station. I can testify that one of them did, and nothing but the emptiness of her purse prevented her from "comforting the cockles of the heart" of every forlorn old woman she met for a week after.—*By Louisa M. Alcott, in the Scrap-Bag.*

**JOHNNY'S OPINION ON GRANDMOTHERS.**

"Grandmothers are very nice folks;  
They beat all the aunts in creation;  
They let a chap do as he likes,  
And don't worry about education.

I'm sure I can't see it at all,  
What a poor fellow ever could do  
For apples, and pennies, and cakes,  
Without a grandmother or two.

"Grandmothers speak softly to 'ma's,'  
To let a boy have a good time;  
Sometimes they will whisper, 'tis true,  
'Tother way, when a boy wants to climb.

"Grandmothers have muffins for tea,  
And pies, a whole row, in the cellar,  
And are apt (if they know it in time)  
To make chicken pie for a 'feller.'

"And if he is bad now and then,  
And makes a great racketing noise,  
They only look over their specs  
And say, 'Ah! those boys will be boys!'

"Life is only so short at the best,  
Let the children be happy to-day;  
Then they look for a while at the sky,  
And the hills that are far away.

"Quite often, as twilight comes on,  
Grandmothers sing hymns very low,  
To themselves, as they rock by the fire,  
About heaven, and when they shall go.

"And then a boy, stopping to think,  
Will find a hot tear in his eye,  
To know what will come at the last,  
For Grandmothers all have to die.

"I wish they could stay here and pray,  
For a boy needs their prayers every night,  
Some boys more than others, I s'pose,  
Such as I, need a wonderful sight."

NEVER TEMPT A MAN.

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The late celebrated John Trumbull, when a boy, resided with his father, Governor Trumbull, at his residence in Lebanon, Conn., in the neighborhood of the Mohegans. The government of this tribe was hereditary in the family of the celebrated Uncas. Among the heirs of the chieftainship was an Indian named Zachary, who, though a brave man and an excellent hunter, was as drunken and worthless an Indian as could well be found. By the death of intervening heirs, Zachary found himself entitled to the royal power. In this moment the better genius of Zachary assumed its sway, he reflected seriously:

"How can such a drunken wretch as I am aspire to be chief of this noble tribe? What will my people say? How shall the shades of my glorious ancestors look down indignant upon such a successor? Can I succeed to the great Uncas? Ay—I will drink no more!"

And he solemnly resolved that henceforth he would drink nothing stronger than water; and he kept his resolution.

Zachary succeeded to the rule of his tribe. It was usual for the Governor to attend at the annual election in Hartford, and it was customary for the Mohegan chief also to attend, and on his way to stop and dine with the Governor.

John, the Governor's son, was but a boy, and on one of these occasions at the festive board occurred a scene which we will give in Trumbull's own words:

"One day the mischievous thought struck me to try the sincerity of the old man's temperance. The family were seated at dinner, and there was excellent home-brewed ale on the table. I thus addressed the old chief:

"'Zachary, this beer is very fine. Will you not taste it?'

"The old man dropped his knife, and leaned forward with a stern intensity of expression, and his fervid eyes sparkling with indignation, were fixed upon me.

"'John,' said he, 'you don't know what you are doing. You are serving the devil, boy! If I should taste your beer, I should never stop till I got to rum, and I should become again the same drunken, contemptible wretch your father remembers me to have been. John, never again while you live tempt a man to break a good resolution.'

"Socrates never uttered a more valuable precept. Demosthenes could not have given it with more solemn eloquence. I was thunderstruck. My parents were deeply affected. They looked at me, and then turned their gaze upon the venerable chieftain with awe and respect. They afterward frequently reminded me of the scene, and charged me never to forget it. He lies buried in the royal burial-place of his tribe, near the beautiful falls of the Yantic, in Norwich, on lands now owned by my friend, Calvin Goddard. I visited the grave of the old chief lately, and above his mouldering remains repeated to myself the inestimable lesson."

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### CHRISTIAN HAND-SHAKING.

AROUND the door of country meeting-houses it has always been the custom for the people to gather before church and after church for social intercourse and the shaking of hands. Perhaps, because we, ourselves, were born in the country and have never got over it, the custom pleases us. In the cities we arrive at the last moment before service and go away the moment after. We act as though the church were a rail-car, into which we go when the time for starting arrives, and we get out again as soon as the depot of the Doxology is reached. We protest against this business-way of doing things. Shake hands when the Benediction is pronounced with those who sit before and those who sit behind you. Meet the people in the aisle, and give them Christian salutation. Postponement of the dinner hour for fifteen minutes will neither damage you nor the dinner. That is the moment to say a comforting word to the man or woman in trouble. The sermon was preached to the people in general, it is your place to apply it to the individual heart.

The church aisle may be made the road to heaven. Many a man, who was unaffected by what the minister said, has been captured for God by the Christian word of an unpretending layman, on the way out.

You may call it personal magnetism, or natural cordiality, but there are some Christians who have such an ardent way of shaking hands after meeting, that it amounts to a benediction. Such greeting is not made with the left hand. The left hand is good for a great many things; for instance, to hold a fork, or twist a curl, but it was never made to shake hands with, unless you have lost the use of the right. Nor is it done by the tips of the fingers laid loosely in the palm of another. Nor is it done with a glove on. Gloves are good to keep out the cold and make one look well, but

have them so they can easily be removed, as they should be, for they are non-conductors of Christian magnetism. Make bare the hand. Place it in the palm of your friend. Clench the fingers across the back part of the hand you grip. Then let all the animation of your heart rush to the shoulder, and from there to the elbow, and then through the fore-arm, and through the wrist, till your friend gets the whole charge of gospel electricity.

In Paul's time he told the Christians to greet each other with a holy kiss. We are glad the custom has been dropped, for there are many good people who would not want to kiss us, as we would not want to kiss them. Very attractive persons would find the supply greater than the demand. But let us have a substitute suited to our age and land. Let it be a good, hearty, enthusiastic, Christian hand-shaking.—*Christian at Work.*

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### THE THISTLE AND THE ROPEWALK.

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"SUCH a mite as I can do no good," is the general impression of our boys and girls when they are urged to do what they can for good temperance-work. But smaller, humbler instruments than you God has made use of to do great works in this world.

A great army, many years ago, invaded Scotland. They crept on stealthily over the border, and prepared to make a night-attack on the Scottish forces. There lay the camp, all silently sleeping in the starlight, never dreaming that danger was so near. The Danes, to make their advance more noiseless, came forward barefooted. But, as they neared the sleeping Scots, one unlucky Dane brought his broad foot down squarely on a bristling thistle. A roar of pain was the consequence, which rang like a trumpet-blast through the sleeping camp. In a moment each soldier had grasped his weapon, and the Danes were thoroughly routed. The thistle was from that time adopted as the national emblem of Scotland.

By the harbor of New London there was once a long ropewalk, with a row of square window-holes, fronting the water. In the time of war a British admiral was cruising off that coast, and had a very good chance to enter and destroy the town. He was once asked afterward why he did not do it. He replied, that he should have done so "if it hadn't been for that formidable long fort, whose guns entirely commanded the harbor."

He had been scared off by the poor old ropewalk!

God has his uses for even the simplest and humblest of us. Our great business should be to find out what the Lord would have us to do, and then do it with all our might, mind, and strength.—*Temperance Banner.*

### WANTING REST.

"How I long to be at rest," wrote an aged Christian lady to a Scottish relative. "I'm weary, faint, and worn; life's a dreary burden; all my early friends have left me; I'm standing almost upon the threshold of eternity; and, if it were not for the fear I might at last prove a castaway, my prayer would be, *O Father, bid me rest!*"

The letter was duly received, and read to Dr. Guthrie, who was on a visit to the family at that time. The next morning he gave them the following lines, which he said the letter had suggested to his mind during the night. They were sent to America to the old lady, and highly prized by her during her life. The prayer was soon afterward answered, and her weary body is resting, "life's duty done," in the Presbyterian church-yard of Wicomico, Md.; and Dr. Guthrie, with the tears of a nation following him, hath entered the golden portals, and though strangers on earth, they have now met in their eternal home, "where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest:"

#### LINES BY DR. GUTHRIE.

I'm kneeling at the threshold, weary, faint, and sore,  
Waiting for the dawning, for the opening of the door;  
Waiting till the Master shall bid me rise and come  
To the glory of His presence, to the gladness of His home.

A weary path I've traveled, 'mid darkness, storm, and strife,  
Bearing many a burden, struggling for my life;  
But now the morn is breaking, my toil will soon be o'er—  
I'm kneeling at the threshold, my hand is on the door.

Methinks I hear the voices of the blessed as they stand,  
Linger in the sunshine of that far off sinless land!  
Oh! would that I were with them, amidst the shining throng,  
Mingling in their worship, joining in their song!

The friends that started with me have entered long ago—  
One by one they left me, struggling with the foe;  
Their pilgrimage was shorter, their triumph sooner won;  
How lovingly they'll hail me when all my toil is done!

With them the blessed angels, that know no grief nor sin—  
I see them by the portals, prepared to let me in!  
O Lord, I wait Thy pleasure—Thy time and way are best—  
But I'm wasted, worn, and weary; O Father, bid me rest!

*—Presbyterian.*

## The Sunday-School Drawer.

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A DRINK-OFFERING.—Great sacrifices are made by some Christians in order to send out over the globe the missionary message.

Recently, some one in Illinois wrote, "I drink no tea this year, and so save five dollars to send John Chinaman a draught of the 'Water of Life' Please to find the money inclosed, and enter it thus—'T, for China.'" *Missionary News.*

MIND THE LITTLE THINGS.—"Springs are little things, but they are sometimes sources of large streams; a helm is a little thing, but it governs the course of a large ship; a word, a look, a frown, all are little things, but powerful for good or evil. Think of this, and mind the little things. Keep your word sacredly, keep it to the children; they will mark it sooner than any one else, and the effect may be as lasting as life." —*Anon.*

THE EFFICACY OF PRAYER.—When Robert Hall was a little boy he had a very passionate temper. He knew that he ought to try and conquer it, so he resolved that whenever he felt his temper rising he would run away to another room, and kneeling down, would use this short prayer, "O Lamb of God, calm my mind," and so completely was he able, by the help of God to overcome this, that he grew up to be a man of remarkably gentle temper. He was an earnest and devoted servant of God, and for many years faithfully preached the Gospel of Christ.

REV. MR. ARNOT, in an article in the *CHRISTIAN WEEKLY*, says: "Every one's life is an open letter. Whether we like it or not, people read it in our lives whose we are and whom we serve. The letter presented to me that morning by that patient, suffering stranger will never be forgotten. The sweet tones of her voice still linger on my ear. But as I descended the stairway to leave that house, I read another epistle, an indenture in the wall made by a bullet from the pistol of a murderer! Alas, how it jarred on my soul. I am sure that indenture was an open letter also. While the first letter was one to cheer and comfort, the latter was one to sadden and warn."

A LESSON OF CONTENTMENT.—A poor shepherd boy was once telling his kind school-master how hard he thought it that the boy who sat next to him in class should be so rich, while he had to live in a poor cottage. "Why, lad," said the good master, "I don't think you at all poor. Are you not in perfect health? Look at your strong right arm, would you part with it for a thousand pounds? Would you exchange your two eyes for any sum of money? Would you like to lose your hearing if all the king's treasures were offered you? If then, God has given you riches which you think of more worth than any money, you should be grateful instead of repining." —*From the German.*

A GOOD EDUCATION: The late Edward Everett condensed into a single brief paragraph his estimation of what constituted a good education. Here it is: To read the English language well, to write with despatch a neat legible hand, and be master of the first four rules in arithmetic, so as to dispose of at once, with accuracy, every question of figures which comes up in practice—I call this a good education. And if you add the ability to write pure grammatical English, I regard it as an excellent education. These are the tools. You can do much with them, but you are hopeless without them. They are the foundation; and unless you begin with these, all your flashy attainments, a little geology, and all other ologies and osophies, are ostentatious rubbish.

DON'T BE TOO CRITICAL.—Whatever you do, never set up for a critic. We don't mean a newspaper critic, but in private life, in the domestic circle, in society. It will not do any one any good, and it will do you harm—if you mind being called disagreeable. If you don't like any one's nose, or object to any one's chin, don't put your feelings into words. If any one's manners don't please you, remember your own. People are not all made to suit one taste; recollect that. Take things as you find them, unless you can alter them. Even a dinner, after it is swallowed, cannot be made any better. Continual fault-finding, continual criticism of the speech of this one and the conduct of that one, the dress of one and the opinions of the other, will make home the unhappiest place under the sun. If you are never pleased with any one, no one will ever be pleased with you. And if it is known that you are hard to suit, few will take pains to suit you.—*Hearth and Home.*

MOTHERS WITH THEIR BOYS.—Keep home bright, mothers! A lady was at the sea-shore last summer, whose four boys, aged from eight to sixteen years were the theme of even the busiest tongues. Such manly boys, so obedient, so thoughtful of mother and sister, such perfect gentlemen without a tinge of *manishness*. Boys who could act like men in the parlor, but were full of fun and play in the field; who seemed innocent of late hours, rich dishes and champagne, and yet could thoroughly be at ease while they walked and talked with the girls of their age, or conversed with their elders. The secret leaked out one day. Mrs. S. spent many of her evenings at home with her boys in the parlor," and while she played "young lady," they made calls upon her. She did not tell us so, but we do not doubt for an instant that sweet lessons of politeness, purity, and that highest gentlemauliness, religion, were interspersed with the "little nothings" talked during these "calls."—*S. S. Times.*

WHAT A SMILE DID.—A smiling recognition, and a few kind words from a young lady who sometimes employed her, sent a poor sewing girl to her daily task at the shop with a lighter heart and a brighter eye than common. She worked better for that small charity of a smile and bright word, and won more favor from those who employed her.

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The good word of the morning had helped her more than she knew to keep her situation.

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# PROSPECTUS FOR 1874

## THE GUARDIAN: A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

Devoted to the Social, Literary and Religious Interests of  
Young Men and Ladies.

Rev. B. BAUSMAN, D. D., Editor.

THE GUARDIAN enters upon its XXVth volume, on the first of January 1874. It has a sufficient history to establish its character, and to show its fruits. In its principles, purposes and general spirit, no changes are proposed. The True, the Beautiful, and the Good are unchangeable—error and sin are always the same. Its editorial management is committed, as heretofore, to the Rev. B. BAUSMAN, D. D., whose name, of itself, the publishers regard as the most satisfactory guarantee of the high tone and general interest which should characterize the family magazine.

THE GUARDIAN continues to be published by the REFORMED CHURCH PUBLICATION BOARD. It compares favorably with other publications of the kind, and has earned for itself a reputation which may well be coveted. The January number will be embellished with a beautiful Steel Engraving, and the publication continue to appear with a handsome ornamental cover title. The publishers will continue to use a superior quality of paper; and do all in their power, in co-operating with the Editor, to render THE GUARDIAN acceptable to its subscribers.

This Magazine will be, as heretofore, devoted to the highest interests of the young, at the most solemn and interesting period of their life. It will offer its friendly counsels to them in an earnest, though free and cheerful way. It will solemnly seek to warn them against the wrong, and affectionately lure them to the right. The Editor will endeavor to make its contents true, pure, fresh, and healthy as the morning of life. It will particularly urge self-culture and early piety as of the highest importance, and cultivate the home feeling as a sacred element in social purity and peace. It will seek to move in the element of its motto:—"Life—Light—Love."

THE GUARDIAN has no denominational or party bias. It is its ambition to take the quiet way of peace and love. It would turn the attention of its readers to that first and greatest of duties, the cultivation of the heart, mind, social feelings and pious affections. It will have its reward if it can be the means of making Hearts better, Homes happier, and Heaven surer. The evidence that it has in a degree done this, which the experience of years has furnished, is more precious to us than gain or gold. Cheerfully, hopefully, and believingly we take our pilgrim-staff in hand to travel another year.

THE GUARDIAN contains thirty-two pages monthly, making a handsome Volume of three hundred and eighty-four pages at the end of the year.

Pastors who receive this Prospectus are requested to hand it to some active member of the Church, who will procure subscribers for THE GUARDIAN. If ten subscribers are obtained, we will send one copy to the person obtaining them and one to the pastor gratis.

We respectfully ask all Young Men and Ladies to aid us in increasing our circulation. It will be an easy thing for them to raise a club among their companions.

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ADDRESS—

REFORMED CHURCH PUBLICATION BOARD, Publishers,  
No. 907 Arch Street, Philadelphia

Vol. XXV.

OCTOBER, 1874.

No. 10.

“LIFE, LIGHT, LOVE.”

THE

# GUARDIAN:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

DEVOTED TO THE

SOCIAL, LITERARY, AND RELIGIOUS INTERESTS

OF

YOUNG MEN AND LADIES.

Rev. B. Bausman, D.D., Editor.

PHILADELPHIA:  
REFORMED CHURCH PUBLICATION BOARD,  
No. 907 Arch Street.

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## GUARDIAN, OCTOBER, 1874.

### LETTERS RECEIVED.

D. B. Shuey, A. A. Stearns, W. H. Kister, Rev. J. T. Rossiter, Rev. J. P. Stein, Rev. W. C. B. Shulenberger, (1 sub).

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## GUARDIAN, OCTOBER, 1874.

### MONIES RECEIVED.

Mrs. F. Fayman, Shepherds-town, Va.	1.50	23	Chas. T. Reber, Shelbyville, Ill.	
Miss Sarah E. Swatzel, Sum- merdeen, Augusta Co. Va.	1.50	26	T. J. Craig, Pittsburg, Pa.,	2.50, 24 & 25 5.00, 22 to 25.

# THE GUARDIAN.

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Vol. XXV. OCTOBER, 1874.

No. 10.

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## REMINISCENCES OF THE CIVIL WAR.

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BY THE EDITOR.

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### THE SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY IN PENNSYLVANIA.

Newspapers have become a necessity—a *sine qua non* for an American citizen. Our Southern rulers made them scarce during their reign in Chambersburg. The change from the customary eagerness to read war news, was just then all the more annoying. News-boys could readily have sold single copies of the “Herald” or “Tribune” for ten dollars.

We knew no more what was going on outside of Franklin county, than did the Esquimaux in their ice-bound polar homes. For six days and five nights the legions of the South kept pouring through Main Street. Columns and Divisions of soldiers provokingly long, and immense lines of guns of various calibre and army trains that seemed almost endless, passed before us like a wierd, dreamlike panorama. None but those who have witnessed such a migration have a correct idea of the vastness of an army of seventy thousand or eighty thousand men, with all their means of living and munitions of war. It was literally an outpouring of southern life and power, of the flower as well as of the dregs of their population. Some Divisions were composed of noble warriors, able-bodied, of a fine bearing and presence; hosts of them educated, refined gentlemen, serving in the private ranks. Others rough, rude, insulting men, such as the “Louisiana Tigers,” and the Texians, who howled and whooped through the streets like wild beasts. But for the rigid rule of Lee’s army, these fellows would have made our streets run with blood. Every day we expected the last to pass through, and still they came. Not a few thinking people suspected the whole to be a sort of a sham display, marching in a circle, taking the same parts of the army through the town several

times, to impress the North with an idea of its vastness. That theory, however, was soon exploded.

The officers and their men boasted that they were going right on to Harrisburg and Philadelphia. And what was to prevent them? Had we any forces at Harrisburg? At Washington? Was our army coming to meet that of Lee? Where is General Hooker? Where is General McClellan? We had seen no papers, heard no reliable news for days. Who is in command at Harrisburg? McClellan, or any body else? Vague unreliable rumors were abundant, and eagerly seized upon and discussed by the people. One hour we are told that Rosencrans is approaching Bedford, from Cumberland, Md., with a large force. The next that McClellan is moving on Carlisle with eighty thousand men. What is the Government doing? Have we men and brains enough to meet and conquer these taunting hordes that whoop through our streets by day and by night? Not a few have their misgivings. Some even have lost all hope. McClellan is said to have been removed. Our forces are without a head, or with a new one, unused to handle such an army, to cope with such a foe. O for a Northern paper! What little news we get is from Richmond, telling us that Grant's army in the West is about being cut to pieces, and depicting the fight and panic which Lee's invasion has produced in the North.

Equally ignorant was the outside world of what was transpiring inside of Lee's army. We were a *terra incognita*—an unknown world, to the rest of the globe. By secret methods the Government was kept posted on important movements. Fleet-footed men were kept in readiness by some of our citizens, through whom an occasional despatch was secretly sent to the authorities at Washington. The despatch was carefully concealed in a boot, or sewn into their garments. By stealth they made their way through the picket lines, then struck across the North Mountain for a telegraph station on the Pennsylvania Rail Road, whence they flashed their message to Washington.

Thus Lee's army passed through Chambersburg! Will he pass through? Perhaps he will go some other way. On Friday, the fourth day, he came. Up to that time we knew not which way his army would turn, towards Gettysburg or Harrisburg. Thitherto they had turned both ways. He stopped in the Diamond, where the two roads fork. I stood about twenty paces from him. He was a medium-sized, well-built man, with broad shoulders, short thick neck, and well-proportioned body; a gray beard and moustache; his toilet evidently neglected, his hair unkempt; his face was bronzed and careworn, with a striking expression; one that would

attract your special notice among ten thousand others. His well-worn felt hat half concealed his broad forehead. Although in summer, he wore a coarse, dark heavy army overcoat, with the usual large military cape. He rode a heavy clumsy-looking sorrel horse, tired and evidently without the metal of such a war steed as painters and poets love to depict. A single glance revealed him to be a man of mark, a leader of the host. Around him were gathered his generals, all on horseback,—the two Hills, Longstreet and others. Young-looking men they were aside of the veteran, none of those named more than thirty-five or forty years of age. They had preceded him a day or two. Approaching their leader they gracefully saluted him by faintly raising their hats or caps. The form of greeting was free and familiar, hardly such as we might have expected due to their great chief. He had the poorest horse, the commonest and cheapest garments, the most unassuming, unmilitary exterior of the whole group. The poorest rider, too, he seemed to be. Rode as if very tired, as if riding of this slow plodding kind was a great burden to him. No wonder that an old man, of his age, should seem thus. His Generals looked like earnest men, but perfectly at their ease, calm and collected as if they were consulting about a proposed summer tour in the North. Their conversation was in a suppressed tone of voice. The horses seemed to feel the importance of the occasion, trying to stand very still, and seemingly listening to every word that was said. It is a novel scene, which would furnish a fine subject for a painter. The central figure everybody scans with intense interest. Somehow, in spite of his unpleasant, his rebellious mission, I feel kindly toward the man, and cannot suppress a sense of admiration for his military genius. There he sits unarmed and unsuspecting of personal peril. From many an open window a deadly ball might be sent through his heart. From this mixed crowd of Southern and Northern people, how easily a loyal enthusiast might lay the head of the Southern Confederacy low in death! He seems not to think of such a possible event. The whole group apparently is unconscious of any presence but their own.

While holding this Council he sent his colored servant across the square, to the Cashier of the Chambersburg Bank, for a drink of water. The servant said his master could not endure our hard water, that he felt quite unwell, would the Cashier be so kind as to give him a canteen of soft water. He sent him to the cistern, where he found what he wanted. "Uncle," quoth the Cashier, "what are you men going to do up here? Don't you think you will be killed?" He did not know. "Do you ever expect to return?" Pointing towards the Generals in council in the Diamond, he said,

"Don't yer see dat old fightin cock ober dere, he will make it all right."

With almost bated breath we watch for the close of their interview. Which way will he take his army, which way turn his sleepy-looking sorrel horse. The poor animal seems heartily sick of the war. Now his head is turned towards Harrisburg. At length the venerable rider and his Generals salute; *they* retire to their Divisions, *he* gently pulls the rein, turns his horse to the right, *towards Gettysburg*, followed by his staff.

Less than an hour later, a young man leisurely strolls out the northwestern end of town. With an air of aimless unconcern, he wends his way, now across some field or farm, then along a winding stream. Whether at times by his limping gait he acted the cripple, or his tottering slow step, the invalid, I know not. Suffice it to say, he had an important slip of paper stuck somewhere about his person. Had he been arrested this paper pill would, doubtless, have found its way to his stomach, beyond the searching ken of rebel eyes. Once through the picket lines, he kept from the public roads, wormed and worked his way across the mountain as speedily as possible, and while others slept he pressed forward that night on his patriotic mission, until he could hand his despatch to a certain telegrapher on the Pennsylvania Rail Road. In a few moments the Government knew all about Lee's movement towards Gettysburg.

Part of Lee's army went around by Carlisle and York. He tarried a day or two near Chambersburg. A few of our people formed his personal acquaintance. Among others the wife of a prominent citizen. She applied to him in behalf of a few negro families, who were in great distress. He promptly accorded them the desired relief. One day, as the owner of the farm on which he encamped, strolled past his Head Quarters, he found Lee sitting on a small camp stool in front of his tent. With his arms folded across the breast, his head bent down till his chin almost touched the arms, his eyes vacantly fixed on the ground, he sat perfectly motionless, in a state of mental abstraction. Around him the fields and road were all astir with the noise and commotion of his vast army. Still, there he sits for long hours, like one of the statues of Phidias or Praxiteles; he hears not, he heeds not the noise of the marshalling hosts around. What can he be thinking about? Is he musing over the probable slaughter of his men and ours, citizens of a once united and peaceful country, now to meet in deadly conflict? Lee, sitting on the camp-stool, before the door of his tent, wholly absorbed in military and perhaps melancholy musings—this, too, would furnish a fine subject for a painter. As a counter-

part, the painter might find another subject. That of another man of age and metal, on a visit to Chambersburg three years previous. Gray-bearded, stern-featured, fearless John Brown, with half a dozen men, on his way to invade Virginia. In just such an attitude I can imagine him at Mrs. Ritner's boarding-house. Waiting for the proper time to strike his intended blow, he kept himself secluded, with bowed head and folded arms, musing over his ill-fated mission.

Ah! to lead such an army, into such a battle as awaits them, is a fearful responsibility for one man to bear. Is his mind perhaps sadly turning to his once beautiful residence on Arlington Heights, where in the bosom of his happy family, he enjoyed the sweets of a quiet home for many years? Now that home, with all its ancestral associations despoiled and lost to him, his family scattered, the spell of the home circle broken, and he here, on his way to a field of blood. Had his military foresight and judgment any sad forebodings as to the issue of the coming battle?

The best regulated armies are encumbered with plundering stragglers. Such hung on to Lee's army, and took all they could lay hands upon. Hats were snatched from dignified heads, and boots pulled from feet unused to walking home unbooted. A tidy pastor, always very fastidiously dressed, was accosted on the street by a few soldiers. "Stranger," said one, "that is a fine pair of gaiters you are wearing. I think I shall have to ask you for them, as you see mine are hardly fit to wear." Very politely the parson tried to convince the soldier that he needed them himself. Surely he would not ask him to take off his shoes and walk home in his stockings. Whereupon the soldier held the point of his bayonet towards before the minister. "Will you, or won't you?" This argument was conclusive. The soldier consented to allow him the use of the gaiters to walk home with, where he handed them over. "Stranger, I shall be under the necessity of appropriating your hat," said one as he laid his hands on a brown felt hat on the head of a young man. "Very well," said the owner, "you are quite welcome to it. The more so since I have just recovered from a severe spell of small-pox." "What!" exclaimed the terror-stricken robber, and with an oath flung the hat on the pavement as if he had grasped a concealed serpent. By telling an untruth the owner kept his hat.

The worst soldiers came last. Not till the fourth or fifth day did they begin to rob. During the invasion our people adopted very plain habits. Jewelry, watches, and costly apparel disappeared. Nor was it an easy matter to find a place of safety for them. Concealment in a house, would not suffice, as it might be

burned down. Burying the valuables for an indefinite period of time might injure them. What to do with my gold watch and certain valuable papers, was quite a puzzle to me. As ladies were not molested, a lady friend took charge of them, and carried them about her person. One day Dr. B. S. Schneck strolled through his lots along the edge of town. He little thought of danger, just then and there. A soldier approached him, asking the time of day. Very innocently he looked at his gold watch, upon which the robber violently laid his hand. The Dr. willing to let the watch go, plead for the chain, a precious keepsake made of the hair and by the loving hands of a sainted sister. This, too, he wrested from the owner. Soon after, another asked him for money. When he hesitated to give it, the soldier drew his bayonet, and threatened to plunge it into him. Under such a threat no one would refuse. The pocket-book with a considerable amount of money was taken. The Dr. vainly applied to Lee's Provost Marshal. He affected to condemn the act, but took no measures to detect the offenders and restore the stolen goods. As a rule private dwellings were safe. Crowds of southern soldiers applied to the families of the place for food, nor did they apply in vain. In many a home they sat down like peaceful visitors, and freely, and in a friendly way chatted with those who fed them. Multitudes of them tried to desert. In stables, barns and other out-buildings they sought to conceal themselves, until their army would leave. Many were tired of the war, others had been forced into the army against their will. Not a few sought shelter in private houses, and endangered the safety of their occupants. For, an attempt to harbor, or conceal deserters would have been severely punished.

The country people fared worse. Here all restraint was thrown aside. Houses and barns were plundered. Many things which the soldiers could not use were wantonly destroyed. One farmer was killed. Others cruelly beaten. The stock that remained was taken, except blind horses. Never before or since was there such a demand for blind horses in this region of country. It was amusing to see the expedients resorted to, to save property. In wells, cellars, under the floors of houses, valuables were concealed. Under the floor of a room in a certain private house, money and papers in value of more than one hundred thousand dollars were concealed.

Taken altogether the occupation of Chambersburg by Lee's army was not as trying as many had expected it would be. Fortunately it lasted only a week. Had the army remained six months, great suffering would have ensued. Perhaps this invasion into Pennsylvania was made against his better judgment. For some of his Generals opposed the project to the last—as one of them confessed.

How can one endure such visitors in his community? some may ask. Wouldn't I have given them a piece of my mind? say some boisterous patriots. Poured kettles of hot water out of the windows on them! Put poison into the canteen of Lee's negro? that would have cut off the head of the Rebellion. You would? Such people were at the time our most dangerous enemies. Foolhardy attempts at aimless prowess by irresponsible persons endangered the safety of individuals and of the community.

At Fayetteville, a village five miles from Chambersburg, a few such captured the Rebel Mail, and permitted the mail carrier to escape and inform on them. An infuriated Cavalry force arrested a number of innocent citizens. Rev. W. H. R. Deatrich, then Reformed pastor of the place, happening to be standing in front of his house, was arrested. All arguments to prove his innocence were vain. The better he argued the harder they held on to him. In vain were the entreaties of his wife and daughter. Would they not kill him, or take him to Richmond? How distressing their suspense for eighteen hours, and his too! The men on horseback marched him off to the mountains. It was a long and tiresome tramp. For him especially tiresome, then already a portly brother, of aldermanic proportions. Fond of a joke he was then, as now, a good laugher, a very kind-hearted man, by the way. His weight and make were ill-suited for such a tramp. Foot-sore he reached the camp of the noted Cavalry officer General Imboden, on the mountain between Chambersburg and Gettysburg, late at night. It was at once ordered that all convicted of capturing the mail should be hung. Mr. Deatrich put on a cheerful face, sought an interview with the General, who was in a very surly humor for such a business, indeed spoke and acted like a man who had freely indulged in his cups. The following day he released his clerical prisoner, whose return to his family was welcomed with grateful joy.

Upon entering Chambersburg, Lee wisely ordered all liquors to be destroyed. A set of drunken men on either side, might have strewn our streets with dead bodies. Drunken soldiers were very rarely seen, and always promptly arrested. General Jenkins had his Head Quarters at an ale house, and was said to have freely imbibed the beverage of his captive host. One of his brother officers remarked that the house did not contain enough ale to make Jenkins drunk. With this single exception Lee's government of Chambersburg was the first and only successful enforcement of the Maine Liquor Law that the town had ever had.

"War is a suspension of the decalogue." When there is any fighting or marching to do, soldiers have practically no Sunday.

Would we open our Churches of a Sunday, when the town was thus occupied? Why not? All the pastors had been in the habit of praying for our Government. Would they do it in the presence of Lee's army? Some of them would, and with perfect safety, too. Sunday happened to be the noisest day of the invasion. All day long Main street was crowded with a passing current—the dregs of southern life, a boisterous insulting crowd, who made it unsafe for ladies and children to be on the street. Through such a riotous rabble, one could not ask the people to come to Church. It was not safe to walk the streets in fine clothing. Hats and boots were freely taken from the citizens by the soldiers. At the usual hour of morning service, a venerable gentleman accosted the sexton of the Reformed Church, outside the gate, inquiring whether there would be no religious services held in that Church. On being told that the services would be omitted on that day, he expressed his regret, stating that he had hoped to worship there with the congregation. He seemed surprised to find the Churches of the place closed. The old gentleman was Dr. Pryor, father of Roger A. Pryor, and a distinguished minister of the Southern Presbyterian Church. Among the Chaplains of Lee's army were many of the older and most prominent clergymen of the South.

Save when a few divisions of brutal dare-devils passed through, the people of the town could pass through the streets with comparative safety. As it was, our citizens mingled freely with their masters. Children, not only moved harmlessly about on the streets, but received many a kind word and smile from the soldiers. One evening, about night-fall, a few young ladies, opposite the Reformed parsonage, happened to sing one of the union airs, so popular in the North at that time. Soon some ten or twenty southern soldiers, grouped around the open window, leaning on their rifles, listening with rapt attention to the music. The poor fellows, instead of being offended by the Union sentiments sung, could not get enough music. Some of the airs the ladies had to repeat. It was late at night when I still dimly saw their half visible forms standing on the pavement across the street. Between the songs they expressed their great pleasure in a low tone of voice, and then asked for more music—would not the ladies please sing again. And well do I remember how politely they thanked the fair songsters as they were about going away. Not only the pleasant melody impressed them, but the sentiment must have set them to thinking over the sad errand on which they had come North.

The first impressions made by Lee's forces were more favorable than the last. Doubtless they had a larger proportion of their best men in their army than we had of ours in that of the North. The

external appearance of the soldiers was very inferior. They had no uniformity of dress, no epauletted officers. Their clothing represented every variety of color and quality. In the same company some wore old torn coats, and some new ones. Rags and filth and—"Johnnies"—abounded. An intelligent Louisianian assured me that he had often been sans culottes (without pantaloons) for days in succession, and that this was not unusual among their men.

So far as we could judge their officers seemed to be terribly in earnest. Without any perceptible fondness for display, they shrank from no hardships which their men endured. A careworn and often thread-bare exterior could not conceal the polished and easy grace of their Southern training. Not a few frankly acknowledged their misgivings with respect to this invasion, and said that some of their prominent leaders had opposed it. Still they insisted that their cause in the end would triumph. And that for several reasons:

The South was a unit. It had the sympathy of England and France. Its repeated victories indicated that Divine Providence was on their side. This view they sought to impress upon their private soldiers. Some of these fought from a mistaken notion of principle, some to avenge the wrongs which they or their friends suffered at the hands of the Union Army, some from a feeling of desperation, and others because they were forced to do it.

An intelligent young man from Louisiana told me that his father had been one of the wealthiest planters in his part of the state. He owned vast plantations and hundreds of negroes. The Union Army drove him from his beautiful home, whereby the family was impoverished. The father died, possibly of grief. And then with quivering lips, he said, "My dear mother, in her old age, must now work among strangers for a livelihood. My sisters, educated and trained in all the elegant accomplishments of the best society, sew and perform other service to gain a subsistence. And all that I have in the world are these faded clothes which you see me wear. Rather than live under a Government which has reduced my aged parents and sisters to poverty and myself to these filthy rags I wear, I will let my bones bleach in your valley."

Instead of cherishing feelings of resentment, my heart went out in kindly sympathy towards such men as he. Perhaps, had we been born, bred and treated in the South as they had been, we would have felt and acted as they had. They were too noble to be thus slaughtered, or slaughter their northern brethren. Thank God, the days of peace and kindly feeling have returned. The North and the South forgive and forget the cruelties and wrongs of the past, and labor harmoniously to secure a peaceful and prosperous future for our united country.

## DOTTINGS FROM THE OLD WORLD.

N. C. S.

After a young man has made up his mind to take a trip through Italy, he carefully studies the guide-books and almost commits to memory the advice, which they give in the introduction. He learns, that it is advisable to eat only at restaurants, which have a price-list, that he must closely examine all bills, lest items be put down, which do not belong there, or mistakes be made in the addition—in short, that he must deal with all men as if they were rascals, provided he does not wish to be cheated. Thus forewarned, he considers himself forearmed ; he crosses the Alps determined that no one shall impose upon him.

Experience soon takes the conceit out of him. On arriving at the first railway station he has no time to get paper money for his gold. The man in the ticket-office will not allow him any premium on his Napoleons (20-franc pieces) ; the guard refuses to let him slip into the train unless he shows his ticket; hence, he must either miss the train or lose the agio ; between the two evils, he chooses the latter and vows that he will never be caught in this way again. A few days later he enters a bookstore, buys a book, gets the benefit of the agio, because he bargains for it, but on returning to the hotel finds that he has paid several francs more than the printed retail price. At Rome a cab-driver changes a five-franc note for him, and all the change given turns out to be counterfeit. It is late in the evening when he arrives at Genoa. The landlord assigns him a very large room. Following the advice of the guide-book, he takes the precaution to ask the price and finds the room astonishingly cheap for its size and excellent furniture. He retires without being able to solve the mystery. He wakes up next morning, imagining that the day has just commenced to dawn, and yet his head feels as if he had slept too long. By looking at his watch he finds that the sun rose long ago. On further examination, he discovers that the windows of his room face a passage scarcely three feet wide, and that if he wishes to read or write, he must burn a candle in the middle of the day. Nothing, however, raises his ire more than when he perceives a “drummer” trying to

fee the cab-driver to tell him that the hotel to which he wishes to go, is unknown, or, at least, never visited by respectable people.

At hotels, the waiters are seldom at hand when you want them, but when you leave they are sure to be about, and to stretch out their hand for a "trinkgeld." These trinkgelder are the great nuisances of modern Europe. They annoy the traveler at every step of his progress. At the eating saloons, it has become a rule to pay five per cent. more than the regular bill,—a custom from which no one can deviate without great inconvenience to himself. In large cities, like Vienna and Paris, the waiters pay large sums of money annually for the privilege of waiting on the guests. In Italy, whenever a door bell is to be rung, some beggar is sure to render his services without being asked, in the hope that the stranger will throw him several coppers as a reward for his kindness. I was particularly struck by the coolness of these beggars, when I visited the baths of Caracalla. My companions were two graduates from Brown, one from Yale and one from Dickinson. In such company many incidents of college days are related, and every opportunity for getting off a joke is scrupulously improved. As soon as the horses had stopped, the representative from Dickinson jumped out, opened the door of the carriage and held out his hat to the rest of us, much to the amusement of the cab-drivers in the vicinity. The door-bell was rung by the inevitable beggar. Nevertheless, our Dickinson hero rang again, held out his hat a second time, thereby causing shouts of laughter among the spectators. Nothing daunted by the fun made at his expense, the beggar had the audacity to ask for a trinkgeld, when we took our departure.

The annoyances to which the Italian traveler is subjected, reach their climax at Naples. Here the streets swarm with beggars and bootblacks. The cabmen purposely drive in front of well-dressed persons who are in the act of crossing the street. They are the most impolite and impudent mortals on the face of the earth. They never think of asking less than twice the rate fixed by law. In a case of emergency they can get any number of persons to testify that any exorbitant sum, which they may specify, is the legal rate. It is not advisable to let them know, when one is going to a neighboring town like Resina, for the purpose of ascending Mt. Vesuvius; because in that event they manage, if possible, to arrive at the depot a few minutes after the train has left, whereby they hope to secure employment for the entire day. The worst feature is, that the trains do not always run regularly; they sometimes leave before the time specified in the printed time-table.

An American merchant, whom we met at Pompeii, where he had been spending the winter on account of his health, advised us on our return to Naples, to visit the burial ground of the poor, which lies on the outskirts of the city. After some bargaining we succeeded in hiring a coachman to take us thither. As long as we were bargaining with him he pretended to know its exact locality, but from the inquiries which he made among his colleagues, we soon perceived that he knew nothing about it. At first he would only find out the direction in which it was situated. He asked several persons along the route, but received no satisfactory information. Finally we met a boy carrying a coffin upon his head, who gave an explicit account of the way thither. The driver stopped at a place inclosed by four walls. Inside we perceived large square stones fitted into the ground and arranged in rows. The crevices around several of the stones appeared to be newly plastered. By actual count I found that the stones form a perfect square, there being nineteen in each side. Hence there would be almost one for every day in the year. Meanwhile the coffins were brought in, one after the other. At six o'clock a priest came and sprinkled them with consecrated water. By means of a lever one of the stones was forced out. It covered a large hole, at the bottom of which could be seen the bones of those buried one year ago. The coffins were opened and the corpses were pitched into the hole without a tear or a sigh. Many of them looked as if they had slowly wasted away for the want of food. Our coachman met us as we were going out, shaking his head, evidently feeling relieved that he could take his departure from such a horrible scene. In the same locality is the burial ground of the rich; a spot laid out in beautiful walks, adorned with trees and flowers, and with magnificent tombstones made out of the finest Italian marble. So far as the mortal eye can see, the contrast between the rich and the poor is not even destroyed by death.

Happy is the man whom poverty confronts in forms which do not put relief out of the question; for he is then in a position to develop those feelings of sympathy and charity which enoble the human heart; it is then possible for him to enjoy the satisfaction which flows from deeds of kindness and mercy shown to suffering humanity. In Italy one hardly knows what to do. To say "No" on all occasions tends to deaden the better nature within us, to steel us against sympathizing with those who suffer; and yet this is the only alternative left to a man of moderate means. The number of applications increases with every gift that is bestowed. Half a franc imprudently bestowed may prove almost fatal, because the fact is soon telegraphed all around, and numberless applications

persecute the unfortunate donor at every step of his career. In all of the larger towns, where the thing is not suppressed by the police, begging has become a regular profession. People dress shabbily that they may excite pity. At Lucca I twice met a man with a child on his arms, which always wept when strangers passed by, but not at other times. Of course, he either pricked or pinched it to make it cry. Never before in my life did I feel such a desire in my fist to send a human being from a vertical to a horizontal position.

Making allowance for such cases of feigned poverty, I am still safe in saying that the eye sees in Italy an extraordinary amount of misery and wretchedness. The soil being rich and fertile, the necessities of life are cheap, and very few think of laying up anything for the future, the aim of all being to get the greatest possible amount of enjoyment out of the present moment. Capital is in the hands of the favored few; manual labor is abundant, and hence supplies the place of labor-saving machinery. At Pompeii, I saw boys who were employed by the State authorities to make further excavations. They carried baskets of rubbish and earth all day long, and their daily wages were not quite fifteen cents in our money. Once we saw a long line of peasants in a field, mostly women, who were headed by two men with long switches, which were brought down with tremendous force upon the backs of such as happened to make a mistake, or showed a tendency to loiter behind. It reminded me of a southern plantation scene before the late civil war. It is said that Italians will do almost anything to earn a little money. They carry baskets of oranges and bottles of wines to the top of Mt. Vesuvius, in the hope of selling them at an advanced price. I saw more than one boy jump into the Bay of Naples to catch the coppers, which the passengers on the steam-boat had wrapped up in paper and then thrown into the water, in order to see how well the little fellows could dive and swim. A few years ago the whole of lower Italy was so much infested by brigands, that no one could go in safety to the famous ruins of the three Greek temples at Pæstum. On our way thither, we met large numbers of soldiers, who had been sent to put a stop to this highway robbery. They patrol the entire country day and night; for king Victor Emanuel is determined to establish peace and order in his newly-acquired dominions.

Extreme poverty usually goes hand in hand with an utter want of cleanliness. The lower classes grovel in rags, and filth, and dirt. Persons who take their meals at restaurants, clean their knives, forks, spoons, tumblers, and plates, with the napkin before they begin to eat. This state of things is, of course, partly the result of igno-

rance. The schools have, thus far, been accessible only to the favored few. The country is full of priests and monks, but, instead of enlightening the people, they try to keep them in the depths of superstition. In St. Peter's, at Rome, the big toe of a bronze statue of an apostle has been kissed so much, that it has lost its original color.

It is said that in some country districts pieces of straw are shown upon which the pope is reported to have slept. The Peter's pence is collected in all Catholic churches to aid the persecuted and oppressed Pope, Pius IX. And yet he lives in a finer palace than any monarch upon the face of the globe. The grounds occupied by the palace of the Vatican and the church of St. Peter, take up more space than the whole city of Turin, which has 180,000 inhabitants. The would-be prisoner of the Vatican has evidently no reason to complain for want of room.

The above is, of course, the dark side of the picture, but it is that which the traveler first sees on his entrance into Italy. Those who consider it a religious duty to get out of a stranger's pocket-book all that they possibly can, are sure to force themselves first into notice. In course of time one learns to pay them back in their own coin. It is grand fun to see how disappointed they look sometimes. Besides, there are pleasures and enjoyments which more than make up for the annoyances above described. The beauties of the sky and scenery, the extensive museums of sculpture, the immense picture galleries, the fine cathedrals, and other wonders of architecture, the massive old ruins with the classic recollections which cluster around them, afford a kind of pleasure and instruction, which cannot be obtained elsewhere.

“Fair Italy !

Thou art the garden of the world, the home  
Of all Art yields, and Nature can decree ;  
Even in thy desert, what is like to thee ?  
Thy very weeds are beautiful, thy waste  
More rich than other climes' fertility ;  
Thy wreck a glory, and thy ruin graced  
With an immaculate charm which cannot be defaced.”

—*Childe Harold, Canto IV., 26.*

**PROPER INTERPRETATION.**—The best interpretation of the Holy Scriptures is by the Scriptures themselves; they must be explained in their connection. Dark passages are made clear by the light of others, if compared in their proper sense. The Bible, the Word of God, does not contradict itself, and is a miraculous work.

## THE BOX-TREE OF THE BIBLE.

BY REV. ISAAC K. LOOS.

Hebrew *Teashur*.*Buxus Semperfurens*.—Linn.

"How goodly looks Cytorus, evergreen,  
with boxen groves."—*Virg. Georg. ii.*, 437.

The box-tree belongs to the botanical order *Euphorbiaceæ*, and abounds in Asia and Southern Europe, particularly Spain. The best boxwood still comes from the Levant. It was formerly so common in some parts of England, also, as to give its name to several towns, as Boxhill in Surry, and Boxley in Kent. The trees of this sort, cut at the former place in 1815, produced upwards of \$50,000. The Latin names of some Italian towns, as Buxetum and Ditio Buxetana, will likewise recall the former abundance of this tree in certain localities of that favored land. It grows to a height of fifteen to thirty feet, presenting a form that answers but moderately to "erectness, tallness," which is the signification of its Hebrew name. The Septuagint translates *Teashur* variously: *poplar* in Isaiah xli., and *cedar* in the sixtieth chapter. The Vulgate renders it *buxos*, the box-tree. With this, says Gesenius, the Chaldaic version agrees, but Syriac and Hebrew interpreters understand *Sherbin*, a species of cedar. One asks, "Wherefore is it called *Teashur*?" and answers, "Because it is the most happy among all species of cedar." The German, French, and English Bibles agree in rendering it box-tree. It certainly has a well-founded claim to represent the *Teashur* of Isaiah and Ezekiel.

The box-tree is an evergreen, with a stem about six inches thick, split up into numerous branches and limbs, which are clothed with an abundance of small, thick, stiff, oval-shaped, opposite leaves, very smooth and glistening. These may be cut into any desirable shape.\* Pliny, the younger, nephew of Pliny the Elder, from whose Natural History we gain much information, had box-trees in his Tusculan gardens, which were so trimmed as to resemble animals, obelisks, and even his own name. The leaves have been used in England in brewing, instead of hops, but give beer an acrid taste. Its wood is yellowish, hard, heavy, durable, close-grained—its pith nearly obliterated, as is the case with the olive—and is susceptible of a beautiful polish.

\* *Perpetuoque virens buxus. Virens semper at tonsile.*—*Pliny Hist. Nat. xvi.* 28.

"Hard box, and linden of a softer grain."—*Dryden.*

So Pliny : *spississima buxus*. The same writer says, it burns no flame, but others maintain that it burns with a bright, clear flame and emits considerable heat. It bears male and female flowers on the same individual. Its fruit appears in August. All animals have an aversion to it.\* The wood is so heavy, that, like ebony, it sinks in water; so durable that it refuses to rot, neither is it, on account of its bitterness, ever eaten by worms. The tree emits a disagreeable smell—*gravem præfert adorem*—but the excellency of its wood makes amends for this.

The Box loves a limestone soil and a warm, dry situation. Like the pine, it feels best at home in mountainous localities. Its dense foliage and bushy, globelike top, make it an attractive object in any landscape. Its form is so elegant that Persian poets often compare their beautiful grown women to these trees. Its highly valued wood has for ages been used in the manufacture of musical instruments, pipes, flutes, &c.† It also furnished material for furniture, spoons, and combs. A poet, alluding to this fact, humorously tells us :

"Boxcombs bear no small part  
In the militia of the female art;  
They tie the links which hold our gallants fast,  
And spread the nets to which fond lovers haste."

Writing tablets were made of the plain, smooth, yellowish wood of the trunk, and carved furniture and other useful and ornamental articles were made of the marbled root of the tree. The proud Romans, who held this tree sacred to Pluto, early learned its value, and their palaces shone with the splendid polish of boxwood work. Their poets celebrate in lofty strains

‘The boxwood polished with the lathe.’

As far back as the time of Isaiah, it was used in costly architectural work.

The glory of Lebanon shall come unto thee,  
The fir tree, and the pine tree, *and the box*, together,  
To beautify the place of my sanctuary:  
And I will make the place of my feet glorious.—*Isaiah lx. 13.*

It was also used in veneering, and is still highly prized by the wood-engraver, being tough and fine in the grain, and not apt to split.

\* Semen illius cunctis animantibus invisum.—*Pliny H. Nat. 16: 28.*

† Bacchica mugit buxus. And Virgil sings: "Si buxus inflare juvat."

"Nor *box*, nor limes, without their use are made,  
Smooth-grained and proper for the turner's trade,  
Which curious hands may carve, and steel with ease invade."

The box-tablets, mentioned above, were waxed over and then used to write on. Writing, which it was desired to preserve, was engraved in the wood. The great demand for it made it so valuable, that it was sold in some markets by weight. Still more to enhance the value of what was, in itself, so precious, the ancients inlaid it with ivory. Ezekiel, the prophet, speaking of the wealth of Tyre, says: "The company of the Ashurites have made thy benches (or decks) of ivory," the daughter of the Sherbin-cedars; that is, ivory inlaid in cedar-wood, bordered with it. Ezekiel xxvii. 6.\* Among the Romans, no less than among the Orientals, this inlaying of precious wood with ivory was also practised. Virgil mentions

Such ivory as shines  
Inlaid by art in box, or in the Oriental terebinth. †

In medicine the box-tree also contributes its share to the relief of human suffering. An oil formerly distilled from the shavings of its wood, though not equal to modern nostrums, "curing all diseases," was said to possess valuable properties for the healing of at least a few complaints. In Isaiah xli. 19, the box-tree is employed to illustrate the mercies God promises to bestow upon His Church.

I will set in the desert the fir-tree,  
And the pine-tree, and the box-tree, together :  
That they may see and know,  
And consider and understand together.  
That the hand of the Lord has done this,  
And the Holy One of Israel hath created it.

But, on account of the sacred associations clustering around it, the Box-tree did not, at this early period, pass from the memory of the Church. Some writers in the early history of the Christian Church find a place of honor for it in connection with the closing scene of our Saviour's life. Bede, the Venerable, (A. D. 673—735) affirms that the box was one of the four woods of which our Saviour's cross was framed, namely: Cypress, Cedar, Pine, and Box. St. Jerome, who lived about 350 years before the time of Bede, made a similar statement. Other writers, however, insert for pine and box, the palm and the olive. According to the latter :

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\* Gesenius translates *Teashur* and *Ashurim* (the one singular and the other plural) *Sherbin-cedar*, as given in the text.

† Virgil's *Aeneid*, x. 135.

" Nailed were His feet to Cedar, to Palm His hands ;  
Cypress His body bore, title on Olive stands."\*

But it matters not whether the Box composed a part or the whole of our Saviour's cross. Its highest honor is, that the Holy Ghost employed it as a fit emblem of the abiding grace and prosperity of the Church of God. She is the mother of us all. In her, men are born, and born to live forever.

For her my tears shall fall,  
For her my prayers ascend ;  
To her my cares and toils be given,  
Till toils and cares shall end.

### EQUINOCTIAL.

The sun of life has crossed the line ;  
The summer-shine of lengthened light  
Faded and failed, till where I stand  
'Tis equal day and equal night.

One after one, as dwindling hours,  
Youth's glowing hopes have dropped away,  
And soon may barely leave the gleam  
That coldly scores a winter's day.

I am not young ; I am not old ;  
The flush of morn, the sunset calm,  
Paling and deepening, each to each,  
Meet midway with a solemn charm.

One side I see the Summer fields  
Not yet disrobed of all their green ;  
While westerly, along the hills  
Flame the first tints of frosty sheen.

Ah, middle-point, where cloud and storm,  
Make battle-ground of this, my life !  
Where, even-matched, the night and day  
Wage round me their September strife.

I bow me to the threatening gale ;  
I know when that is overpast,  
Among the peaceful forest days,  
An Indian Summer comes at last !

*—Adeline D. T. Whitney.*

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\* Quatuor ex lignis Domini crux dictatur esse, &c.  
Pes crucis est cedrus, corpus tenet alta cypressus ;  
Palma manus retinet, Titulo lætatur Oliva.

WHAT ARE WE CUT OUT FOR ?

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BY THE EDITOR.

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Select a calling for life ; but select the right one. And how to select the right one is not always easy to determine. The most young people show an inclination and aptitude for some pursuit or other in life. Very often they have the inclination without the aptitude. They desire to be something for which they have no talent. Aspire for things too high for them. Sometimes they have the aptitude without the inclination—have a talent for carpentering or blacksmithing, but wish to become merchants. In many young people it is hard to discover what they are fit for. They have talent, but have it in a latent, hidden form. Such must needs experiment a little in hunting an occupation for life. By trying this or that they can soon find out what they are fit for. I know a boy who is always playing at soldiering. Although beyond the age when boys take pleasure in such things, he will spend hours by himself, in marshalling his metallic infantry and cavalry. And the passion seems to be growing with his age. This indicates a native bent and talent for military work, which promises to develop itself into the epaulettes and feather of some future general.

Another is always whittling at something, and usually whittles well; getting his stick of wood into proper shape, and finding a world of pleasure in the use of a small box of tools. If properly directed, he will develop into a carpenter or machinist.

Another is a capital sketcher. He can sketch his little brothers and sisters as natural as life. But somehow he has imbibed a notion that he could become a greater man by studying law, although thus far he has shown no talent for that profession. Better try and train his sketching and painting powers. Possibly he may become an artist.

Select a calling, and then stick to it, if there is any hope of success. Try and find a sphere in some trade, position, or profession, and then "fight it out on that line." Don't slip about from one thing to another, neither aspire after the character of "a universal genius." A jack of all trades never comes to much. He becomes master of none. A German proverb says: "Shoemaker, stick to your last." And if the shoemaker have no last, he had better

make one. Beware of experimenting in inventions; in efforts to make a sudden fortune by means of some patented discovery. Where one makes a fortune in this way, one hundred lose one. I could give a long list of hard-working men, who spent the earnings of years in trying to invent a fortune, and never got it. "Every Yankee is born with a machine shop in his head, and there is no hope for an American boy who can not whittle well." Yes there is. Only he must know what he is fit for.

Many young men have wrong ideas of honor and respectability. Every place of usefulness is alike honorable, provided one fills it well. On this subject the prevailing views of society are false. The paper cap and the working apron of the mechanic are as true a badge of respectability as the medal of honor or the coat of the soldier.

It is better to be the first man in a country village than the obscurest and most insignificant man in a large city. It is better to be a number one shoemaker than a number ten lawyer or doctor. It is better to be an honest brickmaker than a corrupt politician. It is a pity to spoil a good farmer to make a poor merchant or lawyer—poor in character, ability and influence. It is said that when Pierce was elected President of the United States, an old New Hampshire farmer said: "He was a rather big man in New Hampshire, but spread him out over the United States, and he will spread thin."

It is better to fit oneself well for one trade or position in life, than poorly for twenty; better to master one good idea thoroughly, and live by it, than keep nibbling at five hundred without knowing anything about any of them. If the one idea happens to be the wrong one, will not stand the test of experiment, then try to find the right one. A little so-called "bad luck," now and then, will not hurt us. Patrick Henry's calling, as he thought, was the grocery business. But it would not work. Either he was the wrong man for the business, or it the wrong business for the man. He floundered and failed, and his failure turned his life into another channel. But for his failure, he would not have become the eloquent champion of American Independence, and the first orator of his age. Roger Sherman learned a shoemaker's trade, but he could not make a living by it. His failure turned his life into a new way. He found it bootless to make boots. He cut bristles and staked his "all" on the "rights of man." Had he not failed in shoe-making, Roger Sherman would not have become a Signer of the Declaration of Independence. Some defeats, if properly improved, lead to victory. A certain writer says:

"There is a mistaken idea, common to many parents, that their

children are as well adapted to one employment as another, and that they only need opportunities to learn regarding this pursuit or that, to become proficients and rise to eminence. More than half the sad failures so commonly observed are due to being forced into the wrong road in early life. Young men are forced into pulpits, when they should be following the plough ; forced into courts of law when they should be driving the plane in a carpenter's shop ; forced into sick-rooms, as physicians, when they should be guiding a locomotive, or heading an exploring party into the Rocky Mountains ; forced into industrial laboratories when they should be in the counting-room or shop.

It is a wise provision of Providence that nearly every boy born into the world has some peculiar distinctive capability, some aptness for a particular calling or pursuit; and if he is driven into channels contrary to his instincts and tastes, he is in antagonism with nature, and the odds are against him. One of the earliest and most anxious inquiries of parents should be directed to the discovery of the leanings of their children, and if they find that their boy, who they earnestly desire shall adorn the bar or the pulpit, is persistently engaged in constructing toy ships, and wading in every puddle of water to test their sailing qualities, if he reads books of voyages, and when in a seaport steals away to the wharves, to visit ships, and talk with sailors, it is certain he is born for the sea. Fit him out with a sailor's rig, put him in the best possible position for rising to the honorable position of ship-master, and you have discharged your duty. If, on the other hand, he is logical, discriminating, keen, fond of argument, let him enter the law. If he is fond of whittling, planing, sawing, constructing, and neglects his studies, turn him over to a good carpenter to learn the trade. If he begins early to spend his pennies for sulphur, nitre, oil of vitriol, *aqua fortis*, etc. ; if he is such a persistent experimenter that you fear he will kill himself, or set your buildings on fire ; if his pockets are full of abominable drugs, and his clothing so charged with the odor of stale eggs that you refuse to admit him to the table at meal times—why, the chances are that he is a “born” chemist, and it will be safe to start him off to some technical school for instruction.

The question is, not what we will make of our boys, but what position they are manifestly designed to fill ; in what direction does nature point, as respects avocations and pursuits in life, which will be in harmony with their capabilities and instincts ? It is no use for us to repine and find fault with the supposed vulgar tastes of our boys. We must remember that no industrial calling is vulgar ; every kind of labor is honorable ; and it is far better to be distinguished as a first-class cobbler or peddler than to live the contemptible life of a fifth-rate lawyer or clergyman.

## LUTHER'S BURIAL.

The body of Luther, encased in a leaden coffin, was placed in St. Andrew's church at Eisleben, on the 19th of February, 1546. On the following morning, after appropriate funeral services conducted by Pastor Coelius, it was placed upon a hearse and taken to Wittenberg for burial. The following description of the funeral cortege and of the burial of Luther is given by Dr. Stowe:

"As the mournful procession began to move from Eisleben, the whole city and surrounding country were emptied of their inhabitants, who crowded after the hearse, and by their tears and sobs and loud weeping testified how deeply they felt their loss. At 5 o'clock in the evening the train arrived before the walls of Halle, and here the crowd became so dense that they were two hours in forcing the hearse along from the gate to St. Mary's church, a distance of about fifteen or twenty rods. As the hearse was slowly making its way along through the mass of human beings, a voice in the crowd began to sing the first hymn which Luther published:

*'Aus tiefer Noth schrei ich zu dir,  
Mein Gott erhor mein Ruf'en.'*  
('In deep distress I call to Thee,  
My God regard my crying —')

and the whole multitude joined in the singing, but could scarcely complete a single line before their voices were choked by their sobs, and they all wept aloud. Then they began to sing again; and thus alternately singing and weeping, they at length deposited the body in St. Mary's church; and even then they could not be persuaded to disperse, but stood around the church the whole night.

"At 6 o'clock in the morning of the 21st, the hearse started again, followed by the same weeping throng, and meeting everywhere on the way the same demonstrations of grief; and at mid-day on the 22d it arrived before the outer gate at Wittenberg, where it was met with all the honors which could be conferred on a sovereign prince. The mayor's carriage stood just outside of the gate, and in it were the bereaved wife and her younger children, awaiting the arrival of her elder sons with the dead body of their father. There were many affecting scenes connected with Luther's death, but none more thrilling, more heart-rending than the meeting of that mother and her sons.

"After some interruption, the procession went on to the castle church, which was immediately crowded in every part; every door and window was filled, and every street and avenue leading to it was thronged with mourners intently weeping. Bugenhagen and Melanchthon were in the pulpit. The first arose, and with tolerable composure pronounced his text: 1 Thess. 4: 13-15—but the moment he commenced his sermon he broke out into an uncontrollable fit of weeping, in which all the congregation joined; and the infection spreading through the streets and avenues without, the whole city resounded with one loud and bitter wail.

"At length they were hushed to silence, and the sermon was resumed. After the sermon by Bugenhagen, Melanchthon addressed the members of the University in Latin, and the coffin was lowered into the vault, under the broad aisle beneath the pulpit. The vast assembly broke up, and each man returned to his home, pondering within himself and intently wondering whether it could be really so that never again would they see Luther's noble form in their streets, and never again hear his thrilling voice in their churches. He had lived, and taught, and preached in Wittenberg thirty-eight years, and from the time of his first arrival had been the central point of interest to all who inhabited or visited the city, and is so to this day.

"After the lapse of three centuries, the city of Wittenberg, though one of the strongest fortresses and most important military stations in Europe—and though it has been the scene of battles and sieges which might have immortalized any other town—is seldom thought of or visited except as the place where Luther labored, and where his bones are buried. . . The grave of Luther is secured by an iron grating, and covered with a thick, heavy plate of bronze, on which is the following simple inscription: 'Martini Lutheri S. Theologiæ doctoris corpus h. l. s. e., qui anno Christi MDLXVI XII. Cal. Martii Eyslebii in patria S. M. O. C. V. ann. LXIIIMIIDX.' "



#### BOOKS IN THE OLDEN TIME.

---

IN our days when books so abound, and when slightly injured copies, or those which are no longer wanted, are often sold for a few pennies a pound to the rag-man, it is hard to realize the immense value attached to them before the art of printing was known. The libraries of the world were mostly shut up in monasteries, and the thunders of the Church were proclaimed against those who should injure or disperse them. To bequeath a book to a church

or a monastery was so solemn and praiseworthy an act that it was offered upon the altar, and absolution for past sins was bestowed on the giver by these pretenders to divine power.

The Countess of Anjou paid for a copy of homilies two hundred sheep, five quarters of wheat, and the same of rye and millet. King Alfred paid for a single book an estate containing "as much land as five plows could labor."

In 1471, when Louis XI. borrowed some medical works from the faculty of medicine in Paris, he was obliged to deposit a large quantity of plate as a pledge that it should be restored, and also to procure a rich nobleman to join him as security.

Jerome states that he ruined himself by buying the works of Origen, which usually fetched double or treble their weight in gold.

Plato bought three books for twelve hundred dollars. A grammarian, who was ruined by fire, rebuilt his house by two small volumes of Cicero. A fast young student of Pavia, who had squandered his substance by riotous living, reared a new fortune out of a manuscript body of laws.

In the year 1272 it would have required the entire wages of a laboring man for fifteen years to buy a copy of the Bible. The early copies of the Sacred Word were kept only in the churches, chained to the altar that they might not be removed. Happy indeed was that household who possessed an inmate sufficiently accomplished to copy off even a portion of it for family use. Such treasures were prized above jewels and lands, and when the Word was read it was listened to with the eagerness that one hears important news in our day.—*Luth. Observer.*

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#### CARNAL SECURITY.

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A number of men are up stairs in a house, amusing themselves with a game of cards. What is that? The window is red! What is that cry in the streets? "*The house is on fire!*" says one. "Oh," answers another, "shuffle the cards again, let us finish the game; we have plenty of time." "*Fire! Fire! Fire!*" The cry arises more sharply from the streets, but the gamblers continue their game. One of them swaggeringly boasts, "It's all right my brave boys, yon door leads to the roof, and we can get out at the last minute. I know the way over the leads—it's all right, go ahead with the game." Presently one of them nervously inquires, "Are you sure we can get through that door?" and he goes to try, but finds it locked. "Never mind," is the answer, "I have the key." "But are you sure you have the key?" "Oh, yes! I am sure

I have, here it is ; try it for yourself, and do not be such a coward, man ; try it." The man tries the key. "It will not turn," says he. "Let me try," says his friend. He puts it in the lock, but lo, it will not turn ! "Oh God!" he shrieks, "*it's the wrong key!*" Now, Sirs, will ye go back to your game again ? No, now they will strain every nerve, and labor with might and main to open the door, only to find that it is all too late for them to escape.

So many of our hearers are saying, "Oh, yes ! what the preacher says is well enough, but you know we can repent whenever we like ; we have power to obtain the grace of God whenever we please ; we know the way ; have we not been told over and over again simply to trust Christ ?—and we can do that whenever we please—we are safe enough." *Ah, but suppose you can not believe whenever you please?* Suppose the day shall come when you shall call upon the Lord, and He will not answer ; when you shall stretch out your hand, but no man shall regard ! Suppose you should one day cry, "Lord, Lord, open to us," and the answer should be, "I never knew you, depart, ye cursed !" O procrastinator, if you think that you can repent now, *why do you not repent now?* You believe that you have full power to do so ! Oh, do it, do it, and do not trifle with that power, lest when the power is gone, you find, too late, that in one sense you never possessed it !

---

#### FLIES OF 1776.

The cackling of a goose is fabled to have saved Rome from the Gauls, and the pain produced by a thistle to have warned a Scottish army of the approaching Danes ; but we never heard that flies contributed to hasten American Independence, till we read the following anecdote in Randall's Life of Jefferson :

While the question of Independence was before Congress, it had its meeting near a livery stable. Its members wore short breeches and silk stockings, and, with handkerchief in hand, they were diligently employed in lashing the flies from their legs. So very vexatious was this annoyance, and to so great an impatience did it arouse the sufferers, that it hastened, if it did not aid in inducing them to promptly affix their signatures to the great document which gave birth to an empire republic !

The anecdote I had from Mr. Jefferson, at Monticello, who seemed to enjoy it very much, as well as to give credit to the influence of the flies. He told it to me with much glee, and seemed to retain a vivid recollection of the severity of an attack from which the only relief was signing the paper and flying from the flies.

## THY NEIGHBOR AND THYSELF.

BY GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

For thy own weal and others' labor,  
And not alone for fame and pelf;  
For he who wisely helps his neighbor  
Will find that he has helped himself.  
And should thy wayward brother stumble  
And fall upon the dusty road,  
Though poor, ill-clad, ill-fed, and humble,  
Be brave, and dare to lift his load.

Aid him in every true endeavor  
To scale the rugged hills of time;  
Labor for others, is the lever,  
That lifts a life to heights sublime.  
Heal the poor heart that's almost broken;  
Let hope displace distrust and fear;  
Let happy words be softly spoken,  
Like notes of music to the ear.

The skill of man can not dissever  
The threefold cord of kindred ties;  
There is a law that lasts forever,  
That links us here and in the skies.  
Then let us strive to aid each other:  
Forgive as we would be forgiven;  
For if we love not one another,  
Our hearts have more of earth than heaven.

---

## THE RIGHT KIND OF SABBATH-SCHOOL BOY.

Tom dropped a large, fine, red apple out of the front window, which rolled pretty near the iron railing between our grass-plot and the street. Tom forgot to pick it up. Pretty soon two boys came along.

"Oh, my!" cried one, "see that bouncer of an apple. Let's hook it."

The other boy nudged him, with a whisper, "Shut up: the folks are looking," and on they went.

A little girl next passed. She spied the apple and stopped, looking very hard at it, then put her hands to the rails, and tried to

reach it. Her fingers just touched it. She looked round, a man was coming down the street. The girl withdrew her hand and passed on.

A ragged little fellow passed by soon after. "That boy will grab the apple," I said to myself, peeping through the blinds. His bright eyes at once caught sight of it, and he stopped. After looking a moment, he ran across the street and picked up a stick. He poked the stick through the rails, and rolled the apple near enough to pick it up. Turning it over in his grimy hands, I could not help seeing how he longed to eat it. Did he pocket it and run? No.

He came up the steps and rang the door-bell. "I found this big apple in your yard," said the boy, "and I thought may be you dropped it out, and didn't know it was there; so I picked it up and fetched it to you."

"Why did you not eat it?" I asked.

"Oh," said he, "it isn't mine."

"It was almost into the street," I said, "where it would not have been hard to find an owner."

"Almost is not altogether," replied the boy, "which Mr. Curtis says makes all the difference in the world."

"Who is Mr. Curtis?"

"My Sabbath-school teacher. He explains the eighth commandment; and I know it; what is better I mean to stick to it. What's the use of knowing except you act up to it?" Here he handed me the apple.

"Will you please take the apple?" I said. "I am glad you brought it in, for I like to know honest boys. What is your name?"

He told me. I need not tell you: only I think you will agree with me, that he is the right kind of Sabbath-school scholar. He squares his conduct by the faithful Christian instruction which he gets there.

---

### THINGS THAT LAST.

Let us now look at those things that "will never wear out."

I have often heard a poor blind girl sweetly sing, "Kind words will never die." Ah! we believe that these are among the things that "will never wear out." And we are told in God's own book to be "kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another."

The word of the Lord will never wear out. Though the grass shall wither, and the flowers fall away, the word of the Lord endureth forever. 1 Peter i. 24, 25.

The life of the righteous will never wear out. They will live in the world to come as long as God shall live; but the death of the wicked will last forever.

The joys of the kingdom of heaven will never wear out. The people of this world soon die; but the enjoyments of that world will never end.

The crown of glory will never wear out. The crown of the winner in the Olympic games soon faded; the crowns of kings all wear out; but the crown of glory will never fade away. 1 Peter v. 4.

The "new song" will never wear out. We hear sometimes that some of our tunes are worn threadbare; but that will never be said of the new song.

Which will you choose? the lasting, or that which wastes away? The things of time, or of eternity? Will you choose wealth, honor, fame, or the joys of heaven, eternal life, the crown of glory and the "new song?" May God enable us to make a wise choice; and, with Joshua, may we choose to serve the Lord.—*Christian Treasury.*

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#### TELL YOUR MOTHER.

I wonder how many girls tell their mother everything! Not those "young ladies" who, going to and from school, smile, bow, and exchange notes and cartes de visite with young men who make fun of you and your pictures, speaking in a way that would make your cheeks burn with shame, if you heard it. All this, most incredulous and romantic young ladies, they will do; although they gaze at your fresh young faces admiringly, and send or give you charming verses or bouquets. No matter "what other girls may do," don't you do it. School-girl flirtations may end disastrously, as many a foolish and wretched young girl could tell you. Your yearning for some one to love is a great need of woman's heart. But there is a time for everything. Don't let the bloom and freshness of your heart be brushed off in silly flirtation. Render yourself truly intelligent. And above all tell your mother everything. "Fun," in your dictionary would be indiscretion in hers. It would do no harm to look and see. Never be ashamed to tell her, who should be your best friend and confidant, all you think and feel. It is very strange that so many young girls will tell every person before "mother," that which it is most important she should know. It is very sad that indifferent persons should know more about her fair young daughter than she herself.—*Fanny Fern.*

MAN'S AGE.

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Professor Faraday believed in Flousin's physiological theory that the age of man is one hundred years. The duration of life, he says, is to be measured by the time of growth. When once the bones and epiphysis are united, the body grows no more, and it is in twenty years this union is effected in man.

In the camel it takes place at eight, in the horse at five, in the lion at four, in the dog at two, in the rabbit at one. The natural termination of life is five times that of the development period. Man being twenty years in growing, lives five times twenty years, that is to say, one hundred years; the camel is eight years in growing, and lives forty years; the horse is five and lives twenty-five years, and so on with other animals.

The man who does not die from disease lives from eighty to a hundred years. Providence has given man a century of life, but he does not attain it because he inherits disease, eats unwholesome food, gives way to his passions, and permits vexation to disturb his healthy equipoise; he does not die; he kills himself.

Life may be divided into equal halves—growth and decline, and these into infancy, youth, vitality and age. Infancy extends to the twentieth year, youth to the fiftieth—because it is during this period that the tissue becomes firm; vitality from fifty to seventy-five, during which the organism remains complete; and at seventy-five old age commences, to last a long or short time, as the diminution of reserved forces is hastened or retarded.

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THE HAND THAT SAVED US.

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Two painters were employed to fresco the walls of a cathedral. Both stood on the rude scaffold constructed for their purpose, some forty feet from the floor.

One of them was so intent upon his work that he became wholly absorbed, and in admiration stood off from the picture, gazing at it with intense delight. Forgetting where he was, he moved back slowly, surveying entirely the work of his pencil, until he had neared the edge of the plank upon which he stood. At this critical moment his companion turned suddenly, and, almost paralyzed

with horror, beheld his imminent peril; another instant, and the enthusiast would be precipitated upon the pavement beneath. If he spoke to him, it was certain death; if he held his peace, death was equally sure. Suddenly he regained his presence of mind, and seizing a wet brush, flung it against the wall, spattering the picture with unsightly blotches of coloring. The painter flew forward and turned upon his friend with fierce upbraiding; but starting at his ghastly face, he listened to his recital of danger, looked shudderingly over the dread space below, and with tears of gratitude blessed the hand that saved him.

Just so we sometimes get absorbed upon the pictures of the world, and, in contemplating them, step backward, unconscious of our peril: when the Almighty in mercy dashes our beautiful images, and draws us, at the time we are complaining of His dealings, into His outstretched arms of compassion and love.

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#### JEHOIADA'S IDEA OF GIVING.

In collecting money for the repairs of the temple, which Athaliah and her sons had dilapidated, the good priest did a thing worth noticing. He had a chest placed right alongside the brazen altar in front of the temple, and in the lid of the chest was a hole bored, and into the hole the priests, selected for the purpose, dropped the coins which the people brought, either as their half shekel tax or as the offering for vows, or as the free-will offering to the temple of Jehovah. When I read this story and then read from Paul's First Epistle to the Corinthians, "Upon the first day of the week, let every one of you lay by him in store, as God hath prospered him," I cannot help thinking that *giving is a part of worship!* Close alongside the great altar where the type of the Lamb of God was offered up was the money chest. How exalted giving to the Lord's cause is in this light! and Paul calls it Sunday work, puts it with prayer, and praise and Bible instruction, and all that is improving to the soul.

I take it that if all Christians in our land would entertain the notion of Jehoiada and Paul about giving to the Lord (and it is not their notion but the Holy Ghost's), our spiritual temple would not be so dilapidated—thousands would flow forth from willing hearts, where now hundreds are squeezed out. Take the idea, my brother with the long purse, yes, and my brother with the short purse, too. Make your giving a part of your worship, and then thank Jehoiada and Paul, but above all the Lord, for making your Christian life the happier. —*Dr. Crosby.*

## The Sunday-School Drawer.

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COLERIDGE says there are four kinds of readers: The hour-glass, whose reading runs in and out, and leaves no trace of gain. The second, like the sponge, takes every thing. The third retains only refuse that some one would throw away. But the fourth, like the miner among gems, keeps the gems, and casts away the clippings.

MANY a preacher, says Dr. Broadus, in the Baptist *Teacher*, does not know to this day that speaking to children and teaching them in Sunday-school has been the making of him. Without it he would have been dry and dull. And, as good books for children are delightful to grown people, so the concrete, pictorial, and direct style of speaking which is indispensable in addressing children, is almost helpful and needful thing in preaching to adults.

DON'T GIVE LIQUOR TO CHILDREN.—One of the first literary men in the United States said to the writer, after speaking on the subject of temperance:—"There is one thing, which, as you visit different places, I wish you to do everywhere; that is to entreat every mother never to give a drop of strong drink to a child. I have had to fight as for my life and all my days to keep from dying a drunkard, because I was fed with spirits when a child. I acquired a taste for it. My brother, poor fellow, died a drunkard. I would not have a child of mine take a drop of it for anything. Warn every mother, wherever you go, never to give a drop to a child."

LIVE NEAR A CHURCH.—We fear that the convenience of being near the church, with easy opportunities to enjoy its spiritual advantages, is not always taken into account in selecting a home. Near the rail-road, near the market, near the post-office, near business, are all considered items of interest in settling and building. We have known people in our larger towns and cities to sacrifice much usefulness and spiritual improvement by settling so far from church that the children could not get to Sunday-school, nor the parents get there to teach them. Prayer-meeting became almost impossible; night service had to be given up; nothing left, indeed, but the Sabbath-morning service.

THE EYE OF A NEEDLE.—The passage from the New Testament, "It is easier for a camel," etc., has perplexed many good men who have read it literally. In oriental cities there are in the large gates small and very low apertures, called metaphorically "needles' eyes," just as we talk of windows on shipboard as "bulls' eyes." These entrances are too narrow for a camel to pass through them in the ordinary manner, or even if loaded. When a loaded camel has to pass through one of these entrances, it kneels down its load is removed, and then it shuffles through on its knees. "Yesterday,"

writes Lady Duff Gordon from Cairo, "I saw a camel go through the eye of a needle—that is, the low arched door of an enclosure. He must kneel, and bow his head to creep through; and thus the rich man must humble himself."

**OUR THOUGHT-BASKET.**—Very often, when a lesson has been given in our schools or classes to a party of eager listeners, one of their teachers is accustomed to say, before closing, "Now, out with your thought baskets! What are you going to carry away?" The children know exactly what this means, and each one tries to recall some clear, distinct thoughts from the lesson which they may carry off for their every-day lives, and which they are not to leave behind on the stairs or in the class-room.

**NEVER BE ASHAMED TO PRAY.**—Some young persons are afraid or ashamed to be seen at prayer alone. They think their playmates will laugh at them. But this is very wrong. An excellent minister of the gospel who has been greatly useful says that all his usefulness in the ministry and the church of God may be traced to the sight of a companion, who slept in the same room with him, bending his knees in prayer on retiring to rest. "Nearly fifty years have rolled away," he says, "but that little chamber and couch, with the praying youth, are still present, and will never be forgotten even amid the splendors of heaven."

IN a recent lecture on the Roman Catacombs, Dean Stanley, of Westminster Abbey, said that the oldest chambers of the catacombs, which dated from about the beginning of the second century, contained representations of a joyous nature. There were no crosses or illustrations of torture, or death's heads, but wreaths of roses and children at play. Heathen paintings were very freely copied, the figures of Orpheus, Psyche and Bacchus being frequent. In the midst of so much heathen imagery was the frequent representation of the Good Shepherd. The religion of the first Christians, as it appeared in the catacombs, was a religion of a joyful nature, one which had a tendency not to repel but to include, not to condemn but to save. Besides the Good Shepherd the most prominent figure was the vine, which ran over the whole chamber.

**MARtha AND MARY.**—Commend us to our good brethren of the clergy for anecdotes of pith and delicacy. At the house of the late Dr. Archer, in London, there was a gathering of friends, and among them Dr. Harris, author of "Mammon," and Dr. Phillip, of Maberly Chapel, author of "The Marthas," "The Marys," etc. In the course of conversation the question was mooted, which was the most amiable of the two sisters of Bethany, Mary or Martha? Dr. Archer replied:

"I prefer Martha for the unselfishness of her character, in being more ready to provide for the comfort of our Lord than gratify herself."

"Pray," rejoined Dr. Harris, addressing Dr. Phillip, "what is your view? Which of the two do you think would have made the best wife?"

"Well, really," replied the good man, "I'm at a loss; though I dare say, were I making the choice for myself, I should prefer Mary."

Dr. Archer, turning to Dr. Harris, said, smartly, "Pray, Dr. Harris, which of the two should you prefer?"

The author of "Mammon" was only for a moment disconcerted, and replied, in a style that set the table in a roar: "Oh, I think I should choose Martha *before* dinner, and Mary *after* it."—EDITOR'S DRAWER, in *Harper's Magazine* for December.

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# PROSPECTUS FOR 1874

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## THE GUARDIAN:

# A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

Devoted to the Social, Literary and Religious Interests of  
Young Men and Ladies.

Rev. B. BAUSMAN, D. D., Editor.

THE GUARDIAN enters upon its XXVth volume, on the first of January 1874 It has a sufficient history to establish its character, and to show its fruits. In its principles, purposes and general spirit, no changes are proposed. The True, the Beautiful, and the Good are unchangeable—error and sin are always the same. Its editorial management is committed, as heretofore, to the Rev. B. BAUSMAN, D. D., whose name, of itself, the publishers regard as the most satisfactory guarantee of the high tone and general interest which should characterize the family magazine.

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This Magazine will be, as heretofore, devoted to the highest interests of the young, at the most solemn and interesting period of their life. It will offer its friendly counsels to them in an earnest, though free and cheerful way. It will solemnly seek to warn them against the wrong, and affectionately lure them to the right. The Editor will endeavor to make its contents true, pure, fresh, and healthy as the morning of life. It will particularly urge self-culture and early piety as of the highest importance, and cultivate the home feeling as a sacred element in social purity and peace. It will seek to move in the element of its motto:—“Life—Light—Love.”

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“LIFE, LIGHT, LOVE.”

THE

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A. W. Denison, R. C. Glenn, G. Rummel, M. Fritz, S. L. Whitmore, Rev. G. H. Johnston  
Rev. Dr. J. G. Zahner, Rev. J. Kretzing, E. M. Kachline, W. R. Yeich, Miss J. E. Swortzel,  
J. K. Moyer, Rev. D. W. Kelley, L. Hoover.

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## GUARDIAN, NOVEMBER, 1874.

### MONIES RECEIVED.

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# THE GUARDIAN.

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VOL. XXV. NOVEMBER, 1874.

No. 11.

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## THE STRASSBURG MINSTER.

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N. C. S.

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We had scarcely crossed the Rhine, when an unexpected turn in the railroad caused the Minster suddenly to loom up before our eyes in all its grandeur and sublimity. Just as a person moves around an interesting object to see it on all sides, so the train moves half way round the city, giving the new-comer a view from three different sides. The lofty spire, symbolizing the upward longings, the heavenward aspirations of the human spirit, draws the thoughts away from earth, and enchains the attention upon itself to the exclusion of everything else. The eye rests upon it with a steady gaze, while the soul is wrapped up in feelings of awe and admiration. Indeed the first glimpses of this Cathedral can never be forgotten; they form an epoch in a man's life, for they give him the happy feeling that his boyish dream of seeing the highest edifice in Europe is at length realized.

The next day while standing at one of the doors, I for the first time realized what is meant by looking twice to see the top of a thing. For when I looked the first time, I saw only half way up. It required a second jerk before I got my head back far enough to see to the top. There is many a saying, with which we are familiar in boyhood, whose true meaning we only learn later in life.

From time immemorial the spot upon which the Minster stands, has been sacred in the eyes of man. Tradition represents it as having been in very ancient times a very beautiful hill, which toward the West sloped down into a sort of ravine, that was filled up long ago. Around it stood the Celtic huts with vaulted roofs and doors, sheltered by heaps of stones. Upon it grew a sacred grove, enclosed by a rudely constructed stone wall. In this grove was erected a kind of rostrum (Dolmen), from which the oracles of

the gods were proclaimed. Here also new leaders of the people were appointed, and the war-god Hesus was worshipped, who had been their leader and law-giver in days of yore, and to whom in times of great distress even human sacrifices were offered.

After the Gauls had been conquered by the Romans, the primitive Celtic huts were supplanted by a city, regularly built and fortified with walls and machicolated towers. Upon the space occupied by the shady grove, a Roman temple was erected in honor of Hercules and Mars, as is clearly shown by certain statues that were found here in later years. But in the middle of the fourth century the inhabitants were converted by Bishop Amandus, and a Christian church was erected upon the ruins of the heathen temple. Early in the following century the settlement was destroyed by the barbarous hordes, that came across the Rhine, but in the year 510 a church was again built upon the same spot by Prince Chlodwig,\* who had been induced to embrace Christianity by a victory vouchsafed to him by the God of the Christians. Subsequent monarchs gave large grants of land and other property to the Bishop of this church ; the people belonging to the bishopric were freed from the jurisdiction of the Duke ; and in the days of Charlemagne the merchants were exempted from the many burdensome taxes that were usually imposed upon merchants living in the Frankish Empire.

After the death of Otho III., two rivals claimed the imperial

\* When Chlodwig first conquered the Gauls, he allowed his warriors to plunder the churches. Being anxious to conquer Burgundy, which in its united state was too strong for him, he married a Catholic Princess of the kingdom, Clothilda by name, who was a deadly enemy of the reigning king, because he had murdered her father. Chlodwig's first son was baptized, but when he died shortly afterwards, Clothilda looked upon it as a punishment inflicted by the incensed gods. But when the second son recovered shortly after baptism from a dangerous illness, he looked again with more favor upon Christianity. His conversion was decided in the year 496. In a battle, which he fought with the Allemani at Zülpich near Bonn, his troops began to waver, and since his all was at stake, he called upon the God of his wife for aid, and vowed that he would embrace Christianity if the battle would end in his favor. After the victory his wife sent for St. Remigius, Archbishop of Rheims to instruct and baptize the king. While listening to the account of the crucifixion, he is said to have uttered the wish, that he had been on hand with his Franks, so that he might have given affairs a different turn. The following Christmas he was baptized, on which occasion the Archbishop said to him : "Bow thy head in humility ; burn what thou hast hitherto worshipped, and worship what thou hast hitherto burned." The transaction is described by Hincmar, who also relates, that inasmuch as the consecrated oil did not arrive in time, a dove brought a vessel of oil from heaven. This vessel is said to have been the Ampulla, out of which the French Kings were anointed since the year 1179. It was broken in 1794, but again restored in 1824.

Crown of Germany. Strassburg and its Bishop declared in favor of Louis of Bavaria; hence the other claimant, Duke Herman of Swabia and Alsace, attacked the city, ascended its walls, and gave it over to plunder. His greedy warriors broke into the Cathedral, carried off every thing valuable, and then set the church on fire. He was afterwards obliged to make good the damage thus done, and the church was again partly repaired; but after the lapse of five years a stroke of lightning caused another fire, and Bishop Werner now determined to erect a new Cathedral in the style of architecture then in vogue. His own large income, the taxes, which the clergy laid upon themselves, and the presents which the Emperor made, enabled him to lay the foundation of the present Minster. It is said that the Emperor Henry II., visited Strassburg while the materials were being collected and hewn into shape, and that the dignified bearing of the clergy and the earnestness of those engaged in the work made such an impression upon him, that he resolved to lay aside the royal purple, and have himself enrolled among the prebendaries. But since the Bishop seemed at once willing to grant the monarch's request, and in the tone of a Superior charged him to remain faithful to the high calling to which he was about to devote himself, he suddenly changed his mind, and conferred upon the Minster a royal living, instead of his own unworthy patronage.

When in the year 1015 the building was commenced, piles were driven into the ground to the depth of thirty feet for the purpose of securing a solid foundation. This circumstance gave rise to a saying among the common people, which represents the Minster as built upon a lake extending as far as the place upon which the Gutenberg monument stands. Some affirm that in the dead stillness of the night they have heard the splashing of the waves and the noises of the monsters which dwell in this subterranean lake. Numerous researches instituted under different magistrates, have proven the saying to be nothing more than a legend.

Another legend states that the work was carried on by from one to two hundred thousand persons, all of whom were actuated by religious zeal, and by the hope of thus promoting the eternal welfare of their souls.

The building of the tower began in the year 1276. On February 2d, the Bishop, surrounded by his clergy, consecrated the spot. A solemn procession moved around the place; the Bishop dug up the first shovel full of earth; the remaining clergy followed his example. Two men got into a quarrel about the shovel used by the bishop, and with it one killed the other upon the spot. This was a bad omen; the work stopped for nine days; a re-consecration took place, and then the work proceeded. The last

stone was laid on St. John's day, of the year 1439, one hundred and sixty-two years after the above-mentioned consecration, and four hundred and thirty-two years after the first preparations for the erection of the Minster. Such slow work would hardly satisfy the go-ahead notions of young America. Even now the edifice cannot be called finished, for the original plan requires a second spire exactly similar to the first.

The building has frequently suffered injury by fires originating through carelessness and from strokes of lightning. In the latter part of the fourteenth century large casks of water were placed upon the vaults and towers; two servants, accompanied by strong dogs, remained every night in the church, so that no one with evil designs might conceal himself therein; and four watchmen remained upon the tower day and night, to give the alarm of fire. Some of these arrangements appear very imperfect to one accustomed to the steam apparatus, and the well organized fire companies of the present day. It is also an interesting fact, and one showing the triumphs of modern science, that since 1833, when lightning rods were put up, not a single stroke of lightning has injured the building.

Earthquakes have several times threatened the Minster with ruin. One of them shook the building so much, that the holy water was splashed a distance of eighteen feet.

During the French Revolution several hundred statues were broken and smashed up by fanatic hands; the proposal was even made to take down the spire, because its prominence among the other buildings of the city was a violation of the principle of equality. The measure met with energetic opposition; nevertheless the Jacobins succeeded in having a large red tin-cap placed on the spire.

At no other time did the Minster suffer so much damage as in the year 1870. For a period of seven weeks did the Prussians throw shot and shell into the city. On the evening of August 23d, began a time of terror for the inhabitants. The fires of that night were indeed quenched, but next day the shots and shells were so numerous, that all thoughts of extinguishing the fires were given up. The French had placed an observatory on the platform; hence the Prussians were obliged to direct their aim at the Minster. It must have been an awful and yet sublime sight, when at midnight, between the 25th and 26th, the flames fed by the melting copper, struck through the holes that had been shot into the roof, and lighted up the entire heavens with a color resembling that of blood. Several bombs struck the corona or drip of the Minster; one pierced the spire immediately below the cross, almost five hundred feet above the ground. It was bent to one side, and would have

fallen, had it not been supported by the strong iron rods, to which the lightning conductors are attached. Immediately after the surrender of the city, the Germans began to repair the church, and by this time nearly every trace of the damage has disappeared.

To describe the inner work of the church, the Façade and other ornaments, would require a pen initiated into all the mysteries of sculpture, architecture, and glass staining. Suffice it to say, that all the principal events of sacred history from the creation to the ascension of our Saviour are represented; that the harmonious arrangement of the inside has a soothing influence upon man, making him forget the outside world, fitting him for worship and communion with God, addressing his aesthetic nature in a way that cannot be described in words, or made intelligible to those who have never visited any of the grand Cathedrals of the Old World.

Of course, the interest of most people centres in the astronomical clock. Every day at noon crowds gather in front of it to see the motions of its figures. It is justly celebrated all over the world. Nearly every traveller gives a description of it, and yet when the inquiring youth seeks for one of these descriptions, he knows not where to look. It may therefore not be out of place in this connection to note the principal peculiarities. The first impression made upon the observer is, that like many fashionable belles of the present day, the clock is but a very small part of itself, the appendages being the main thing. Six years were occupied by Schmilgue in making it. It is the third that occupies this place. The first one stood on the opposite wall; it was made more than five centuries ago, and was the first that contained self-moving figures or images. The second occupied the same frame-work as the present one, and ran two hundred and fifteen years without stopping. For a long time it was an object of the greatest admiration, because it fully answered the demands of science in those days. But astronomy has made such rapid progress in the present century, that the second clock was at length looked upon as being too far behind the age. Its work was taken out and put up elsewhere for exhibition; the present work was substituted and completed in the year 1842. In front below stands a celestial globe, representing the apparent daily motion of 5,000 stars for the latitude of Strassburg. Behind it are the statues of Apollo and Diana, a perpetual almanac and an allegorical representation of the four universal monarchies. The lower portion of the clock also shows the apparent time, the festivals of the church year, and the solar and lunar equations. Above the calendar the heathen divinities representing the days of the week show themselves; Apollo with his chariot bearing the sun, appears on Sunday, Diana on Monday,

etc. On the sides are tablets representing the Creation, Sin and Regeneration, the Triumph of Christ, His Resurrection, and the last Judgment, accompanied by appropriate passages of Scripture. Next comes the dial with a genius on each side; then a planetarium, showing the motion around the sun, of the seven planets visible to the naked eye; then an arrangement by which the phases of the moon are represented. Above these are the movable figures which do the striking, and the circle of Christ and the Apostles. On the top stand, the prophet Isaiah, the four Evangelists, and some herald bearing a coat of arms. To the left of the clock are seen a cock, the muse Urania, the symbol of the four monarchies, Copernicus and the three Fates, and a picture of Schmilgue, who appears like a man meditating upon some abstruse problem.

The genius on the left of the dial strikes one, two, three and four, as the different quarters of every hour come to an end. Also at the expiration of the first quarter, an image of Childhood comes forth, strikes a small gong in front of an image of Death, and then walks off. Images of Youth, Manhood and Old Age, designate in a similar manner the expiration of the remaining quarters. The full hours are struck by Death. At the same time the genius on the right of the dial turns his hour-glass.

As already intimated, the great show takes place at mid-day. Old Age walks up to Death, and gives four strokes to signify that the hour has expired. One of the genii likewise strikes four taps, to give the same notice to his companion on the other side of the dial. Death then strikes twelve, and the other genius turns the hour-glass. The twelve Apostles now come out one after the other, and pay homage to Christ, who appears in majesty and pronounces a blessing upon each one as He passes by. Meanwhile the cock flaps his wings, stretches out his head and crows three times. The only unnatural thing is that figures walk as if they were skating. Perhaps the most wonderful thing is that at midnight, on the 31st of December, the clock regulates itself, so as to produce all the changes required by the new year.

From the spire a splendid view of the busy life of the city and of the surrounding country can be obtained. It was here that I met a gentleman from Boston, whose society during the rest of the day I enjoyed very much. At home a Pennsylvania German is apt to look upon the Yankees as different beings, and to regard them with more or less suspicion. But on coming abroad he finds that our free institutions stamp a common impress upon all who enjoy them, and that he can form warm and pleasant friendships with his countrymen, be they from the North, South, East or West.

Four flights of circular stairs lead from the platform on the

church to that part of the spire where it begins to taper like a pyramid. One of these is double, so that two persons can ascend at the same time without knowing it. Just so in life, two persons may pursue the same object, or approach the same goal with equal strides, and not discover it until they have reached their journey's end.

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### THE WIDOW'S ONLY SON,

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In nearly all of our Sunday-school publications of music will be found a piece entitled "A Light in the Window for Thee." This beautiful hymn was written from the history of "The Widow's Only Son." It was originally printed, we believe, in one of the New York papers, some twelve years ago. We think it will bear re-reading, containing, as it does, many beautiful sentiments:

"Mother, I will be everything to you that I can be ; I promise you that."

The boy lifted his head. A look of high resolve made the young brow manlike in expression. Not yet had ten summers deepened the gold on those fair locks. The earnest blue eyes looked fondly in the face that bent over him. There was a world of love in his soul—a love that was not only lip-deep, but was proved by acts of self-denial.

They were poor—that mother and son—oh, how poor they were ! You could almost see how poverty had drifted over everything about them—drifted whitely over the pine chairs and tables—drifted over the humble quilt that had grown so faded—drifted over their clothes and through them, till patch after patch was placed on the sad havoc that pitiless, drifting want had made.

But in holy heart-love they were richer than the Rothschild ; yes, out of their bank in heaven—that bank directors here might sneer at—they drew every day, every hour, uncounted treasure.

"Mother, I will be everything to you that I can be ; I promise you that."

The words are beautiful enough to be repeated. Henry Locke smiled, because as he spoke, there came tears to his mother's eyes. He had that morning been promised a place in a little country store, five miles from the cot, or rather cabin, where they lived. It was but a small pittance ; but of late the mother had grown so feeble that she could earn nothing ; could scarcely do the little that order and neatness called for at her hands.

One dollar a week ! It was a very little sum, but better, much

better, than nothing. Besides, Henry was to have his meals with his employer, and could, if he chose, sleep there. But he did not choose. For a glad smile from mother; for a pressure of that feeble hand; for the tender Christian words that came from the pale lips, he was bravely willing, after his day's hard work, to walk the five miles, dark and tedious though the way was. Often he came bringing some little delicacy that he had earned, and which was sweet to the invalid because he brought it.

One night the sky was curtained with clouds. The widow looked from her little window facing the hilly road along which the hay-wagons went on their way to the city, and said, as she saw the twilight deepening earlier than its wont, "He will not come to-night."

No, he would not surely come that night. The wind blew fiercely, and sent the branches of the old apple tree rattling against the clapboards, and threw the rain, as with a spite, over the little windows, sheeting them, and making dreary music. So the widow, quite confident that Henry would not venture out in that storm, read her Bible till her heart kindled with the holy words, and putting out her little light, went to her rest.

She knew not how long she had slept when a voice awakened her. The sweet voice, so dear to her, was crying, "Mother! mother!" At first she thought it a dream, but listening intently she heard, blending with the wail of the wind, that cry, and a sound against the latch greeted her. Instantly rising, she groped for a light, unfastened the door, and behold, there stood Henry, a piteous sight indeed, covered with mire, literally, from head to foot. His face was wet, but the honest, happy smile was no ways abated.

"My boy, how could you come on such a night!" exclaimed the widow.

"Why, mother, storm couldn't keep me from you," was his hearty response. "I've had the greatest time, though, you ever did see—lost my way, got into a creek, and it must be midnight; but I meant to come, for S—— gave me a trifle over to-night, and I knew how much you needed it."

"My dear boy!" sprang from the mother's full heart, with a tear or two that trickled down her pale cheek.

"I wonder I haven't thought before," she said, musingly. "After this, I'll put a light in the window. To be sure, it won't show far; but when you get to the top of the hill it will be pleasant to see it, and know that I am watching for you."

For three years the lamp was placed in the little window every night. People often remarked it; and "as bright as Mother Locke's little window," became a favorite saying.

At the end of that time young Henry was offered a good chance on board of a whaling vessel, and he resolved to accept it. It cost him none knew what a struggle to part from the being beloved with an almost worshipful affection. But he knew that the time had come when he must go forth into the world to do battle for himself and for her ; and a sailor's life was his coveted calling.

"It seems to me, Henry," said the mother, when, with trembling lip, she parted from him, "as if I must still put the light in the little window. I shall think sometimes I hear the sound of your footsteps, the click of the latch, and your pleasant voice. Oh, Henry, Henry, if I could but light you over the stormy waters!"

"Mother, God will do that," said Henry, pointing to the glowing heaven. "God will light me through storm and through calm ; but, mother, I shall think every night that the lamp is in the window ; that you sit near it ; that somebody blesses you for the guiding ray, and, above all, that you are praying for me."

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The long voyage was almost ended, but another voyage was to end before that. The widow Locke was taken ill. Yet, with unfailing regularity, with feeble step and tremulous hand, nightly the dear woman trimmed the little lamp and placed it in the window. Still, when the bended form could no longer totter about the cottage, when she lay helpless upon her bed, and the neighbours came to care for her, she would say, "Put the little lamp in the window, my Henry will be thinking of it."

Night after night, and even until her eyes grew dim, she would watch the radiance of the flickering light, only saying sometimes, "Shall I live to hear his footsteps ? Will that feeble flame still burn when my life's light has gone out ?"

"Pray with me," she muttered, "that I may see him before I die. Oh for this most precious boon."

In vain all prayer. Slowly, more slowly, the wheel went round, and the pulses, like ebbing drops, fell fainter and fewer, until, one calm night in summer, the waters were scarcely stirred.

She lay quietly, a smile upon her lips, her eyes closed, her hands folded.

"I have longed to see him," she said. "I have prayed earnestly ; but I have given it all up now. I shall not meet him in this world."

"Have you put the light in the window ?" she asked, suddenly, earnestly, a few moments after. "It is growing dark."

Alas ! it was not the light that was growing dark.

Her hands grew cold. Over her countenance came that mysterious shadow that falls but once on any mortal face.

"Oh, my boy ! my boy !" she whispered ; "tell him"—they

bent over to catch the falling words—"tell him I will put a light in the windows of heaven to guide his footsteps there."

The thrilling sentence was hardly spoken, when the shadow dropped from the suffering face, and it smiled in the calm majesty of death.

A funeral followed; humble hearts attended the body of one who was loved for her sincere goodness, all through the hamlet; and on the hillside, in a little graveyard, she was buried.

Not many days after, a great ship came into the port of a busy city. Among all those who stepped from her decks, none were more hopeful, more joyous than young Henry Locke. He had passed through the ordeal of a sea life, so far, unscathed. No blight of immorality had fallen upon him. He had kept himself as spotless as if, at every nightfall, his feet had been turned toward the door of his mother's cottage. How his heart bounded as he thought of her. Strangely enough, he never dreamed she might be dead. It did not occur to him that perhaps her silver locks were lying under the lid of the coffin. Oh, no! he only thought of the pleasant light in the window that her hands had trimmed for him.

Beautiful and bland was the day on which he travelled again the long-accustomed road. How pleasant now to go home with sufficient to provide for the comfort of that dear mother. She would never want again. He would take her to a better home, and give her the luxuries he had once longed to see in her possession. That old arm chair—she should have a new one, easy in motion, elegant in material. The faded shawl, that he had seen folded and re-folded year after year; the old-fashioned bonnet, with its one band of crape; these, yes, everything, should be replaced with newer and better. The flowers on the road all smiled as he looked towards them; the very kine seemed to him turning their meek eyes at the sound of strange footsteps, to know that his heart was glad with love and anticipation. Hope on, dreamer! Yonder comes one who trudges on laggingly—a farmer in heavy boots and frock, his whip in his hand. He cheers the lazy oxen, but suddenly stops, amazed.

"I see you know me," said the young sailor, smiling. "Well, farmer Brown, how is—"

"Know ye! why, how tall ye are! So"—his eye drops, his mouth trembles—"so ye've got home?"

"Yes, and glad enough to get back again—how's my mother?"

"Your—mother"—he says it in that slow, hesitating way, that telegraphs ill tidings before they are told in words.

"Yes—is she well? is she expecting me? Of course she is; we're late by a month."

"Your mother, Henry, well—the old lady."— He plays with his whip, or, rather, strikes it hard on the dusty road. How can he crush that happy heart!

"There, you need not speak!" cried the young man, in a voice of sudden anguish, and he recoiled, almost staggering, from the farmer's side, and buried his face in his hands.

"Henry, my poor lad, your mother is—"

"Don't, don't!" cried the other, showing now a face from which all color had fled. "Oh, my mother! my mother!—she is gone, gone—and I coming home so happy!"

For some moments he sobbed as in agony. How dreary the world had grown! The flowers had lost fragrance, the sun warmth; his heart seemed dead.

"Henry, she left a message for you," said the old farmer, wiping his eyes with the sleeve of his old frock.

"A message for me?" It seemed as if the white lips could hardly speak.

"Yes; says she—so my dame told me, and as the minister said—"Tell Henry I will put a light in the window of heaven to guide his footsteps there."

"Did she, oh, did she say that? God bless your telling me! All my long voyage I have thought of the light in her little window. I have seemed to see it streaming along—along down to the foot of the hill, till it grew brighter and brighter as I drew nearer. A light in the window of heaven! Yes, mother, I will think still you are waiting for me. I could not see you in these long years; but I knew the light was burning. I can not see you now, but I know the light is burning. I will come, mother."

Slowly and reverently he went to the hillside graveyard, and there he knelt and wept upon her lowly grave. But not there he thought her. A sweet vision was vouchsafed him. All robed in heavenly garments he saw the beautiful soul he had called mother, and streaming from the brightness of her glorious home a slender beam to come trembling to his very feet. Then he knew that the light was placed in the window of heaven.

Once more he knelt in the little room where he had last left her. Nothing was removed, but, oh, how much was wanting! There on the window sill, stood the little lamp—that brought the tears afresh. But he took his mother's well-worn Bible, and, kneeling by the bedside, as if she could hear him, he sought her Saviour, and consecrated himself to a life and work of righteousness. From that cottage he went out into the world carrying his grief as a sacred memorial, but seeing always, wherever his work led him, his waiting mother, and the lamp in the window of heaven.

**"A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM."**

BY ETHEL LYNN BEERS.

Through the ranks of the gathered people  
The voice of the preacher rang,  
As he spake of the biting adder,  
Its burning and deathless fang.

Some sodden faces had darkened,  
Some women had softly cried,  
Some maudlin voices had muttered,  
Some sorrowful sinners sighed.

As the speaker with solemn warning  
Spake out, of the mighty power  
One human soul o'er another holds,  
Till the final accounting hour.

"Why, even a little child," said he,  
"Hath might in its fragile hand  
To draw some foot from perdition back,  
Some soul toward a better land."

"Ay, sir, that's so, true as Bible words,  
If you please, sir, I'd like to tell  
How a drunken fellow, like me, gave in  
To a bit of a child, like Nell.

"All the neighbors know, I expect they do,  
How her mother, that's dead to-day,  
Used to bid me stop all my drinking ways,  
Used to run to the loft to pray.

"Well, I kind'er promised her 'fore she died  
I would start on a different plan,  
I would think of all she had said to me,  
Be a faithful and sober man.

"Oh, my friends, I tried it a little while,  
But I slipped low, and lower down,  
Till there wasn't a clear spot on my soul,  
Not a worse man about the town.

"But, sir, one night as I lingered late  
At the tavern to drain my glass,  
I felt the touch of a little hand,  
It was Nelly, my little lass!"

"With her baby fingers she led me out,  
 While the men stopped their wild carouse;  
 Even toper Jack, he took off his hat  
 As he would in a meetin'-house.

"She was tired comin' so far from home,  
 An' I held her agin my breast,  
 Where she laid her head, as we jogged along,  
 Little Nellie, so glad to rest.

"She said no word an' no more did I,  
 But I tell you I did feel queer,  
 When, across my roughened and grimy hand,  
 I felt dropping a great hot tear.

"Well, I've handled iron, as you all know,  
 When a'most red-heated, I guess,  
 But the bitter burn of my daughter's tear  
 Made me tremble, I must confess.

"An' I tell you, sir, if the angels see,  
 Nelly's mother was lookin' down,  
 When that single drop burned across the hand  
 Of the sorriest man in town.

"For I looked right up to the solemn stars,  
 An' I promised just there and then,  
 In the sight of God, an' of her that's gone,  
 That I'd try for the right again.

"An' now when the lights of the tavern shine,  
 As I go to my home anear,  
 I see the face of my patient wife  
 Shinin' out of my daughter's tear."

There was no more need of an added word  
 To the softened and silent man,  
 There was only the sound of a woman's sob,  
 And the preacher's low-toned "Amen."

—*Christian Weekly.*

## THE ABODES OF THE DEAD.

BY THE EDITOR.

"The pride of heraldry, the pomp of power,  
 And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,  
 Await alike the inevitable hour—  
 The path of glory leads but to the grave."

"I am a stranger and a sojourner with you: give me a possession of a burying-place with you, that I may bury my dead out of my sight."

*Gen. xxiii. 4.*

Thus spake Abraham to the children of Heth. Wisely he chose the spot for a resting-place for himself and family, along the then grassy slope of the narrow Hebron valley. A spot which the sun would greet at its first rising. Most likely then it was some distance from the city, for the heart of a town would be the last place suited for such a sacred purpose. Since then the city has gathered around the field of Macpelah. The sepulchre of the patriarchs forms the centre of the city. Old Testament piety dealt tenderly with the dead. The sons of Jacob bear their father from Egypt to Hebron in a solemn mournful procession, almost as tenderly as if he had been still alive. And for forty long and trying years the Hebrews bore the dust of Joseph with them through all their wars and wanderings in the wilderness; a treasure as sacredly guarded and kept as the Ark of the Covenant, until they found a fitting resting-place for it in the Land of Promise.

How terrible the rage that vents itself on the dust of the departed. To this day it stirs our blood to read of the body of Saul fastened to the wall of Beth-shan, by the Philistines, exposing it to the blood-thirsty stare of his enemies. How noble and brave the valiant men of Jabesh-gilead, who went all night to rescue the body of the Hebrew King, and those of his sons. To prevent further indignities they burnt them. 1 Sam. xxxi. 10-11.

Little did Jezebel, in her pride and queenly power, expect that the prophet's prediction would be fulfilled. Thrown out of her palace window in Jezreel, her blood spurted on the wall and the horses. And when sought for burial, the hungry dogs had left naught of her corpse save "the skull, and the feet, and the palms of her hands." 2 Kings ix. 34-35.

When a person among the Jews died, the nearest relatives would close his eyes and kiss the corpse. Thereupon the remains would be washed and wrapped in a large clean linen cloth, or bandaged with narrow strips of grave-clothes. The careful and costly embalming which Jacob and Joseph received, was only accorded to persons of wealth and royal lineage. As persons who had touched a corpse were considered ceremonially unclean, and were excluded for a fixed time from the privileges of the sanctuary, the dead were mostly buried soon after their death, to prevent this ceremonial defilement. Besides, in such warm eastern climates it is, for sanitary reasons, unwise to delay the burial of the dead. Their burial-places were usually outside the towns, (Luke i. 12; John xi. 30), save in the case of kings and prophets. (2 Sam. xxviii. 3; xxv. 1). The tombs consisted of natural or excavated caves. Whoever could afford it, had a family burying-place. (Gen. xxiii. 30). Not to rest with one's "fathers" was a sad misfortune. Burial-places were specially provided for pilgrims, strangers, and

poor people. (Jer. xxvi. 23; 2 Kings xxiii. 6; Matthew xxvii. 7). Here and there a monument would mark a tomb. (2 Sam. xviii. 18). The graves of evil-doers were covered with a heap of stones. (Joshua vii. 26; viii. 29). To this day the passing Moslem hurls a stone at the monument over Absalom's grave, outside the walls of Jerusalem, until a large pile of stones have accumulated.

The early Christians, like the Jews, buried their dead; the heathen custom of burning them was discarded. The funeral ceremonies were decently and devoutly performed. When Stephen was stoned to death, "devout men carried him to his burial, and made great lamentation over him." (Acts viii. 2). In the reign of Charlemagne some of the Saxons burned their dead, whereupon this monarch made such an offence of burning punishable by death.

The early Christians used to hold their meetings of worship around the graves of the saints. They had such a deep veneration for their dust, that they consecrated their graves by building churches over them. Thus St. Peter's of Rome, is built over the alleged grave of the Apostle Peter; and St. Paul's in the same city is on the reputed tomb of the Apostle to the Gentiles. In the process of time superstition ascribed miraculous power to the bones and dead bodies of the saints. The relics of the dead acquired a fabulous value. Cities fought bloody battles to get possession of the ashes of the saints, whom they persecuted and tortured while living.

There is a touching fitness in the old custom of burying the dead in the "church-yard." What place so well suited for their rest as the ground and grove consecrated by the deeds and devotions of their pious life; right around the sanctuary, where the living and the dead remain in peaceful company. And as one after another falls asleep, their near repose in the "God's Acre," helps to keep them under the eye and in the heart of their survivors.

"I like that ancient Saxon phrase, which calls  
The burial-ground God's Acre! It is just;  
It consecrates each grave within its walls,  
And breathes a benison o'er the sleeping dust.

"God's Acre! Yes, that blessed name imparts  
Comfort to those, who in the grave have sown  
The seed, that they had garnered in their hearts,  
Their bread of life, alas! no more their own."

In Italy and the East some large churches have underground apartments specially arranged for the storing away of human remains. In a building in the Convent garden at Mount Sinai, the dead of centuries are treasured up. One room contains the

bones of priests, the other those of lay-monks. After two or three years the dead bodies are laid on iron grates in a separate vault. After that the bones are separated and assorted. The arms are laid on one pile, the legs on another, the ribs on a third, etc. The bones of archbishops, whose bodies, with their clothing and property are always brought here after death, are kept in small wooden boxes. In this abode of death one feels strangely and solemnly impressed. The members of this silent family are steadily increased by the yearly arrival of new ones.

"It must be a solemn feeling, one would think, with which the monks repair to this spot, and look upon these relics of mortality— their predecessors, their brethren, their daily companions, all present here before them, in their last earthly shape of ghastliness; with whom, too, their own bones must so soon, in like manner, be mingled piecemeal, and be gazed upon perhaps, like them, by strangers from a distant world. I know of no place where the living and the dead come in closer contact with each other, or where the dread summons to prepare for death rises with a stronger power before the mind."

Such an arrangement is only feasible in a very dry climate, as is found in Egypt and Arabia. In the south of Europe it is attended with more disagreeable and damaging results. Dickens tells of a custom prevailing in Genoa, which is an outrage on civilization.

"There is very little tenderness for the bodies of the dead here. For the very poor, there are immediately outside one angle of the walls, and behind a jutting point of the fortification, near the sea, certain common pits—one for every day in the year—which all remain closed up until the turn of each comes for its daily reception of dead bodies. Among the troops in the town, there are usually some Swiss, more or less. When any of these die, they are buried out of a fund maintained by such of their countrymen as are residents in Genoa. Their providing coffins for these men, is matter of great astonishment to the authorities. Certainly, the effect of this promiscuous and indecent splashing down of dead people into so many wells, is bad. It surrounds death with revolting associations, that insensibly become connected with those whom death is approaching. Indifference and avoidance are the natural result; and all the softening influences of the great sorrow are harshly disturbed.

"When the better kind of people die, or are at the point of death, their nearest relations generally walk off; retiring into the country for a little change, and leaving the body to be disposed of without any superintendence from them. At Rome there is a similar arrangement, where many of the poorer classes are dumped down like so many hides into tanners' vats.

"It is a comfort to know that the Genoese and Romans find few imitators of these inhuman customs. In many an Italian cemetery, beautified by nature and by art, the rich and the poor meet together, and peacefully slumber, side by side.

"Few men are honored with so grand a monument as Charles Borromeo, who sleeps under the altar of the Cathedral of Milan. He was a great and good man. So faithfully did he minister to the young and old of his flock, that it was said of him, he knew but two streets in Milan; that which led to the school, and that which led to the church. He turned his back upon the world, and spent his vast fortune for the relief of the poor and afflicted. He founded 740 schools, manned with 3,040 teachers, and 40,000 scholars are recorded. He wore out his life in serving the sick and dying during a great plague. He sold his furniture and his plate to buy bread for the poor, even gave them his straw-bed, and slept on a board. For three hundred years Catholics and Protestants have alike revered his memory. Beneath the lofty arches, in an underground chapel of one of the grandest churches ever erected by the hand of man, repose the remains of the good man. The man who wore the plainest clothing, and discarded all ornaments, that he might the better be able to relieve the poor now lies imbedded in gold and silver, jewels and precious metals.

"The tapers which are lighted down there, flash and gleam on alte-relievi in gold and silver, delicately wrought by skilful hands, and representing the principal events in the life of the saint. Jewels and precious metals, shine and sparkle on every side. A windlass slowly removes the front of the altar; and, within it, in a gorgeous shrine of gold and silver is seen through alabaster, the shrivelled mummy of a man, the pontifical robes with which it is adorned, radiant with diamonds, emeralds, rubies, very costly and magnificent gems. The shrunken heap of poor earth, in the midst of this great glitter, is more pitiful than if it lay on a dung-hill. There is not a ray of imprisoned light in all the flash and fire of jewels, that seems to mock the dusty holes where eyes were once. Every thread of silk in the rich vestments seems only a provision from the worms that spin, for the behoof of worms that propagate in sepulchres."

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As ships meet at sea, a moment together, when words of greeting must be spoken, and then away upon the deep, so men meet in this world; and I think we should cross no man's path without hailing him, and, if he needs, giving him supplies.—*Beecher.*

## WASHINGTON'S ELECTION.

There is a moral lesson in the following chapter from the early history of the United States Government, which the reader will contemplate with pleasure. It presents a picture of the great Washington as the son of a widowed mother—a picture of resplendent beauty, worthy of a lasting memorial for the instruction of his countrymen, and especially for our youth :

On Tuesday morning, the 11th of April, 1789, a venerable old gentleman with an amiable countenance and long white locks, rode up to the mansion at Mt. Vernon, coming from Alexandria. A gentleman from that town accompanied him. It was between ten and eleven o'clock. A negro man sallied out to take the nags, and the old gentleman entering the mansion was received by Mrs. Washington.

"Why, Mr. Thomson," said the good lady, "where are you from, and how are your people?"

"From New York, madam," answered the old man. "I come to Mt. Vernon on an errand—for the country at least. The General has been elected President of the United States under the new constitution, and I am the bearer of the happy tidings in a letter from John Langdon, President of the Senate."

The General was out visiting his farm, however, and the guests were entertained for two or three hours as we take care of visitors in the country now-a-days. A glass of the General's favorite Madeira, imported in the cask, was probably not the worst provision made for them, and the cheerful gossip of Mrs. Washington, who had known Mr. Thomson and visited his house in Philadelphia, helped to enliven the time. This grave and respectful old man was the link between the two magistrates at Mt. Vernon. Charles Thomson had been the Secretary, through all its eventful career, of the Continental Congress, which had directed the cause of the colonies from desultory revolt to independence and to union ; and now he had ridden over the long and difficult roads to apprise the first President of the Republic of the wishes of his countrymen. At one o'clock, General Washington rode into the lawn at Mt. Vernon, in appearance, what Custis, his adopted son, has described him : An old gentleman riding alone, in plain drab clothes, a broad-brimmed white hat, a hickory switch in his hand, and carrying an umbrella with a long staff, which is attached to his saddlebow. The umbrella was used to shelter him from the sun, for his

skin was tender and easily affected by its rays. Washington greeted Mr. Thomson with grave cordiality, as was his wont, inquiring for his family, and divining already the object of his visit, broke the seal of John Langdon's official letter. Dinner followed, and while the visitors retired to converse or stroll about the grounds, the President elect wrote the following letter to the President of the Senate, and sent it forthwith to the post-office at Alexandria by a servant.

MOUNT VERNON, 14th April, 1789.

"Sir—I had the honor to receive your official communication by the hand of Mr. Secretary Thomson about one o'clock to-day. Having concluded to obey the important and flattering call of my country, and having been impressed with the idea of the expediency of my being with Congress at as early a period as possible, I propose to commence my journey on Thursday morning, which will be the day after to-morrow."

This done, the rest of the day passed in conference between Washington and his wife in the preparation of his baggage for the not unexpected journey, while, meantime, the distinguished guest was amused by the young official household in the library and grounds.

There was another female dear to the newly-elected President, and he kept her in filial remembrance at the very moment of his great promotion. It was growing late in the evening of the day on which our story opens, when Washington mounted his horse, and followed by his man Billy, rode off into the woods of Virginia with speed. His destination was Fredericksburg, nearly forty miles away, with two ferries between—one at the Occoquan, the other at the Rappahannock. His purpose was to see his old mother, now eighty years of age and drawing near the grave. It had not been long since he had visited her, but he could not feel equal to the responsibilities of his office until he should receive her blessing. Few candidates for the Presidency in our day would leave a warm mansion filled with congratulating friends, to ride all night through the chilly April mists to say adieu to a very old woman. But thus piously the administration of Washington began. He passed old Pohick church, of which he was a vestryman—soon to tumble to ruins—crossed the roaring Occoquan, and by its deep and picturesque gorge were the waters of the future Bull Run, and by night he saw the churches of Acquia and Potomac rise against the sky, and saw the decaying seaport of Dumfries. In the morning he was at Fredericksburg, and his mother was in his arms. Marches, perils, victories, power, surrendered to that look of helpless love, too deep for pride to show through tears, and the President of the new State was to her a new-born babe again, no dearer, no greater. He was just in time, for she had but

the short season of sumner to live ; and like many dying mothers, life seemed to uphold at fourscore and five by waiting till he should come. History is ceremonious as to what passed between them, but the parting was solemn and touching-like the event. " You will see me no more," said she. " My great age and disease warn me that I shall not be long in this world. But go, George, to fulfil the destiny which Heaven appears to assign you. Go, my son, and may Heaven's and your mother's blessing be with you always."

Passing from that dear, pathetic presence, the President elect perhaps did not hear the plaudits of the people in the streets of Fredericksburg. He rode all day by the road he had come, and reached Mt. Vernon before evening, having exhibited his power of endurance at the age of fifty-seven by riding eighty miles in twenty-four hours. His good wife had made all ready ; the equipages were at the door next morning, and leaving Mrs. Washington and most of the household behind, he set out for New York at ten o'clock on Thursday, the 16th of April, accompanied by Thomson and Humphries. The new State was waiting anxiously for its magistrate.—*Exchange.*

### WHAT PLEASES GOD.

What God decrees, child of His love,  
Take patiently, though it may prove  
The storm that wrecks thy treasure here,  
Be comforted ! thou needst not fear  
                What pleases God.

The wisest will is God's own will ;  
Rest on this anchor, and be still ;  
For peace around thy path shall flow,  
When only wishing here below  
                What pleases God.

The truest heart is God's own heart,  
Which bids thy grief and fear depart.  
Protecting, guiding, day and night.  
The soul that welcomes here aright  
                What pleases God.

Oh ! could I sing, as I desire,  
My grateful voice should never tire,  
To tell the wondrous love and power,  
Thus working out, from hour to hour,  
                What pleases God.

The King of kings, He rules on earth,  
He sends us sorrow here, or mirth,  
He bears the ocean in His hand ;  
And thus we meet, on sea or land,  
    What pleases God.

His Church on earth He dearly loves,  
Although He oft its sin reproves ;  
The rod itself, His love can seek,  
He smites till we return to speak  
    What pleases God.

Then let the crowd around thee seize,  
The joys that for a season please,  
But willingly their paths forsake,  
And for thy blessed portion take  
    What pleases God.

Art thou despised by all around ?  
Do tribulations here abound ?  
Jesus will give the victory,  
Because His eye can see in thee  
    What pleases God.

Thy heritage is safe in heaven :  
There, shall the crown of joy be given ;  
There, shalt thou hear, and see and know.  
As thou couldst never here below,  
    What pleases God.

—*Gerhardt.*



## THE PIETY AND PRAYERS OF CHILDHOOD.

BY THE EDITOR.

“ I remember, I remember  
    The fir-trees dark and high,  
I used to think their tiny tops  
    Were close against the sky :  
It was a childish ignorance,  
    But now ’tis little joy,  
To know I’m farther off from heaven  
    Then when I was a boy.”

(*T. Hood.*)

As a rule, children are in a great hurry to become boys and girls before their time ; and boys and girls can hardly wait till they get to be young men and young ladies. Said a Christian mother to me lately, “ Our son is so boyish. Instead of mingling with the youths of his age, he finds his pleasure in amusing the children.

If only he would lay aside his boyish tastes, and become more manly."

The good mother had no occasion for discouragement. Her son had better amuse himself a while longer with the innocent sports of his little nieces, than prematurely parade the streets with those of his own age. His companions may be never so respectable, home, with his parents, brothers, and sisters, is a far better place for the growing boy, just stepping over into manhood, than the amusements and associations in which most young people delight. Not that these are necessarily bad. Neither should the youth be violently imprisoned in a circle unsuited for his years. But if he has a fondness for home pleasures; if the large boy has a tender sympathy, a warm love for the little ones, and likes to romp and roll about with them, and finds great delight in their plays, for heaven's sake do not chide him for it. Too soon, far too soon, ordinarily, do young people lose the simplicity, sympathy, and artless piety of childhood. Blessed are they who never lose them.

It is an erroneous notion that the piety of childhood will not suffice for later life. Must those, who, like Timothy, have been devotedly pious from early life, change their habits of religious thought and prayer when they are confirmed? So many seem to hold. At confirmation the person assumes and renews the promise made at his baptism in childhood, by his parents; so he renews and confirms, not renounces or condemns, his habits and life of piety thitherto formed at his confirmation, in so far as they were Christian. He who forgets or unlearns the prayers of his childhood, sustains an irreparable loss. On a visit to the old homestead, Dr. Harbaugh revisits the lumber room in the garret. We can picture him, with earnest mien, standing among a world of quaint and curious worn-out household relics. None so held his eye and heart as the old cradle.

"There is one piece of furniture there in the corner of the garret, the sight of which touches me more strangely than all the rest, and awakens feelings of a peculiar kind. It is the cradle in which we all—the boys and the girls—were rocked in infancy. It is of the old-fashioned make, and never was capable of the long gentle sweep and swing of modern cradles. Broad and flat, with rockers well-worn, it hath little grace in its motion, but waddles clumsily like a duck. Yet sweet in it was the sleep, and pleasant were the dreams of infancy; and over no cradle, no, not in palaces, has a warmer mother's heart, or a more watchful mother's eye, ever hung and sighed, smiled, prayed and wept."

As one advances in life, the heart holds on with increasing tenderness to the pious reminiscences of childhood. The room in which stood the little trundle bed, the corner of the room even, one

fondly remembers—the side of the bed where he used to kneel in prayer,—the room and the bed may both have been destroyed. But to the heart they live on. The corner, on the bench, behind the table, where the little boy used to sit at meals; where he used to bow his head, close his eyes, fold his hands, and in silence say his short prayer before meals as all the rest did—that corner lives on in faith and in memory, though in fact long since gone.

In "Thorndale," an English work, the pious childhood of a genius is described in a passage of great beauty. He had never known his father. "A poor lieutenant in the (British) navy, he died of fever caught as his ship lay rotting off the coast of Africa," when the son was yet a child. His mother was a gentle, loving woman, "over whom early widowhood had cast a shade of melancholy." Her "piety was deep, and her faith undoubting." She knew nothing of the world beyond her little home. She, too, died early, and left her orphan boy to the care of her brother. He became a man of great mind—a free thinker. In the prime of manhood, he lost the simple faith of his early years, and cut loose from the moorings of his mother's faith. How sadly he longs for the lost peace and happy piety of his child-life:

"Very singular and very pleasing to me is the remembrance of that simple piety of childhood; of that prayer which was said so punctually night and morning, kneeling by the bedside. What did I think of, guiltless then of metaphysics,—what image did I bring before my mind as I repeated my learnt petition with scrupulous fidelity? Did I see some venerable form bending down to listen? Did he cease to look and listen when I had said it all? Half prayer, half lesson, how difficult it is now to summon it back again! But this I know, that the bedside where I knelt to this morning and evening devotion became sacred to me as an altar. I smile as I recall the innocent superstition which grew up in me, that the prayer must be said *kneeling just there*. If some cold winter's night I had crept into bed, thinking to repeat the petition from the warm nest itself, it would not do! It was felt in this court of conscience to be 'an insufficient performance:' there was no sleep to be had till I had risen, and, bedgowned as I was, knelt at the accustomed place, and said it all over again from the beginning to the end. To this day, I never see the little, clean, white bed in which a child is to sleep, but I see also the figure of a child kneeling in prayer at its side. And I, for the moment, am that child. No high altar, in the most sumptuous church in Christendom could prompt my knee to bend like that snow-white coverlet tucked in for a child's slumber."

### A GREEN OLD AGE.

The papers recently announced the death of Francis Guizot, the distinguished French author and statesman. He was a life long member of the Reformed Church of France, and an active, zealous Christian. The following sketch of a visit to the dear old man will be of interest to the readers of the *GUARDIAN*.

Francis Guizot (says "Appleton's Journal") passes, every month, a week at his house in Paris. It is a small, old-fashioned building, on the corner of the Rue Destouches and the Faubourg Saint Honore. M. Guizot bought this residence sixty years ago, and it is still one of the architectural relics of the age of Louis XIV., during whose reign it was built. Everything looks old-fashioned in it, and there is hardly a room but would furnish an excellent subject for a genre painter.

I entered it the other day in compliance with a request from M. Guizot, who desired to ascertain from me some facts in regard to the literature of Spain during the sixteenth century. I found him seated in his truly unique library. Imagine a small, square room, furnished in true rococo style, and with two curious bay windows looking out upon a small garden laid out exactly as if Watteau had had a hand in it. All that was wanting was, that the venerable old man himself should be dressed in the costume of the eighteenth century, and the illusion that I had been suddenly transported into a scene of one hundred and twenty years ago would have been complete.

But M. Guizot, although it was yet early in the morning, was already dressed in the faultless suit of black in which one always finds him, whether at his desk, in his family circle or in his "fauteuil" at the French Academy.

He received me with the utmost kindness. Time has dealt gently with the grand old man. More than eighty-five years have passed over his head, and yet he stands erect, and his eyes, those wonderful eyes, which seemed to flash out a supernatural fire during his great speeches in the chamber, were as brilliant as if he were a youth of twenty.

I congratulated him upon his good looks, and he said :

"Yes, thank Heaven, I am in good health. I walk five miles every day, and I am a hearty eater. I don't think yet of dying," he added gaily. "I have so much to do yet. My 'History of Spain' is not half finished."

Guizot had long been at work upon this "History of Spain," which is to be issued in ten large volumes. He showed me some copies of his notes, and asked my opinion. I gave it, without concealing my surprise at his wonderful memory. Dates, so embarrassing to most minds, did not bewilder him in the least. I said that Juan Trugiller, the novelist, had lived in the middle of the seventeenth century.

"Pardon me," said M. Guizot, "he lived from 1614 till 1649."

The notes for the Spanish history have been collected by this indefatigable worker for twenty years past, and I admire the beautiful and firm chirography of the manuscript. M. Guizot writes a firm, bold hand, and he always uses small, heavy note paper, without lines. I read the first page of the fifth volume, and found not the slightest alteration.

I observed that this was something very rare with authors.

"Lord Byron," said M. Guizot, "was famous for the excellent condition of his manuscript. It hardly ever happens to me to make a change in what I write for a printer, and, strange to say, in case a page is lost, I can write it almost exactly as I penned it first."

I had often heard that M. Guizot was a very early riser, and I asked him what his favorite hours of writing were.

"I never write after two o'clock in the afternoon. I rise at six, take a cup of coffee, glance over the morning papers, and then go to work. At ten I stop and lunch. At two I am done, and take a walk—generally a very long walk. I do not go very fast, but there is hardly an old acquaintance of mine who can keep step with me."

The conversation returned to his work on Spain, and he told me he had studied the Spanish language at the age of seventy-two, and had taught it then to his grand-children. I inquired about the latter, and the happy grandfather became fairly enthusiastic. He assured me that his constant intercourse with the little ones had given him some of his best inspirations. His "History of France, Related to my Grand-children," has had a most extraordinary success. One hundred thousand copies have been sold thus far, and the demand continues unabated.

M. Guizot is very wealthy, and for the largest portion of his riches he is indebted to his pen. He has always commanded the largest copyrights, and could not have maintained his lavish expenditures, while he was Prime Minister of France, had he not had this never-failing resource. Since the French Government has concluded treaties with most of the European Governments, M. Guizot has received heavy sums from foreign publishers. As a literary curiosity, it deserves to be mentioned that he is the only French author

who receives a copyright from a Turkish publisher, his "History of Civilization" having been recently translated into that language.

M. Guizot showed me the odd-looking book, and he expressed his regret that he was not familiar with the language ; for among the fruits of his studies, now extending through almost seventy years, is his astonishing familiarity with so many languages. He speaks English as an Englishman, German as a German, and I was hardly able to detect the slightest accent in his pronunciation of Spanish.

I am sure he is the most remarkable old author of our times, and he bids fair to live to his one hundredth birthday.

### EVENTIDE.

Written by Henry Francis Lyt<sup>o</sup>, author of "Jesus, I my cross have taken," one Sunday evening, after preaching his last sermon in England, when failing with consumption, he was about to depart in quest of health to Nice, where he died two months later, November 20th, 1847, aged fifty-four years.

Abide with me : fast falls the eventide ;  
 The darkness deepens : Lord, with me abide !  
 When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,  
 Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me.

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day ;  
 Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away ;  
 Change and decay in all around I see ;  
 O Thou who changest not, abide with me.

Not a brief glance, I beg, a passing word ;  
 But as Thou dwell'st with Thy disciples, Lord—  
 Familiar, condescending, patient, free—  
 Come, not to sojourn, but abide with me ;

Come not in terrors, as the King of kings,  
 But kind and good, with healing in Thy wings ;  
 Tears for all woes, a heart for every plea ;  
 Come, Friend of sinners, thus abide with me ;

Thou on my head in early youth didst smile,  
 And, though rebellious and perverse meanwhile,  
 Thou hast not left me, oft as I left Thee !  
 On to the close, O Lord, abide with me.

I need Thy presence every passing hour ;  
 What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power ?  
 Who, like Thysel<sup>f</sup>, my guide and stay can be ?  
 Through cloud and sunshine, oh, abide with me.

I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless ;  
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness ;  
Where is death's sting ? Where grave, thy victory ?  
I triumph still if Thou abide with me.

Hold there Thy cross before my closing eyes ;  
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies ;  
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee ;  
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

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### A GENIUS AT MARBLES.

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BY THE EDITOR.

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Ireland has become noted for its great orators. One of the most prominent of these was John Philpot Curran. Through his learning and eloquence he rose to great prominence as a lawyer and a statesman. He was born in the middle of the last century, and ended his illustrious career in 1817. When a little boy at play with his village playmates, little dreaming of his future greatness, the passing glance of an intelligent stranger discovered in him the incipient indications of genius, who became the kind instrument of his education and elevation to future eminence. In the midst of a large social gathering, Curran one evening made the following address to his companions :

“ Allow me, gentlemen, to give you a sentiment. When a boy, I was one morning playing at marbles in the village of Ball-alley (Ireland), with a light heart and a lighter pocket. The gibe and the jest went gladly round, when suddenly among us appeared a stranger, of a remarkable and very cheerful aspect ; his intrusion was not the least restraint upon our merry little assemblage. He was a benevolent creature, and the days of infancy (after all the happiest we shall ever see), perhaps rose upon his memory. Heaven bless him ! I see his fine form at the distance of half a century, just as he stood before me in the little Ball-alley, in the day of my childhood. His name was Boyse ; he was the rector of Newmarket. To me he took a particular fancy. I was winning and full of waggery ; thinking everything that was eccentric, and by no means a miser of my eccentricities ; every one was welcome to a share of them, and I had plenty to spare, after having frightened the company. Some sweetmeats easily bribed me home with him. I learned from Boyse my alphabet and my grammar, and the rudiments of the classics. He taught me all he could, and

then he sent me to a school at Middleton. In short, he made me a man.

"I recollect, it was about thirty-five years afterwards, when I had risen to some eminence at the bar, and when I had a seat in Parliament, on my return one day from Court, I found an old gentleman seated alone in my drawing-room, his feet familiarly placed on each side of the Italian marble chimney-piece, and his whole air bespeaking the consciousness of one quite at home. He turned round,—it was my friend of Ball-alley. I rushed instinctively into his arms, and burst into tears. Words cannot describe the scene which followed.

"' You are right, sir, (I exclaimed), you are right. The chimney-place is yours—the pictures are yours—the house is yours. You gave me all I have—my friend—my benefactor!'

"He dined with me; and in the evening I caught the tear glistening in his fine blue eye when he saw poor little Jack, the creature of his bounty, rising in the House of Commons to reply to a right honorable. Poor Boyse! he is now gone; and no suitor had a longer deposit of practical benevolence in the Court above."

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### CHERRIES OF HAMBURG.

In the early part of the sixteenth century, cherries were very rare in Germany. There had been a rot, and it was with the utmost difficulty that any could be preserved.—But a citizen of Hamburg, named Wolf, had in the middle of the town a walled garden, and in the garden he had gathered the rarest of cherry trees, and by constant watchfulness he had kept away the disease from his fruit, so that he alone possessed healthy cherry trees, and those in great abundance, bearing the juiciest of cherries. All who wished cherries must go to him for them, and he sold them at the highest prices, so that every season he reaped a great harvest of gold from his cherries. Far and near Wolf's cherry trees were known, and he grew richer and more famous.

One season, when his cherry trees were in blossom, and giving promise of an abundant crop, a war broke out in the North of Germany, in which Hamburg was invaded. The city was besieged, and so surrounded by the enemy that no help could reach it. Slowly they consumed the provisions that were garnered, but famine was staring them in the face; nor did they dare yield to the enemy, for in those days there was little mercy shown to the conquered, and while any hope remained the people held out,

making vain sallies into the enemy's camp, and growing weaker daily, as less and less food remained to them.

Meanwhile, the enemy grew more fierce without. The heat was intense, and had dried up the brooks and springs in all the country about, so that the besiegers were becoming wild with thirst; it made them more savage, and the commanding General would listen to no terms, but swore to destroy the city, and to put all the inhabitants, soldiers and old men, women and children, to the sword.

But would it not be better thus to be killed outright than to suffer the slow death of famine? Wolf thought of these things as he returned one day to his garden in the midst of the city, after a week of fighting with the enemy. In his absence the cherries had ripened fast in the hot sun, and were now superb, fairly bursting with the red juice, and making one's mouth water at the sight.

A sudden thought came into his head as he looked at his cherries, and a hope sprang up that he might yet save his fellow-towns-men. There was not a moment to lose, for twenty-four hours more of suffering would make the town delirious. He brought together all the children of the town, to the number of three hundred, and had them dressed wholly in white. In those days, and in that country, the funeral processions were thus dressed. He brought them each into his orchard, and loaded each with a branch, heavy with rich, juicy cherries, and marshalling them, sent them out of the city, a feeble procession, to the camp of the enemy. The dying men and women filled the streets as the white-robed children passed through the gates and out into the country.

The besieging General saw the procession drawing near, concealed by the boughs they were carrying, and he suspected some stratagem, as if it were Birnam wood coming to Dunsinane. Then he was told that they were the children of Hamburg, who had heard that he and his army were suffering of thirst, and were bringing luscious cherries to quench it. Thereat he was very angry, for he was of a cruel and violent nature and said they had come to mock him, and he would surely have them put to death before his eyes, even as he had sworn he would do to all the people in the city.

But when the procession came before him, and he saw the poor children, so thin, so pale, so worn out with hunger, the rough man's heart was touched; a spring of fatherly love that had long been choked up in him, broke forth; he was filled with pity, and tears came to his eyes, and what the warriors of the town could not do the peaceful children in white did—they vanquished the hard heart. That evening the little cherry bearers returned to the city, and with them went a great procession of carts filled with

provisions for the starving people ; and the very next day a treaty of peace was signed.

In memory of this event, the people of Hamburg still keep, every year, a festival called the Feast of Cherries ; when the children of the city, clad in white garments, march through the streets, bolding green boughs, to which the people, coming out of their houses, hasten to tie bunches of cherries ; only now the children are chubby and merry, and they eat the cherries themselves.  
—*Riverside Magazine.*

### TROUBLESOME VERB.

“ I begin to understand your language better,” said my French friend, Mr. Arcourt, to me ; “ but your verbs trouble me still, you mix them up so with your prepositions.”

“ I am sorry you find them so troublesome,” was all I could say.

“ I saw our friend, Mrs. James, just now,” he continued, “ she says she intends to break down housekeeping. Am I right there ? ”

“ Break up housekeeping, she must have said.”

“ Oh, yes, I remember, break up housekeeping.”

“ Why does she do that ? ” I asked.

“ Because her health is so broken into.”

“ Broken down, you should say.”

“ Broken down—oh yes. And, indeed, since the small-pox has broken up in our city—”

“ Broken out—”

“ She thinks she will leave it for a few weeks.”

“ Will she leave her house alone ? ”

“ No ; she is afraid it will be broken—broken—how do I say that ? ”

“ Broken into.”

“ Certainly ; that is what I meant to say.”

“ Is her son to be married soon ? ”

“ No ; the engagement is broken—broken—”

“ Broken off.”

“ Ah ! I have not heard that.”

“ She is very sorry about it. Her son only broke the news down to her last week. Am I right ? I am so anxious to speak English well.”

“ He merely broke the news : no preposition this time.”

“ It is hard to understand. That young man, her son, is a fine fellow—a breaker, I think ”

“ A broker and a very fine fellow. Good day.” So much for the verb “ to break.”

## The Sunday-School Drawer.

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DR. FRANKLIN said, "A good kick out of doors is better than all the rich uncles in the world."

NONE are so fond of secrets as those who don't mean to keep them; such persons covet secrets as a spendthrift covets money, for the purpose of circulation.

KEEP your mouth shut when you read, when you write, when you listen, when you are in pain, when you are running, when you are riding, and by all means when you are angry. There is no person in society but will find, and acknowledge, improvement in health and enjoyment from even a temporary attention to this advice.

THE Emperor Napoleon III. once had a quiet evening with a few friends. In the course of conversation he remarked that it was very hard to define *savant*. "I don't think so," retorted M. Drouyn de Lhuys; "I would propose this definition: A *savant* is a man who knows all that the world doesn't know, and who is ignorant of what all the world knows."

SWIMMING TO SCHOOL IN NEW ZEALAND.—We never hear of a mother *sending* her children to school. But very often, when the bell rings, we see the children running to school at their utmost speed. It is very amusing to see some of them, if a canoe is not at hand when the bell rings, tie their clothes in a bundle on their heads and swim across the river. Others have descended a mountain upwards of three thousand feet every morning, and are often here soon after six o'clock.—*The Children's Record*.

RICHARD I., on his way to the Holy Land, was taken captive and imprisoned in a dreary castle far away from his nation. At last, in the hands of his enemies, while wonder was dying fast, and he was perishing from the memory of mankind, he was discovered in a very strange manner. He had a favorite minstrel—Blondel; he knew that his master and king was confined in some cell in a castle among dreary mountain forests: and he traveled from one to the other, waking at the dungeon bars some well-loved melodies from his harp. At last the strain from the harp without was answered by the king from within down in the dungeon. The lay and the harp of the minstrel thus became the means of the emancipation of the prince. Thus the spirit of man sits like a captive king in a dungeon, until the voice of the divine music wakes echoes hitherto unknown along his prison-house, and stirs him with new knowledge, new consciousness. The senses are the bars of the prison. Every minister (and teacher) should be a Blondel.—*Rev. E. P. Hood*.

COVETOUS people often seek to shelter themselves behind the widow's mite, and to give a paltry sum to benevolent objects under cover of her contribution. The following incident has a moral for all such: A gentleman called upon a wealthy friend for a contribution. "Yes, I suppose I must give my mite," said the rich man. "You mean the widow's mite, I suppose?" replied the other. "To be sure I do." The gentleman continued, "I will be satisfied with half as much as she gave. How much are you worth?" "Seventy thousand dollars," he answered. "Give me, then, a check for thirty-five thousand; that will be just half as much as the widow gave, for she gave all she had." It was a new idea to the wealthy merchant.

BEAUTIFUL DEATHS.—A girl thirteen years old was dying. Lifting her eyes towards the ceiling, she said softly, "Lift me higher, lift me higher!" Her parents raised her up with pillows, but she faintly said, "No, not that; but there!" again looking earnestly toward heaven, whither her happy soul flew a few moments later. On her grave-stone these words are now carved:

"Jane B., aged 13. *Lifted higher.*"

A beautiful idea of dying, was it not? Lifted higher!

Another little girl, gasping for her last mortal breath, said "Father, take me." Her father, who sat dissolved in tears by her bedside, lifted her into his lap. She smiled, thanked him, and said, "I spoke to my heavenly Father," and died.

THE miners in the gold fields of Australia, when they have gathered a large quantity of the precious dust, start for the city with their treasure. The mine is far in the interior; the country wild; the forest infested by robbers. The miners keep the road, and travel by daylight. They march in company, and close by the guard sent to protect them. They do not stray from the path into the woods, for they bear with them a treasure which they value highly, and with which they will run no risks. So every traveler through this world has something very precious in his custody—the most precious treasure ever created—his own soul. The world is full of enemies. Safety only lies in keeping on the path where God's angels go for the defence of His children.

ALL THAT REMAINS OF GLORY.—After Saladin the Great had subdued Egypt, passed the Euphrates, and conquered cities without number; after he had retaken Jerusalem, and performed extraordinary exploits in those wars which superstition had stirred up, for the recovery of the Holy Land, he finished his life in the performance of an action which ought to be transmitted to the latest posterity. A moment before he uttered his last sigh, he called the herald, who had carried his banners before him in all his battles; he commanded him to fasten to the top of a lance the shroud in which the dying prince was soon to be buried. "Go," said he, "carry the lance, unfurl the banner; and, while you lift up this standard, proclaim—'This, this is all that remains of all the glory of Saladin the Great, the conqueror and king of the empire!'"

DISCOVERIES OF THE MICROSCOPE.—Lowenboeck tells us of an insect seen with the microscope, of which twenty-seven millions would only equal a mite. Insects of various kinds may be seen in the cavities of a common grain of sand. Mould is a forest of beautiful trees, with the branches, leaves, flowers and fruit. Butterflies are fully feathered. Hairs are hollow tubes. The surface of our bodies is covered with scales like fish; a single grain of sand would cover one hundred and fifty of these scales, and yet a single scale covers five hundred pores. Through these narrow openings the sweat forces itself out like water through a sieve. The mites make five hundred steps a second. Each drop of stagnant water contains a world of animated beings, swimming with as much liberty as whales in the sea. Each leaf has a colony of insects grazing on it, like oxen on a meadow.

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# PROSPECTUS FOR 1874

## THE GUARDIAN: A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

Devoted to the Social, Literary and Religious Interests of  
Young Men and Ladies.

Rev. B. BAUSMAN, D. D., Editor.

THE GUARDIAN enters upon its XXVth volume, on the first of January 1874 It has a sufficient history to establish its character, and to show its fruits. In its principles, purposes and general spirit, no changes are proposed. The True, the Beautiful, and the Good are unchangeable—error and sin are always the same. Its editorial management is committed, as heretofore, to the Rev. B. BAUSMAN, D. D., whose name, of itself, the publishers regard as the most satisfactory guarantee of the high tone and general interest which should characterize the family magazine.

THE GUARDIAN continues to be published by the REFORMED CHURCH PUBLICATION BOARD. It compares favorably with other publications of the kind, and has earned for itself a reputation which may well be coveted. The January number will be embellished with a beautiful Steel Engraving, and the publication continue to appear with a handsome ornamental cover title. The publishers will continue to use a superior quality of paper; and do all in their power, in co-operating with the Editor, to render THE GUARDIAN acceptable to its subscribers.

This Magazine will be, as heretofore, devoted to the highest interests of the young, at the most solemn and interesting period of their life. It will offer its friendly counsels to them in an earnest, though free and cheerful way. It will solemnly seek to warn them against the wrong, and affectionately lure them to the right. The Editor will endeavor to make its contents true, pure, fresh, and healthy as the morning of life. It will particularly urge self-culture and early piety as of the highest importance, and cultivate the home feeling as a sacred element in social purity and peace. It will seek to move in the element of its motto:—"Life—Light—Love."

THE GUARDIAN has no denominational or party bias. It is its ambition to take the quiet way of peace and love. It would turn the attention of its readers to that first and greatest of duties, the cultivation of the heart, mind, social feelings and pious affections. It will have its reward if it can be the means of making Hearts better, Homes happier, and Heaven surer. The evidence that it has in a degree done this, which the experience of years has furnished, is more precious to us than gain or gold. Cheerfully, hopefully, and believingly we take our pilgrim-staff in hand to travel another year.

THE GUARDIAN contains thirty-two pages monthly, making a handsome Volume of three hundred and eighty-four pages at the end of the year.

Pastors who receive this Prospectus are requested to hand it to some active member of the Church, who will procure subscribers for THE GUARDIAN. If ten subscribers are obtained, we will send one copy to the person obtaining them and one to the pastor gratis.

We respectfully ask all Young Men and Ladies to aid us in increasing our circulation. It will be an easy thing for them to raise a club among their companions.

Postmasters are requested to act as our Agents, to whom we will allow the usual per centage. Specimen numbers sent when requested.

### TERMS—ONLY \$1.50 A YEAR—IN ADVANCE.

Any one who sends us six subscribers with \$9 cash, will receive one copy for one year, gratis. Thirteen copies will be sent for \$15; twenty-seven for \$30.

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REFORMED CHURCH PUBLICATION BOARD, Publishers,  
No. 907 Arch Street, Philadelphia.

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Vol. XXV.

DECEMBER, 1874.

No. 12.

“LIFE, LIGHT, LOVE.”

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OF

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Rev. B. Bausman, D.D., Editor.

PHILADELPHIA:  
REFORMED CHURCH PUBLICATION BOARD,  
No. 907 Arch Street.

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Miss Sarah Heller, A. R. Roffenberger, Rev. C. U. Heilman, E. R. Jordon, A. S. Mc Clun, Rev. S. A. Leinbach, Rev. D. D. Leberman, Rev. A. C. Whitmer, A. Balliet, J. A. Lefevre, Rev. J. B. Welty, J. Hoke.

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## GUARDIAN, DECEMBER, 1874.

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Mrs Ann Eyerman, Easton, Pa. 1 50	26	Mr DD Leberman, Meadv'le, Pa. 1 50	23
Rev. S. A. Leinbach, Coplay, Pa. 1 50	25	Rosa M. Kessler, Allen'town, Pa. 3 00	24 & 25
Rev S G Wagner, Allentown, Pa. 3 00	24 & 25	Jans A Lefevre, Littlestown, Pa. 2 75	25 & 26
W Stewart (st) Chambersb'g Pa. 1 00	26	Mrs J. Hoke, Chambersburg, Pa. 1 50	25
Mrs L A Leberman Meadville Pa	3 25		
	25 & 26		

# THE GUARDIAN.

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Vol. XXV. DECEMBER, 1874.

No. 12.

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## A STEP IN ADVANCE.

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BY THE EDITOR.

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At the last annual meetings of the Synod of the United States, and of the Synod of the Potomac, action was taken with a view of furnishing the Sunday-schools within their bounds with Lessons for every Sunday in the year. At a late meeting of the Board of Publication of the Reformed Book Concern in Philadelphia, in which these Synods as well as that of Pittsburg, have a joint interest, it was resolved to add a Sunday-school department to the *Guardian*. At least ten pages of each number shall hereafter be devoted to this cause. Although it will contain no more pages than heretofore, the difference of type, and of the arrangement of the matter will increase its contents about one-fourth. The Board has appointed W. K. Zieber, D.D., J. Beck, D.D., P. S. Davis, D.D. and Rev. F. K. Levan, to prepare a series of Sunday-school lessons for the coming year of 1875. These brethren are well known for their efficiency in the Sunday-school work, the result of whose labors will doubtless give general satisfaction. Along with the Lessons, there will be published a condensed comment on the Scripture verses, for the use of teachers, and a short lesson for Infant School Teachers. Four Lessons and the Comments will be published in each number of the *GUARDIAN*. The Lessons will be separately printed on Leaves for the use of the scholars every month. Four of these will be sent to the several schools using them. They will cost considerable less than the usual question book. Besides, they will fully accord with the doctrine and usages of the Reformed Church.

In addition to the Lessons, each number of the *GUARDIAN* will contain apt and instructive Sunday-school reading. Outside

of the Sunday-school Department it will be conducted as heretofore. This new feature will greatly enlarge the GUARDIAN's sphere of usefulness. It will make it a Sunday-school Teacher's helper, a guide and teacher of the children and youth of the Church.

Its mission will, hereafter, be more extensive and more important than ever. We earnestly ask all Sunday-school workers :

1. To furnish us with short, apt articles, and with anything out of their experience that might be of interest and profit to the readers of this department.
2. To render us their vigorous assistance in introducing the GUARDIAN among the teachers, and the Lesson Leaves among the scholars.
3. We invite all persons who are in cordial sympathy with the young, and possess a talent to write for their entertainment and instruction, to aid us with their pen.
4. As a rule, we prefer short articles. Few should fill more than three or four pages. Articles from half a column to two pages will be received with most favor.

The January number will be issued before Christmas. The subscription price for the GUARDIAN will be as heretofore, \$1.50. The Club-rates for Sunday-school teachers, and the terms for the Lesson Leaves, as arranged by the publishers, are as follows :

For 5 copies to one address, for one year,	\$ 7.00.
" 10 "	13.00.
" 20 "	25.00.
" 30 "	36.00.

In each case the money must accompany the orders.

The Lesson Papers will be sold separately at 75 cents for 100 copies. For any less number, one cent will be charged for each copy.

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#### A SCRAP OF THE GUARDIAN'S HISTORY.

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BY THE EDITOR.

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The GUARDIAN was started on January 1st, 1850. It is now twenty-five years old. Its father and founder is the sainted Harbaugh. He was then yet young in the ministry, pastor of the Reformed Church at Lewisburg, Pa. Full of enthusiasm and zeal for the cause of Christ, he wished to do good beyond the bounds of his own flock. In the introduction to the first number of the GUARDIAN, he says :

" It has long been our conviction that there is an actual want of something of this kind. It is a comparatively new thing to publish a Magazine in the country. The cities send them forth in abundance, devoted to different objects. We know, however, of none that meets the want we expect the

GUARDIAN to meet. There are, it is true, many designed to circulate among young men and young ladies; but these, as we humbly conceive, are not such as rightly meet this want. Their spirit is not the spirit of the country, and the region of romance in which they move, is far removed from the real wants of real life. As no one whose mind and habits have been developed in the country, feels at home in city life, so magazines which are in sympathy with city life can not in all respects be adapted to the wants of the country. They come to us, therefore, in a style and spirit with which we cannot fully sympathize.

The GUARDIAN is to be devoted to the highest social, religious and literary interest of young men and young ladies—and this at a period of life, the most solemn and critical of all. It is to meet them at that time in life when, more than at any other, they are laying the foundation of their temporal and eternal destiny. This may be thus illustrated. There is a place in the North part of the state of Ohio, called the *Dividing Ridge*. The waters on the North side of it pass into the Lakes, and through the St. Lawrence to the Atlantic Ocean. The waters on the South side of it pass into the Ohio, and thence through the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico. There is a house at one place on this ridge, so situated, that the roof divides the waters—those falling down the north eave passing to the Atlantic, and those falling down the south eave to the Gulf of Mexico. The slightest puff of wind may determine the destination of a drop when it is falling within a few feet of the roof! This may illustrate to us the solemnity of that period of life, when the young are taking a life-long decision, in the choice of a trade, profession, or what is still more solemn, in the choice of a companion for life in holy marriage. At this period, what a small circumstance may give birth to serious and endless consequences.

This transition period is not confined to a mere point of time, but it spreads over years—say from fifteen to twenty-five. Within this golden period are buried, on the one hand treasures of wisdom, honor, peace and happiness; on the other, folly, misfortune and disgrace. Out of this soft and docile period arises the stream of life. This may be illustrated by the same Dividing Ridge above referred to. There is a stream which at one place rises on its level top, and passes on its summit westward for three miles. At any point in these three miles, it could be turned south or north, by a little labor—at length it determines northward! These three miles, during which its course is held in suspense, may represent to us that period of life to which the GUARDIAN is specially devoted. During this period the young and docile mind wanders in suspense; a little teaching may determine its direction, but if left to itself it will soon, right or wrong, break forth in its own channel towards its endless destiny. Is there not room here for a periodical such as it is hoped this will be?—The more so since precisely at this period, the young spirit is so filled with hope, animation and youthful joy, as to be least of all in a condition to sit down and solve for itself the earnest problem of life. It has never travelled the road which now lies open before it, and yet is in haste to be out upon it. How good a word may prove to be at this season, if spoken by the lips of wisdom and experience!"

These are among the beautiful introductory words of the first number of the GUARDIAN, published January 1st, 1850. We deem them worthy of the best and first place in this number.

For these twenty-five years past its undeviating aim has been to serve as a guide and teacher of the young. We think its readers

and friends will bear testimony to the assertion that its pages have always breathed the cheerful spirit of youth ; of peace and piety—of “Life, Light and Love.” It has always sought and found its warmest friends among the young, whose intellectual and spiritual improvement was its chief desire.

The first two years Dr. Harbaugh, edited and published the GUARDIAN alone. In 1852, 1853, Dr. Heiner and Rev. S. H. Reid were associated with him as editors and publishers. During this time both enriched its pages by their valuable contributions. At the close of 1853, they both withdrew from the work, and Dr. Harbaugh again became the sole editor. At this time John H. Pearsol, and afterwards Pearsol and Geist, of the Lancaster Express, assumed its publication. And in January, 1863, the Printing Establishment of the Reformed Church, then at Chambersburg, Pa., began to publish it, and has continued to do so to this present.

Dr. Harbaugh edited the GUARDIAN for a period of seventeen years. Towards the close of the year 1866, he was appointed editor of the Mercersburg Review. The duties of this position along with those of his Professorship of Theology in the Seminary at Mercersburg, Pa., constrained him to withdraw from the editorship of the GUARDIAN. We still remember with what tenderness our now sainted friend pressed this child of his early ministry and of many cares and prayers, upon our hand and heart. He spoke of it as though it had possessed the throbbing warm life of a natural, loving child. His withdrawal caused him pain. In his valedictory he said :

“Though convinced as to the course of duty, yet we have not been able to come into this arrangement without a struggle.” And then he tells us tenderly how in his early ministry seventeen years before, full of enthusiasm and youth, he had started the GUARDIAN, without funds or subscribers. How, soon after, he carried his “sweet burden” to Lancaster; and ten years later to Lebanon; and three years later to Mercersburg. “In our study as by our side it has grown up from infancy, through childhood into full youth. Every year has it hung upon our Christmas tree as an offering to Christ in the service of the young. To part with it, even with the assurance that it will live, and perhaps even live better, than ever before, has, to us, some of the nature of a bereavement in the family.

“How many, memories  
Come o'er my spirit now !”

He promised still to write for it. A few articles only could he send us. For just one year later he entered into rest.

THE BOYHOOD OF A PIOUS DREAMER.

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BY THE EDITOR.

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A true story, I have to tell, albeit of a dreamer. I find it in a German book, and will give it in my own way and words.

A good and great dreamer he was, who all his life-long was sad ; from a child he was filled with pensive longings. Given to waking dreams, when his mind reached out after the heavenly world, trying to get glimpses into the Land of the Blest, and sick to get there. He was a homesick wanderer, and wrote a work called "Das Heimweh, von Heinrich Stilling." (The Home-sickness, by Henry Stilling.) His real name was John Henry Young, but in his work he assumed the name of Stilling, by which he was known ever after. Although of humble birth, and of a meek and lowly life, his piety and mental powers endeared him to the great men of his day. From his youth Goethe was his warm admirer and friend, and princes delighted to do him honor and be in his company.

Our life and destiny is greatly determined by our forefathers and foremothers. It matters much when and where we have been born ; whether in China, Germany or America ; whether under the Emperor Nero, William I. or President Grant. Stilling inherited the beginnings of his most striking traits from his ancestors.

We will go no further back than to his grandfather. His name was Gerhard Y—g. He had grown old as a godly laborer—making an honest living on a small patch of hilly land, and burning charcoal. His home was in a mountainous part of Westphalia, now in Prussia. During the summer he burned charcoal, taking his meals for a whole week with him in a knapsack, and living on the open mountains from Monday morning till Saturday evening. On Sunday he worshipped in the church of his village, of whose consistory he was an honored member. He had six grown children —two sons and four daughters.

On his leisure, homeward walk down the mountain, one Saturday evening, he plucked a leaf from a tree, and pressing it between his lips, piped a melody of praise to his Maker. With that another coal-burner and neighbor, Stähler by name overtook him. "With favorable weather, we shall soon have our wood ready for the burning ; in three weeks we shall get done."

"Perhaps," replied Stilling, and resumed his piping on the leaf.

"Neighbor, somehow, it is not with me as it used to be. The work of life is becoming burdensome. I am already sixty-eight, and you are nearly seventy."

"I believe so," replied Stilling. "See there, the sun is fast sinking behind the mountains; I can not be sufficiently thankful for the goodness and love of God. My good neighbor, with you, and me, too, the evening has come. The shadow of death is daily fast approaching. It will overtake us sooner than we think. Not only this day, but through my whole life God has mercifully helped, kept and cared for me, for which I cannot thank Him enough."

Stähler muttered a few meaningless words, whilst his heart wandered elsewhere.

Stilling continued: "Without the slightest fear I await the solemn moment, when I shall be released of this old, worn-out body, and admitted to the joys of the redeemed in heaven. Besides, my children are all grown up, they have learned to read and write, can earn their bread, and ere long they shall have no more need of me and my Margaret."

"No more need? How easily can a son or a daughter fall into evil ways, and bring sorrow upon the whole family, when the parents can no longer care for them."

"I am not afraid of that. Thank God, my care is no longer needed. Through Christian instruction and training, and a pious example, I have planted such a dread of sin into my children, that I need have no fears on that score."

Stähler laughingly replied: "Gerhard, you have great faith in your children. I think a knowledge of all I know about them would make you speak otherwise."

Stilling stood, leaning on his axe-handle, and smilingly looked at his neighbor: "What do you know then, Stähler, that is to wound my spirit so sorely?"

"Neighbor Stilling, have you heard, that your William, the school-master, is to be married?"

"No, of this I know nothing."

"Then I will tell you. He has sought the hand of Pastor Moritzen's daughter, the suspended minister of Lichthausen, and has been engaged to her."

"That he has been engaged to her, is not true. But that he has sought her hand, may be true."

"Stilling, can this be possible? Gerhard!—can you allow this? Your son to marry a girl that has no means at all?"

"Poverty is no crime," said Stilling as he walked on his way.  
"Moritzen has two daughters; which one is it?"

"Dorothea."

"Dorothy I like; with her I can close my life. I can never forget, how once she came to us, on a Sunday afternoon, greeted me and my Margaret, and sat down in silence. I saw from her eyes that she wanted something. On her blushing cheeks I read that she could not tell me what it was. I asked her: Do you need anything? She was silent and sighed. I went and brought her a rix-dollar. Here, said I, this I will lend you, until you can pay it back."

"You might have given it to her at once, for you will never get it back."

"That was my intention, too. But had I then told her so the poor girl would have been still more mortified. 'Alas!' said she, as the large hot tears rolled down her face, 'alas! my best, dearest father Stilling! it makes my heart bleed to see how my poor father rolls about the stale, hard bread in his mouth and cannot chew it.' My Margaret went and brought a large bowl of sweet milk, and since then she sent the family sweet milk several times a week."

"And can you actually consent that William should marry this girl?"

"With all my heart, if he wishes to have her. Healthy people can earn something; rich people may lose what they have."

"Awhile ago you said you knew nothing about this matter. After all, as you say, you seem to know that William has not yet been engaged to this girl."

"This much I know—that he will first ask my advice and consent."

"See here! He ask you? Indeed, for that you can wait a long while."

"Stähler! I know my William. I have always told my children, they might marry as poor or as rich as they pleased or could, only they should see well to industry and piety. When I married my Margaret she had nothing; and I had a little property with many debts. God has helped me. I can now give each of my children a hundred gulden in cash."

"I am not as indifferent as you are. I must know what I am doing, and my children must marry as I deem best."

"Each one makes his shoes over his own last."

With this Stilling bade his neighbor good-night, for by this time they had reached their own dwellings. Stilling entered the small room where his Margaret had impatiently waited for him. She

lifted his linen knapsack from his shoulders, and spread the table with his scanty supper—a piece of pan-cake which she had warmed on an earthen plate, in the hot ashes ; and a small bowl of bread and milk.

“Just think” said the busy housewife, “William has not returned yet. I hope no evil has happened to him ? Are there any wolves about here ?”

“No danger,” said the father, laughing. He was given to this habit, indeed would often laugh aloud when he was by himself.

Suddenly the door opened, and their second son, William, just entered. He came from Lichthausen, where besides serving as school-master, he worked at tailoring. After greeting his parents with the usual “good-evening,” he sat on the plain bench, and leaned his face on his hands, and spoke not a word as his eyes vacantly rested on the floor.

“William,” at length said the mother, “you were late coming : I feared some ill had befallen you.”

“Why, mother, we need not fear. You know, father often tells us, he who walks in duty’s path, need have no fear.”

Then the son turned now pale, now red in his face. At length his feelings found stammering-vent, thus :

“At Lichthausen lives a poor, suspended minister ; I would be willing to marry his youngest daughter. If you parents consent to it, there will be no other hindrance in the way.”

The good old father understood it all, and said : “William, you are now twenty-three years of age. I have sent you to school. You know enough. But you are lame, and cannot well get along in life. Besides the girl is poor, and not used to hard work, how do you intend to make a living in the future ?”

“With the work of my hands I can do that well enough, and as for the rest I shall wholly trust in Divine Providence, who will surely care for me and my Dorothy, no less than He does for the birds of the air.”

“What say you, Margaret ?” asked the father.

“Well, what shall I say ? Let us take both with us : William can work at his trade, and Dorothy will help me and the girls, as much as she can. She has still something to learn, for she is still young. They can eat at our table. He can give us his earnings, and we will provide for both. I think this would be the best.”

“If you think so,” said the father, “let him marry the girl. William ! William ! Think well what you are doing ; this is no small matter. The God of thy fathers bless thee with all that thou and thy Dorothy need.”

The tears trembled in the eyes of the grateful son, as he warm-

ly pressed the hand of his parents, and pledged them his trustful obedience. The window of his bed-chamber opened toward the wooded mountain. As he looked out and listened to the hush of night, two nightingales sang alternately their sweet night songs. He knelt before the window and sighed : "O God ! I thank Thee for such good, kind parents. Help me to give them much joy ! May I never become a burden to them ! I thank Thee that Thou givest me a pious wife ! O bless me !" Then his sobs and tears choked utterance, and he left the "Spirit make intercession for him."

The next day was Sunday, and they all went to church. As their custom was, the daughters walked ahead, then the sons, then the parents, old Stilling with his old thorn-wood cane, keeping a pious eye on the whole procession, as he walked in the rear, going to and coming from church.

At Lichthausen there was no pastor. As the village school-master, in the afternoon, William had to read a sermon out of a book, to the congregation, and lead the people in the singing of a hymn.

Poor Pastor Moritzen had rented two small rooms in a farmhouse. Here William spent the evening. He found the old, persecuted man of God sitting at his piano, and playing a sacred melody. He was dressed in his well-worn wrapper, which was carefully washed and mended, without a rent but covered with a hundred patches. Aside of him, on the bench, sat his daughter, Dorothea, a girl of twenty-two, poorly but cleanly clad, who sweetly sang the hymn her father played. She beckoned to William with a smile, which soon brought him to her side. He joined them in the music, and sang with her out of her book. When the hymn was ended the Pastor greeted William, and said :

"School-master, I am never so happy as when I play and sing. When I was yet pastor of a congregation, we used to sing much during the services. Where so many voices unite in the singing, the heart is raised above all things earthly. But, I have something else to say to you. My Dorothy told me yesterday evening that she loved you. But I am poor ; what say your parents to it ?"

"They are heartily pleased with the whole matter." Dorothy's bright eyes beamed through tears, as the venerable man of God took her right hand and gave it to William, saying : "Two daughters are all that is left me in life. This one is dear to me as the apple of my eye. Take her my son ! take her !"

Greatly moved, he continued with a sobbing voice :

"The blessing of Jehovah descend upon you and make you blessed before Him and His saints, and blessed before the world ! May your children be true Christians, and your seed be great. May they be written in the book of life."

After a pause he continued : "But, Dorothy ; have you noticed the feet of your bridegroom ? he is lame."

"Yes, father, I have noticed it. But he is so good and so pious that I seldom see his feet."

"Very well, Dorothy, still the maidens are wont to have an eye to bodily appearance."

"I too, father. But I love William just as he is. If his feet would be sound and straight, he would not be William Stilling, and how could I then love him ? "

Soon after William Stilling and Dorothea Moritzen were formally married. The wedding was held at the house of father Stilling. Two chickens and a calf were fattened and served up at the feast. Great was the joy of the old people and their children. The young couple lived with the Stilling family. William quit school-teaching, and plied his needle. The following year a child was born to them. It was September 12, 1740, at 8 o'clock in the evening that Henry Stilling started on the sad pilgrimage of his life. His mother was a woman of very fine sensitive feelings and a tender heart. She had not been a mother long, when she sank into a melancholy state of mind. She was always sad, and without any perceptible cause her sensitive heart seemed to dissolve in tears. On a Sunday afternoon, when her child was a year and a half old, the two parents strolled through the village grove. Leaning on his arm, and listening to the warbling of the birds, she at length broke the silence.

"William, what think you, shall we know each other in heaven ? "

"Most assuredly, my dear Dorothy. Our blessed Saviour says that the rich man knew Lazarus in Abraham's bosom, therefore I firmly believe that we shall know each other in heaven."

"O William, how very happy I am in the hope, that throughout all eternity, without any care or sorrow, we shall be together in pure and perfect bliss ! Yes, my dear William, certainly ! certainly ! we shall know each other there again ! Apart from other proofs, I believe this because my heart so earnestly desires it. God has put this desire into my heart, surely He would not have put it there, without the possibility of its fulfilment."

These feelings were a sort of prophecy of her approaching end. "William, sit by my side," said the homesick young mother one day, after an illness of two weeks. A few moments later she breathed her last. As the old parents reached the room, William lay on the bed, unconscious, and enfolding the corpse of his sainted wife in his arms. For a long while he nursed his grief in silence ; wandered about by himself, thinking over the few days of their

happy union. In his dreams she was with him; on awaking he broke out in bitter weeping because it was all a dream. His mother tried her utmost to comfort him. His father saw his grief, but held his peace.

"Gerhard," said she one day, "Why do you let William go about in this way? You seem to care nothing about him, and act as if he had no claim upon you. The poor soul will get the consumption from sheer sorrow."

Father Stilling, after a long pause of silence, replied with a sad smile:

"Margaret, pray what should I tell William for his comfort? If I tell him to be satisfied and cheerfully resigned, because his Dorothy is in heaven, is happy, it would be the same as if some one would take from you your dearest earthly treasure, and I would tell you: 'only be contented. Your treasure is well taken care of. In sixty years it will be restored to you. It is safely kept by a good friend of yours.' Would not such a comfort only provoke you? Your reply would be: 'But pray, of what shall I live during these sixty years?'—Or shall I remind William of Dorothy's faults, to convince him that his loss, after all, is not so serious? Thus I would sin against the sainted one, and become a liar and a blasphemer, and turn William into my lifelong foe. He would refute my assertion by enumerating all her virtues. Or shall I get him another Dorothy? Alas, we can find no other Dorothy!"

In course of time the heart of the mourner was comforted. His sorrow, though not forgotten was soothed. He found another wife, a help-mate, but no Dorothy.

Between the father and grandparents, the little boy's training was well cared for, though their views differed. William was stern in his training. He forbade the boy to mingle with any other children, tried to make a child-hermit of him. He was never allowed to play with other boys, lest he might hear or learn something sinful. The father saw the features and character of his sainted Dorothy developing in his growing boy. He must see well to it that this precious gift will not be soiled by sin. During the day he was with him in his tailor-shop. He slept with him. The father rose at four, and awoke William at seven. At his first awakening he reminded him of the goodness of God, whose angels had kept charge of him during the night. "Thank Him for it, Henry," said he as he helped him to put on his clothes. Then the boy had to wash himself in cold water. Then locking the door of his chamber, both kneeled side by side, and the father prayed with great devotion and fervor, often weeping greatly. Henry had to eat his

breakfast as though in the presence of a prince—with the greatest decorum. After breakfast he had to learn a lesson out of the Catechism, the verse of a hymn or a few Bible verses. Bible stories were repeatedly read, and later other good books. From two to three in the afternoon he strolled about in the fresh air, but only where the eye of the father could follow him through the window. He was often and severely whipped. At length the grandfather protested.

"William, you effect no good with your too much whipping. Everybody loves freedom, hence you must not forbid and command too much. Then you need not punish so much for the breaking of your rules."

Henry's father saw his error, and tried to profit by this reproof. With rare natural talents and a teachable disposition Henry Stilling early became noted as an extraordinary boy. One day his pastor visited the family. William had given his son instruction how to behave. When Pastor Stollbein entered the room Henry stood with his back against the wall, erect as a soldier about to present arms, holding his cap in his folded hands, and fixing his keen eye upon the greatest man in the village. After a few words of familiar conversation with William he turned to the boy, and said :

"Good morning, Henry!"

"It is customary to say 'good morning' as soon as you enter a room," was the curt reply.

By this time the experienced pastor understood whom he had to deal with, and continued :

"Do you know your Catechism?"

"Not the whole of it yet."

"How is that? Not the whole of it yet? The Catechism is the first thing that children must learn."

"No, sir, that is not the first. Children must first learn to pray that God may give them an understanding heart to understand the Catechism."

The pastor at first felt tempted to reprove the boy for presuming to know better than he, but his last answer satisfied him better.

"How do you pray then?"

"I pray: 'Dear Heavenly Father, please enlighten my mind that I may understand what I read.'"

"That is right, my son. So you must always pray."

"You are not my father," said Henry.

"I am your spiritual father."

"No, sir, God is my spiritual Father?"

"Do you then know God, your spiritual Father?"

Henry smiled and asked : "How should a person not know God?"

"But you cannot see Him."

Henry without replying brought his well-worn Bible, turned to Romans i. 19, 20, and showed it to the Pastor :

"For the invisible things of Him from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made, even His eternal power and Godhead; so that they are without excuse. Because that when they knew God, they glorified him not as God, neither were thankful, but became vain in their imaginations, and their foolish heart was darkened."

By this time Pastor Stollbein was delighted with Henry, and told him he might now leave the room. To his father he said : "Your son will excel all his ancestors, continue to keep him well under your control. He will become a great man."

Meanwhile the father's government became more gentle. As he and Henry would occasionally stroll about under the trees, he would point out the places which his mother used to delight to visit, told him, too, how she talked, walked and acted. From these conversations Henry imbibed an ardent love for his sainted mother. Her image was not only impressed on his heart, but he daily grew more like her, and with great comfort William saw his dear Dorothy live again in her child, in whom he again found the lost one.

Henry's grandfather was a very thoughtful man. And although only an humble charcoal burner, he eagerly read such books as he could lay his hands on. He loved to read works on astronomy, and at night loved to point out the different planets to Henry, as they sat or walked together under the starry heavens. After dear father Stilling had entered into rest, his widowed Margaret felt very desolate. The more so, as by this time she had become blind. Henry often tried to comfort her. One day his grandmother asked him :

"Henry, what do you think your grandfather is doing now ?" He replied :

"He is travelling from planet to planet, visiting Orion, Sirius, and the Pleiades, to see all the wonderful things there. How he will be filled with wonder, and exclaim as he often did when yet with us : 'O, what a wonderful God.'"

"But," said his grandmother, "I have no desire to attend him in such journeys. What shall I do then, once I get to heaven ?"

"Why, dear grandmother, do as Mary did, sit at the feet of Jesus."

Henry Stilling was a born genius. His father was a poor desponding tailor, with deformed feet. The boy inherited a thirst to become and do something great. He helped his father to sew, but chafed under the yoke. The confined tailor's bench was a place of torture

to him. His thirst for knowledge gave him no rest. He hated his father's work because it gave him no time to read. In his dreamy longings he even played the pastor, as boys sometimes significantly do. When quite a boy yet, he and some other children were left alone in the house. He put a piece of white paper around his neck for a preacher's neck-band, tied a black apron on his back for a gown, stood on a chair for a pulpit, facing the back of it as a speaking stand, and preached lustily to his little hearers. One day when he preached thus with a loud voice Pastor Stollbein suddenly entered the room, and caught him in the midst of it. The good man broke out in a hearty laugh, whilst the little preacher stood on the chair like a statue, pale as a sheet and ready to weep. His hearers stood before him with folded hands, and now expected a severe scolding, or perhaps even something worse. Fortunately the Pastor was in a better humor than usual. "Come down, stand yonder, and throw aside your foolish regalia. Henry, I believe you are aiming to be a pastor?"

"I have no money to study."

"You are to become a school-master and not a pastor."

"I would like that, sir, but if God should wish me to be a pastor or some other learned man, must I then say: 'No, my dear heavenly Father, Pastor Stollbein will not consent to it; I am only to be a school-master?'"

"Hush, you naughty boy!" cried the Pastor, evidently annoyed by the answer. "Do you not know whom you are talking to?"

I need not say that Henry learned his Catechism well. In his fourteenth year he attended instruction for confirmation. His correct and prompt answer to all the questions excited the envy of some less pious or less talented Catechumens. The pastor suspected that he was ambitious.

"Why must you ever be the foremost to answer?" he said one day to him, and received the reply:

"When it comes to learning, I do not like to be the hindmost." In his fifteenth year he was confirmed. It was on Whit-sunday. Two weeks before the Pastor called him aside, and said:

"Henry, I would like to make a good man out of you. But you must be a pious youth, and always obey me, for I am placed over you for your good. On Whit-sunday coming I will confirm you. After that I will see whether I can not make a school-master out of you."

Henry's heart leaped with joy. His first choice was to be a pastor. If that is impossible then he will gladly become a school-master, only so that he can escape from the dull and menial

tailor's bench. Soon after his confirmation he was called to take charge of a school. For awhile teaching afforded him inexpressible pleasure. The scholars loved and learned well for him. And their parents were equally attached to him. Of a Sunday he took the children to church, and led the singing with them. The forester of the village gave him the use of good books. Alas! before long trouble came. He lost his place through the jealousy of others.

For awhile he took to his needle again, with a saddened heart. Then he was appointed to another school. Again he was beloved and successful, and again displaced. And so a third time. During all these disappointments he eagerly studied every instructive book he could lay his hands upon. He grew in knowledge and in misery. Even his father treated him harshly. When he returned, after withdrawing from his third school, he sadly sat in the room, brooding over his misfortune. At length his father broke the silence : "Have you come again, spoiled youth? Vain have been my proud hopes concerning you. What avail now your breadless books and studies! You shrank from a trade. On the tailor's bench you are all the while sighing. At teaching you cannot succeed. What do you now want here? You must help us work in the fields. I have no other use for you."

"Father," he exclaimed, "I feel in my inmost soul that I am innocent. But I cannot fully explain or justify myself to you. Our heavenly Father knows it all."

One Sunday he visited his blind old grandmother.

"Henry, sit thee aside of me. Is it true that thy father treats thee unkindly? or perhaps thy stepmother?"

"No, she is not in the fault of my misery, but my unfortunate circumstances."

"Listen to me, dear child. It is dark about me, but for all that there is all the more light in my heart. I know that something great is to come out of you, but you will reach it through great sorrow. Your sainted grandfather saw it all beforehand. I shall never forget it. One night we were lying in bed and couldn't sleep. We spoke of our children and of thee too. For thou art my son, and I have raised thee. Yes, Margaret, said thy grandfather, would that I could live to see what will come out of the youth. After his sore trials he will become happy. This cannot fail. When I make an axe, I make it to cut wood with. And our heavenly Father has created us to fill a certain place, to perform a certain work, and sooner or later He will certainly use us there and thus."

Thitherto Stilling's father had often scolded him. The youth

seemed to be so impracticable, unfit to be of any use anywhere. Neither at tailoring nor at teaching could he succeed. Yet he was sincere in what he did, and did what he could. At length his father understood it all, and spoke to him with tender affection. Henry concluded to travel as a journeyman tailor. "You are right," replied the father, "God will surely be with you. But, my dear child, you are the very image of my sainted father, sleeping in yonder church-yard. When you are gone I shall be left utterly desolate." He covered his face with his hands and wept aloud. Then he arose and grasped the hand of his son, and said: "Henry! do not take a formal farewell; go when and whither our heavenly Father calls you. My dear child, may the holy angels keep thee in all thy ways. Write and tell me how you fare." Then the father hastened away.

As his father bade him, he took no formal leave of his living friends, but in the church-yard were two graves from which he must take an affectionate leave. It was on the night before Easter —the same in which our Saviour rose from the dead. It was full moon, whose light showed him the way thither. His mother and grandfather were the best of friends he had ever had. They now lay side by side. On each grave he sat awhile and wept in silence. Only once his heart cried out: "Oh, that these two were still alive, then would I fare better!" With solemn emotions he parted from their remains. In a few days he began his wanderings. His life was filled with disappointments and trials. Amid all these he held fast to his Saviour, and when life's wearying toils ended, he entered into the saint's everlasting rest.

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#### BRILLIANT BUT USELESS.

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Sir Astley Cooper, on visiting Paris, was asked by the surgeon *en chef* of the empire how many times he had performed a certain wonderful feat of surgery. He replied that he had performed the operation thirteen times. "Ah, but, monsieur, I have done him one hundred and sixty time. How many times did you save his life?" continued the curious Frenchman, after he had looked into the blank amazement of Sir Astley's face. "I," said the Englishman, "saved eleven out of thirteen. How many did you save out of one hundred and sixty?" "Ah, monsieur, I loss dem all; but de operation was very *brilliant*."

Of how many popular ministries might the same verdict be given! Souls are not saved, but the preaching is very brilliant. Thousands are attracted and operated on by the rhetorician's art, but what if he should have to say of his admirer, "I lost them all, but the sermons were very brilliant!"

SCHLEIERMACHER AT THE GRAVE OF HIS SON.

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BY THE EDITOR.

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This eminent man of God was a path-breaker in Modern Theology. One who, after a long period of bare and bony unbelief, and cold sterile orthodoxy, prepared the way for the more vital Theology and earnest piety of a later day. In his style and method of teaching he was very simple and childlike, qualities till then very rarely found in a Theologian. Yet he was throughout profound, inciting the dullest students to mental exertion. As some of them used to say: "If a man can not learn to think of Schleiermacher, he can learn it nowhere. You saw him think, you heard him think, you felt him think, and each listener was excited to the same creative effort." He was of a rather small, slender figure. When speaking, his piercing eyes, features,—indeed his whole face, beamed with the light of his theme. One of his students says, that when he first went to his lecture-room he found it crowded, before the hour, with waiting students. The buzz and muttering sound of half suppressed conversation was suddenly hushed. As the door quickly opened, every one rose to his feet, while a man of slender size rapidly passed to the platform. From the moment he turned and faced the audience, my eye was fascinated by his wonderfully combined expression of tranquil repose and of intense intellectual activity. In the keen, clear-cut face was mirrored a character wrought in many conflicts."

His mind was intensely active. Sometimes he vainly tried abruptly to transfer it from one subject to another. When suddenly called away from his books, by visitors, as often happened, his train of thought would for a while perceptibly keep on in their previous course, while he tried to entertain his friends. Although one of the politest of men, and tenderly fond of society, his mind even there would play him some odd pranks. Often in the most animated company he suddenly stepped aside, and for ten minutes stood motionless by himself, sunken deep in thought, the two forefingers of his left hand laid upon the left eye, as his custom was. His friends understood it all, and loved him all the more for it.

Usually, he began on Monday, already to plan and think over his sermon for the following Sunday. His mind would, mean-

while, revert to and revolve the matter in the solitude of his study, and the cheerful chat of social intercourse. He preached from a small skeleton. At a time when a lifeless orthodoxy and infidelity had emptied the Churches of Germany, he filled without abatement, one of the largest Christian temples of Berlin, for a period of twenty-four years. "Every Sunday they gathered to hear him—this crowd of men and women—each sought his wonted place, greeted his accustomed neighbor, while a hushed expectation brooded over the crowded house. Before the opening hymn was ended, he stood up there in the pulpit, this fragile-looking man, who was to sway this multiform assemblage—whose especial call it was, as he himself was wont to say, 'to make clearer to his audience that which already exists in the mind of every earnest thinker, and to bring it in more visible and tangible shape before their eyes.'" There was a strange fascination in his words.. Clear rang his voice and his face often beamed with sudden flashes of fire, and "the slender form of the man seemed to grow grand, as he leaned over the pulpit's edge, as if to knock at each man's heart, and smite the rock therein, and unseal the waters of Life."

The grand man had a tender heart. Like Abraham, he had long desired of the Lord, a son. At length he came—a sprightly talented child, whom he named Nathaniel. At his birth, the delighted father announced the happy event to his friends far and near. He had a two fold source of happiness, in his home and at his work. He says:

"Home and work are each so attractive to me, that I find almost a pain in my happiness; since in my studies comes the thought of wife and children, and I forget on the moment, my books and my pen; but these take their revenge in turn, when in my home hours, come the familiar trains of thought I meant to leave behind me in my study, and again for the moment, close my eyes and my ears to the dear faces and the dear voices that surround me."

At length a great sorrow befel him. Nathaniel died. The tender heart of the father was thereby made desolate; tattered and torn was his whole being. With a great crowd of friends, his children, the teachers and school-mates of the lovely lad, he followed him to the grave. His heart had to speak at the coffin of his only son. "His lips trembled, but in a moment he looked about him upon the crowd—patiently and steadily he looked up—breathless silence followed—then very softly came the first words from the father's afflicted heart, and he commenced that remarkable address which exhibited to his audience, in wonderful union, the father, the Christian and the pastor of souls:"

"My dear friends, who are gathered to weep with an afflicted

father at the grave of a beloved child, I know you are not assembled to see a reed shaken by the wind. But you do indeed find it only an old tree, scarce able to resist the shock which falls upon it out of a cloudless sky. Many heavy clouds had indeed swept over my life, but those which came from without has Reason surmounted—those from within Love has driven away ; but this blow is one which strikes at the very root of life. Ah, children are not only a sacred trust which God has given and for which we must give account to Him ; not only objects of endless solicitude and fidelity, of love and prayers ; they are also an immediate blessing in the house, they give as much as they receive, they freshen the daily life and make the heart glad. Such a blessing to our house was this boy, yes, as Christ said the Angel of the little ones did always behold the face of his Father in Heaven, so it seemed to us daily as if an angel looked out of our boy's eyes upon us, the very loving-kindness of our God.

When God gave him to me, it was my first prayer, that I might not learn to prize him more than was right—and I think God has granted to me my request. When I gave him the name which he bore, it was not chiefly as a gift of God to welcome him, but with the most intense and heartfelt desire for him, that he should be like Nathanael of old, one in whom there was no guile ; and this also the Lord hath given me. All hopes which centered in him, lie here and will be buried, with this little coffin.

What shall I say ? One consolation remains, which also many friendly lips have uttered to me, during these days of grief ; that little ones so early taken, escape all dangers and temptations, and have entered into a secure and perfect rest. These dangers, indeed, were not wholly spared to my son ; but for myself, I do not find this consolation altogether efficient as I look upon this world, which has been glorified by the life of the Redeemer, and is sanctified by the working of the Holy Spirit to ever-widening growth in goodness and in grace. Why should not I have hoped these blessings for my son, from the good and gracious care of the Lord ?

Others again find solace in picturing to themselves a certain fellowship and communion still existing between the departed and those who are left behind, and as these ideas fill the mind more and more, the pain of their loss is in a measure alleviated. But to those who are used to severe and serious reasoning, these pictures, pleasing as they are, leave a thousand questionings unanswered, and in so doing they lose their consoling power. As for me, I stand with my consolation and my hope resting only upon the promised word of Scripture : It doth not yet appear what we shall be, but we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is ; and

upon the all-powerful prayer of Christ: Father, I will, that they whom thou hast given me, be with me where I am. Supported by these firm assurances, and trusting thereon my child's immortal life, I can heartily repeat the words of holy Scripture: "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away. Blessed be the name of the Lord."

We loved our boy dearly and tenderly, yet looking back over our life, with this beloved child, here and there a slight tinge of self-reproach mingles itself in our grief; as, indeed, I think there must be to all, looking back upon a finished life, even so short as was his. Let us all therefore, love one another, as those who soon —ah! how soon—must be parted from each other by death. And, O God! grant to me and mine to feel our common grief as a bond uniting us by still deeper affection. Grant also that these hours of affliction may be a blessing to all who share them. May all grow more mature in wisdom, looking beyond the perishing things of time; in all that is earthly and transitory, seeing only the eternal, and in all Thy dispensations find, even Thy perfect peace!

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#### DEATH OF VENERABLE BEDE.

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For nearly thirty years this earnest and holy scholar seems to have been occupied with a history of the Church of England, of which he was known as one of the fathers. This being finished, he was engaged on a translation of the Gospel of St. John into the Anglo-Saxon. On the night before he died, growing feebler fast, the aged saint was told by his amanuensis, "You seem very weak, sir, but there remains one chapter more." "Take your pen," said Bede, "dip into the ink, write as fast as you can." Just before the last sentence was whispered he was silent, and seemed to be gone. Reviving once more, he said, "write quickly;" and then added, "it is finished," *Consummatum est.* Having requested to be placed where he had been accustomed to kneel, his lips moved in prayer, and they that leaned above him heard those words of the Ascension Sabbath Collect a liturgic gift from a still remoter and more venerable past: "O God, Thou King of Glory, who hath exalted Thine only Son Jesus Christ with great triumph unto Thy kingdom in heaven, we beseech Thee leave us not comfortless, but send us Thy Holy Ghost to comfort us, and exalt us into the same place whither our Saviour Christ is gone before; who liveth and reigneth with Thee and the Holy Ghost, one God, world without end." Then he said, "Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost!" and "so peacefully died."

## A SEASONABLE SADNESS.

BY THE EDITOR.

“Sad sighs the Autumn wind,  
Pale leaves are falling.”

The season of autumn is always more or less sad. Unusually so was one we spent in the great city of Berlin. A stranger in this great Prussian capital, we felt loneliest when least alone. Amid the busy throng of the crowded streets, one's thoughts would wander far across the sea. Strolling through the fashionable street, “Unter den Linden,” the yellow leaves sadly filled the air, and fell thick, like great snow-flakes, upon the walk between the stately trees. At such a time, the few friends one has in a strange city, however frank and warm their kindness, can afford but a feeble relief to the spirit of sadness that broods over the mind.

Daily we strolled through the Thiergarten, the large park close by the city. There the fading and faded leaves fell all day long in unceasing showers. Every step we took in the path sent forth a rustling sound, like the knell of the year. Here and there a few children searched under the leaves for nuts; occasionally a shy squirrel came to view, busily engaged in laying in its winter store. An old, invalid organ grinder daily stood at the same place, aside the path, where I had seen him for months past, sadly grinding out his doleful music when not a soul was in sight to hear it, patiently waiting for an occasional kreutzer, his gray hairs, sad, furrowed face, threadbare clothes, crushed and dispirited looks, made him appear like the impersonation of closing autumn, still faintly hoping against hope for a reward. Six weeks before, this forest resounded with the cheery warblings of myriads of birds. Not the faintest note can you hear now. How sad and forsaken this whilom beautiful forest seems. And we, wandering daily along its deserted paths, are in melancholy sympathy with it.

A few Sundays before, I heard a sweet hymn sung in one of the Berlin churches, to a very plaintive melody. As sometimes happens, when we hear certain sweet music, it struck a chord in our heart, which without any effort on our part, vibrated pleasant sounds through the spirit, and shed the lovely notes through weeks thereafter. For hours, in certain abstraction of mind, we hummed

snatches of the words to the music, which mingled with the rustling of leaves, disturbed by our tread.

At this thoughtful season one loves to loiter among the graves of the departed. On a hazy afternoon, resembling the dreamy days of our American Indian Summertime, I wandered into the country in quest of the Dreifaltigkeit's cemetery. The road wound a few miles through a fenceless, fertile country, almost as flat as a western prairie. Compared with Laurel Hill and Auburn, the cemetery looked very plain. Although the dust of great and wealthy people repose here, one sees comparatively few costly, showy, monuments. I asked the keeper a few questions; among others as to where was the grave of Schleiermacher. He directed me to a certain part of the cemetery. Long and patiently did I search for it, for I took it for granted that the grateful students of this great man, and the city which his learning and great name had adorned, had reared a costly monument to his memory. At length I found it at an unexpected place, near a rude fence; his grave marked with a very plain tombstone. This neglected grave of a great and good man started my mind in a pensive reverie. Thus men whose unselfish and unrequited life blesses a whole continent are left to sleep in neglected graves.

As is the custom in German cemeteries, groups of people were here and there engaged nursing or watering the plants over the graves of their loved ones, and dropping a tear over the turf above them, as they go about their affectionate work.

And yet with this sadness of autumn is often pleasantly blended a more cheerful feeling. It gives us, after all, much pleasure. The variegated tints of autumnal leaves are inimitably beautiful. How pretty they look in the act of dying! Reminding us of the Christian's death. His end is the brightest, the prettiest part of his life. The greatest victory, the grandest triumph comes at the close. Well may such a soul be of good cheer, since Christ has overcome the world; death has lost its sting and the grave its victory.

How silent is the sadness of Autumn! The fields and forests are hushed, like the chamber of the dying, in which grief is allowed but a half-suppressed sob. In the spring all nature rings with music. We can almost hear the grass and the trees grow. But now all cheering sounds have ceased. The few sad-looking birds that remain do not venture beyond an occasional chirp. It reminds one of "the house of mourning." The children have ceased their merry prattle and romping. Their playthings are stowed away in a corner. Even the old clock is not allowed to indulge in its familiar tick in the presence of the dead, for whom when living it faithfully marked the hourly and daily flight of time. Silently the living world gathers around the grave of the year.

The frosty autumn is no respecter of person. There is no discharge in this war. The few flowers and leaves which had held out longer than the rest, at last had to succumb to their doom. The dahlias, which with their rich, velvety hues, usually fall the last, have had to droop and die in their turn. The trees are stripped of their beautiful garments. The tall and stately oak and elm, which a few months ago waved their leafy branches so grandly, have been dismantled. How bare and unattractive they now look. The pine alone retains its green leaves, reminding us of the evergreen plants in the house of the Lord, which shall flourish even in old age. Thus death is no respecter of persons. Nor power, nor wealth can avert his shaft.

Very fruitful, too, is this autumn sadness. The dreamy, hazy Indian Summer, is the time of ingathering. Then the red Indian, even, gathers in his scanty winter store. The squirrel and other animals gather into such barns as the kind Creator gives them. After the apples and corn have been housed, the farmer provides warm winter-quarters for his stock. Fuel is provided. The provident house-wife carefully stores away her fruit cans and vegetables, and, after the inevitable house-cleaning, turning every room upside down, the stoves are put in order. And the few weeks of Indian Summer seem especially sent to attend to all this autumn work. Watching all this household commotion, this arranging, preserving and storing away; and then, after all is done, when the cold weather sets in, the manifest sense of abundance and security, we are reminded of God's warning to King Hezekiah. The winter of death was knocking at his door. Had he made the necessary provision, laid in, arranged the needed stores to live comfortably in eternal blessedness? Had he prepared himself a dwelling-place there—a heart sanctified? The Lord sends the prophet Isaiah to him, with the message:

Thus saith the Lord, "*Set thine house in order; for thou shalt die and not live.*" (2 Kings xx. 1)

And this is the lesson of autumn; in due season to improve and finish the work of summer, as this cannot be done in winter. When the harvest is past, and the summer is ended, it will be too late to begin and perform life's solemn work. But the trees shall bud and blossom and bear fruit again next spring. And in the spring season of the resurrection, they that have done good shall come forth from their graves unto the resurrection of life. John v. 29.

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Good company and good conversation are the very sinews of virtue.

## DAVID AND ORPHEUS.

BY THE EDITOR.

The ancients held that nations had been civilized by the charms of music. They tell us that when the fabled Orpheus struck his lyre, the rocks and trees were moved, and the wild beasts of the forest assembled around him, were held in mute and harmless delight by the spell of his matchless music. On a visit to the realms of Hades, the music of his "golden shell" stopped the wheel of Ixion ; Tantalus, dying for want of water, though standing in it up to his chin, forgot his thirst ; the vultures ceased to prey on the vitals of Tityus, and Pluto and Proserpine lent a favoring ear to his prayer. There is a beautiful truth in the fable. Trees themselves are lyres. A gentle breath of air will start their leaves into a soft, whispering harmony of sounds, sweet as the plaintive notes of an Æolian lyre. In a very real sense, the mineral, vegetable, and animal kingdoms are in some way affected by the sweet harmony brought about by the reconciliation of God and man, through Jesus Christ. Does not this pagan fable read like a dim and distant, though unconscious prophecy of Christ's atoning work ?

David touched his harp with more than Orphean skill. His music cast out the evil spirit of Saul. Does not this show that music affects our moral and religious nature, inspiring us with peaceful and pure thoughts and affections ? No one can hear or practice good music without having his heart made better. We have read of a man who wished to die amid its soothing strains. And we see no harm, rather a comforting fitness, in such a wish.

Luther is approaching Worms. It may cost him his life. All of a sudden his courage fails him. He is seized with painful dread and terror. A young student brings him his flute. The Reformer plays on it with his usual sweetness and skill. His courage returns. He enters Worms in a calm, hopeful frame of mind, ready to do or die, as the Lord wills. And as he enters, he sings a beautiful stirring hymn, which he had composed and set to music. On his study door usually hung a flute and a guitar. When he felt wearied and worried, dispirited, persecuted or tempted, he played and sang. He called music "a delightful and lovely gift of God : it

has often excited and moved me, so that it quickened me to preach." "Satan is a great enemy to music. He does not stay long where it is practiced."

"Music is one of the noblest arts: its notes give life to the text; it charms away the spirit of sadness, as is seen in the case of King Saul." "It is the most certain way by which man can present to God his sufferings and cares, his tears and lamentations, his love and gratitude. It makes men more gentle and tender-hearted, more modest and discreet." "Singing is the best art and exercise: it has nothing to do with the world, with lawsuits or quarrels."

The Germans, above all other nations, excel in this art. They cultivate and practice it as a home accomplishment. It gives a charm to German family life. It finds a home among the poorer classes. Day laborers and limping beggars, scholars and soldiers, usually have a soul to enjoy its charms, and in many cases, are skillful musicians themselves. In the hut of the humblest peasant, that knows of no fare above black bread, a mug of beer and a pipe of tobacco, you can often hear the most enrapturing music. The old parents, stiff and stooping under the burdens of threescore, with their clumsy, heavy hands touch the harpsichord with marvellous dexterity. Here music is shed on all the people, almost as freely as the Almighty sends the sunshine. On market days, while peasants buy and sell their produce in the great market place, their ears are regaled by players from a neighboring balcony or park. In village inns, or crowded streets, in shady parks, on Rhine steamers, everywhere you are greeted with pleasant music. For a few pennies wandering minstrels will give you ten minutes of rarest pleasure. The wandering Bohemian carries his harp, made of common wood, on his back, followed by his wife and children. With one end of his rude instrument placed on the root of a wayside tree, he plays and the family group sing, and soon a cluster of toiling peasants gather around them from their fields, with delight. The clear ringing voices and sweet strains of the wandering family, from the mother to the small child, arrest and charm the most hurried traveller in his journey, and not seldom receive the tribute of tears, a gift more precious than that of silver thalers. The Austrian shepherds with their simple pipes loiter after their flocks to the sounds of sweetest music. And who that has ever heard the hardy Swiss herdsman, climbing on Alpine cliffs after his herds, can forget the clear sweet music, rendered with peculiar pathos, welling up from his sensitive heart, and rolling heavenward through the clear high air! Thus

"Cheerful at morn, he wakes from short repose,  
Breathes the keen air, and carols as he goes."

## THE LIBRARY OF PAUL.

BY THE EDITOR.

"The cloak that I left at Troas with Carpus, when thou comest, bring with thee, and the books, but especially the parchments." 2 Tim. iv. 13.

Paul wrote this epistle while a prisoner at Rome. His ever active mind must have craved something more than silent meditation. This and prayer, doubtless, were a sweet relief; still his mind must have longed for communion with other minds—with men still living on in their writings—

"The dead but scepter'd monarchs  
Whose spirits still rule us from their urns."

The "books" of Paul must have been rolls of written papyrus, corresponding to our paper. It is made of an aquatic plant still found along the banks of the Nile, and along the rivers of Western Africa. From this we get our word *paper*. It was the paper of the ancient Egyptians, and was extensively used for making sail-cloth, and sometimes even for clothing.

"Parchment" is a thick, heavy writing material, prepared from the skins of sheep and goats. After these are tanned and reduced to about half their original thickness, they are smoothed and dried for use. In David's time already the Hebrews had books, written on the skins of animals. Herodotus relates that from the earliest times the Ionians wrote upon goat and sheep skins, from which the hair had merely been scraped off. In more ancient times it was made yellow. Afterwards white parchment was manufactured at Rome. At present it is found in the East of both colors.

How large may Paul's library have been? What might it possibly have contained? In those days, before the art of printing had been invented, and when copies of works could only be multiplied by transcribing them, they cost much money. Even the wealthiest persons could afford to own but few books. There was a large class of professional writers—"scribes" as they were called—whose sole employment was the transcribing of books. Such a person "Zenas the Lawyer," (Titus iii. 13) must have been. Perhaps he transcribed some of Paul's "books." Tradition says that Lazarus of Bethany was a scribe by profession, by means of which

he supported his sisters, Mary and Martha. This writing by hand is a slow work. It would take months for one man to transcribe, neatly and legibly, Homer's Iliad or Odyssey ; and to transcribe a Hebrew work would be still more slow and tedious work. The most trifling defect or omission in writing would defile the sacredness of the Law, and in the eyes of some, make the book unfit for use. If a scribe would dip his pen or style into an ink-horn out of which another one had used ink to write a single word from a heathen author, the whole book thereby became worthless. In the most trifling details the purity of the written Law was guarded with punctilious watchfulness. This greatly increased the price of the ancient writings. Works which we now buy, neatly bound, for a few dollars, must then have cost from fifty to a hundred dollars, and some even more. Paul, like many of his successors, being a poor man, could therefore not have had a large library. If he had a dozen copies of different authors he did well.

But Paul's library could have had but little chaff. No "light reading," or useless books to fill up the shelf. No stuff such as novelists spin out of their imaginations. His must have been substantial books. Perhaps some of his reading matter was in the form of ore, simply dug from the mine ; bullion or solid metal, precious lumps which his skillful mind polished and purified for current circulation. He had the Scriptures—such books of them as were then in use ; each book written on a separate scroll. This he studied and understood thoroughly. Few, if any, excelled him in a thorough mastery of Hebrew literature. But his studies could not have been wholly confined to inspired sources of knowledge. He must have had the works of heathen authors, too, in his small library. Perhaps those of Aratus and Cleanthes, from whom he quotes in Acts xvii. 28. Perhaps those of Menander, to whose Epicurean views he alludes in 1 Cor. xv. 32. Perhaps those of Epimenides, whom he quotes to prove the degraded character of the Cretians. Titus i. 12. If he did not really possess these, he had at least studied them ; showing that a minister of the Gospel, like the bees, should gather honey from every flower—should know how to use even profane literature in the service of Christ. Of course, the Holy Bible always comes first, and the whole field of secular learning is merely used as a help to its understanding and exposition. Homer and Horace, Pindar and Shakespeare help to sharpen the sword of truth, but the sword itself can only be gotten from the Scriptures.

Did Paul, an inspired Apostle, really use and study the books others had written ? read what others had said before him ? read what the vile heathens had produced ? "Nay, verily," say some,

"he knew all by inspiration, and needed no study—no instruction or book-knowledge." "No college-bred man was Paul, no university diploma could he parade. The Holy Ghost told him at the spur of the moment what he should preach without previous study." Ah, indeed! True, he spake and wrote as moved by the Spirit of God. And yet God took good care to give him a thorough education from his childhood. He sat at the feet of Gamaliel, of the ablest teacher of his time. His advice to Timothy in the above verse, shows that he was himself a close and severe student, and felt the need of books. And that, too, towards the end of his life, showing that studying must have been a long acquired habit with him.

His library was not used like a cabinet or museum, wherewith to make a showy display of books; but rather as a mine of truth, where he brought the precious ore to the surface, and sent it abroad for the benefit of others. Good books will avail us little, unless we know how to use them aright. Carelessly hurrying over Bacon and Shakespeare, merely for the sake of getting through with them, will benefit us little. No man can "rightly divide the word of truth," without at some time or other, having performed earnest, persevering and systematic study. If even an inspired Apostle needed his books, how much more do we short-sighted uninspired ministers of modern times. Luther and Melanchthon held that the doctrines of Theology could not be kept pure for any length of time, without some skill in solid and useful learning. And a great poet says, "with self-complacent ignorance the gods themselves contend in vain."

Beyond a question, a minister ought to be pious, and spiritually-minded. But neither piety, spirituality nor prayer can take the place of earnest, vigorous study. In order to be "apt to teach," he will need the diligent use of his books and pen. Such as he, the Church needs. Men who, like Paul, prize their books highly, and know how to use them. Who pray well, that they may study well.

Many people undervalue a full course of collegiate study, and affect a contempt for thorough scholarship, with the plea that the profoundest scholars are the most impracticable and unsuccessful with the common people. Everybody wants "a plain, practical preacher," but only a faithful student can be such. Ignorance and sloth make men impracticable and unpractical. In the ministry, even more than in medicine, men of little knowledge are extremely dangerous to those under their care.

"From such apostles, O ye mitred heads  
Preserve the Church ! and lay not careless hands  
On skulls that cannot teach and will not learn."

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# PROSPECTUS FOR 1875

## THE GUARDIAN:

# A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

Devoted to the Social, Literary and Religious Interests of Young Men and Ladies, and to the Sunday-School Cause.

Rev. B. BAUSMAN, D. D., Editor.

THE GUARDIAN enters upon its XXVIth volume, on the first of January 1875. It has a sufficient history to establish its character, and to show its fruits. In its principles, purposes, and general spirit, no changes are proposed. The True, the Beautiful, and the Good are unchangeable—error and sin are always the same. Its editorial management is committed, as heretofore, to the Rev. B. BAUSMAN, D. D., whose name, of itself, the publishers regard as the most satisfactory guarantee of the high tone and general interest which should characterize the family magazine.

THE GUARDIAN continues to be published by the REFORMED CHURCH PUBLICATION BOARD. It compares favorably with other publications of the kind, and has earned for itself a reputation which may well be coveted. The publishers will continue to use a superior quality of paper; and do all in their power, in co-operating with the Editor, to render THE GUARDIAN acceptable to its subscribers.

This Magazine will be, as heretofore, devoted to the highest interests of the young, at the most solemn and interesting period of their life. It will offer its friendly counsels to them in an earnest, though free and cheerful way. It will solemnly seek to warn them against the wrong, and affectionately lure them to the right. The Editor will endeavor to make its contents true, pure, fresh, and healthy as the morning of life. It will particularly urge self-culture and early piety as of the highest importance, and cultivate the home feeling as a sacred element in social purity and peace. It will seek to move in the element of its motto:—"Life—Light—Love."

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